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ABSTRACT

This issue of "Mahfil" is devoted to Sanskrit literature and contains a note on Sanskrit pronunciation and selections of Sanskrit literature. It also contains articles analyzing and discussing various aspects of the literature, including "Sanskrit Rhetoric and Poetic," "The Creative Role of the Goddess Vac in the 'Rgveda,'" "Vedic and Epic Translations," "Myth as Literature in Ancient India: The Saga of Sukracarya," "Obscenity in Sanskrit Literature," "Sanskrit Literary Forms and Oriya Literature," and "Sanskrit Compositions in Carnatic Music." Many of the literary analyses also contain examples of the literature. (JM)

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SANSKRIT ISSUE

Guest Editor: Barbara Stoler Miller

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Cover: Mahabalipuram Sketch by Robert Pittenger

FOREWORD

That ancient Sanskrit literature is rich fare today finds concrete expression in the varied and lively responses to it collected here. Even outside Sanskrit itself, the richness of its traditions is apparent in its influences on other Indian literature. The diversity of approaches to the translation and appreciation of Sanskrit literature that is represented is intentional; it will hopefully stimulate reactions within the circle of contributors and among the wider *Mahfil* audience.

Barbara Stoler Miller
Barnard College, New York

A NOTE ON SANSKRIT PRONUNCIATION

Vowels are like the pure vowels of Italian or Spanish; *e* and *o* are always long. The vowel *ṛ* is approximated by *ri*, as it is often transliterated.

Most consonants are analogous to those of English, if the consonants *kh, gh, ch, jh, th, dh, ph, bh* are considered single aspirated consonants; e.g. *th* as in English *hothouse*. The differences between Sanskrit "retroflex" *ṭ, ṭh, ḍ, ḍh, ṇ* and "dental" *t, th, d, dh, n* are also distinctive. Sanskrit *c* is like English *ch*. Sanskrit *ś* and *ṣ* are like Enlgish *sh*, as they are both often transliterated.

We have attempted to standardize the transliteration of all Sanskrit words with appropriate diacritics and italicization except for words -- e.g. Krishna - which have wide currency in their anglicized form.

Vidya Niwas Misra

SANSKRIT RHETORIC AND POETIC

Some basic definitions and their application

The first step toward an understanding of Sanskrit rhetoric and poetic involves the understanding of the complex concept of *vāk*. The word *vāk* has multiple and interrelated meanings: primarily it indicates "activity," "knowledge," and "the power of speech itself." Its nature partakes both of the unrevealed and revealed world,[1] and it is conceived in the form of layers, the inmost being cosmogenic energy itself, the wellspring of existence, of reality. *Vāk*, then, is the essence of creative energy, conceived in the earliest Indian thought as an all-prevailing reality, and an abstraction that is more comprehensive than the sensory world[2] which is but a partial manifestation of its power. Legends of the *Brāhmana* literature over and over identify *vāk* with the Supreme Reality, the *Brahman*, with His creative will, also with the ritual representation in which the cosmic process is restored, and finally with the power of divine speech. *Vāk* represents these stages of being, not in single form, but as strata, taking a different character at different layers.[3] This very idea of layers of meaning led to a pervasive impulse to systemize, as can be seen in the Sanskrit approach to linguistics.[4]

If both Indian and Greek thinkers "postulated an ontological abstraction,"[5] Indian tradition has maintained abstractness more vigorously in every sphere of creative activity, from the visual arts to spiritual discipline. A glance at the Pāninian theory of language suggests how fundamental and pervasive is the impulse to abstraction in Indian thought. This theory begins with the assumption that "language precedes every knowledge and entire knowledge is manifested only because it is pierced through by a linguistic activity."[6] "Moreover, the independent and the self-contained reality of language cannot be questioned."[7] Reality, in this radical view, is in fact the linguistic sign. What language refers to and the sound of speech are merely two unreal adjuncts to the linguistic sign.[8] This reality transcends logic, since language is arbitrary, a way of life accepted by the community. Nor is this reality understood as sensory cognition, or concept. It is *sphota*, that is, the linguistic abstraction of the surrounding world.[9] Awareness of this reality, called *pratibhā* or "shining back," is inherent in the continuous usage of language and its impression.[10]

I have dwelled on this difficult concept of Indian linguistics because it is deeply implicated with Sanskrit poetics. For the latter has borrowed two key terms from linguistic terminology, terms which are of central importance for poetics: these are *dhvani*, or suggestion, and *vyañjanā* (another synonym for *dhvani*), or the manifestation of inner meaning.[11] These terms cover a concept which is actually an expansion of linguistic abstraction into a deeper realm of meaning, the meaning within the linguistic sign -- that is, in meaning, or that significance signalled by the significance inherent in the linguistic sign. If linguistic meaning was established as independent of the world it denoted, inner meaning was even more remote from dependence on the world of sensory perception. Thus the grammarian Bhartṛhari could assert: "The activity of speech is the cohesive force which unites all the arts and all the branches of knowledge, and the entire object-world only through its being processed through *vāk*."[12] This observation is substantiated by the fact that some verbal expression -- be it myth or legend or description -- is the basis for almost every Indian art form from painting to drama.

Another significant concept that underlies the formulation of Indian esthetic theories can be traced to Vedic literature; this is the concept in which sound finds its correspondence or equivalence in light. Coomaraswamy properly observes that *sūrya*, the sun and symbol of light, "is derived from two roots, one *svar* which means 'to shine', and the other *svṛ* which means 'to sound,' therefore, the utterance of names and the appearance of worlds is simultaneous."[13] Connected with this concept of correspondence is that of *nāma* and *rūpa*. *Nāma* is the continuum of ideas and is represented by its contingent aspect, *rūpa* or form. *Nāma* is the microcosm, *rūpa* the macrocosm, the *rūpa* being "a reflection or projection" of the *nāma*, so that form can be said to correspond to the world of the continuum of ideas.[14] In the realm of esthetics, *nāma* is the word; *rūpa*, the meaning. Estheticians and poets found in this concept a way of going very deeply into the question of inner and outer meaning, or reality and appearance, as Western theorists might say. It is for this reason that Sanskrit poets have freely borrowed both the terminology and method of linguistics and visual arts, as if using the operations of practical algebra on the higher plain of abstract algebra.

Along with the concept of *vāk* and that of correspondence, the concept of *yoga*, or communion, takes its place as part of the foundation of Indian esthetics in general and poetry in particular. This concept involves the further one that art in fundamental ways is different from all other experience. Its difference is to be noted in its nature as communion, and this communion makes art unique in the following ways:

1. Art involves two "repositories of common trust,"[15] the artist and his audience, in an act characterized by *sahṛdaya*, that is, literally, "having a heart for art."[16] This quality shared by the participants is communion, something transcending mere communication.

2. Art as communion involves the world of All, not the world of It,[17] the whole as against the particularities of real-life experience.

3. Art puts the artist in communion with his own *self*, which is revealed simultaneously with the art creation.[18] The art experience, as a rushing stream of awareness, has removed all obstacles to the artist's perception, not of his psychological, but his metaphysical self. This perception of the metaphysical self through the communion of art is what Sanskrit esthetics calls *rasa*, a key term which I will return to at some length later.

4. Art as communion is an end in itself, and has no other purpose but its own fulfillment.[19]

5. Art as communion differs from spiritual experience in that, while the latter requires complete surrender to a higher more impelling stream of reality, the former involves the complete merger of non-identical objects with the subject.[20] That is, art does not reject common experience, but through communion, transforms it so that all that participates in the art experience finds its place in one whole. This does not mean release *from*, but release *of* passions and attachments.

Besides the intellectual basis for Sanskrit poetics, of course, there is the social one which can be perceived as a threefold matter: the poet's social position, his audience, and his education. Even during the period of degeneration of Sanskrit poetry, the poet's position at court was as eminent as it was unchallengeable. Moreover, he could expect an extremely sophisticated audience, initiated to his art by a gradual process of refinement, which was partly the result of intense and incessant experience with art and literature, and partly the result of minute observation of man and nature.[21] Thus, the poet, using conventions of various kinds, could expect his audience to understand his hints and indirections. Indirectness became a tool of great power, though never an end in itself. The contract between poet and audience was so rich and complicated that much could be said with little; but this demanded a poet who could live up to such a bargain. His training was rigorous, but depended more on self-discipline than a regular course of instruction. Poetic discipline required not merely emotional involvement, but intellectual refinement,[22] for the poetic ideal went beyond social good to encompass that highest propriety which is the source of ethical formulation.[23] This propriety is the awareness of the order and harmony of things; the function of poetic creation is to generate a true sense of identity of all knowing subjects, a sense that can be called a full and perfect beatitude.[24]

These then are the fundamentals. Upon them, Sanskrit poetic tradition develops its chief characteristics. As would be expected, this tradition gave priority in its methods to the abstract. Thus, meticulous analysis of form became paramount in criticism, concrete representation giving way to abstract representation. The formal categories of rhetoric -- figure, diction, assonance, and tonal variety -- became subservient to one end;[25]

that is, to reveal unrevealed meaning. The logicality of all these formal categories become redundant in the new scheme of things[26] in which criticism aims at nothing less than realistic analysis, if we remember that reality here is inner meaning. Thus, the rhetorical figure was not important in its own self, but only as a means of revealing inner meaning. Its value was in its power to bring to fullness inner meaning which is perceived by the illumination of poetic experience, sublimed of all accidental properties, unique in itself and yet itself generalizing to encompass the higher reality. Form served, so to speak, as a hand to hold the mirror at the right angle, that angle in which your own self, esthetically purified and realized, could be seen. This self, this inner meaning, is the state of self-consciousness so sought after in Indian tradition, a state at once within easy reach and yet hard to hold on to.

This is clearly a transcendental view of art, which, however much it owes to Kashmir Śaivism on the metaphysical level and Sanskrit grammar on the formal level, took its own lines of development. These lines, it should be noted, deliberately excluded considerations of logical compatibility. The reasoning behind this exclusion is characteristic of the tradition and important for poetic criticism and practice. The new theorists flatly rejected the absolute value of their framework for literary hierarchy.[27] Like the Buddhists of the Central Doctrine (*mādhyamika*), they refuse to take a positive logical position because none, they insist, can be held. Their own holds only because it is the negative of a position, of all positions. It is the logical incompatibility of the ultimate reality that receives emphasis in this idealistic esthetic scheme, the implication being that reality transcends logic. This is illustrated in the *rasa* theory.

Rasa, as I earlier noted, is a state of awareness of the metaphysical self through the communion of art. The state which is *rasa*, however, is not the result of a particular cause, though it is brought into play by experiencing words in a certain order, that is, meaning of a transcendent kind. Because *rasa* is not the outcome of a cause-and-effect relation, logical criteria are irrelevant to its nature. Moreover, logic cannot account for a state which is a matter of direct perception, as is the *rasa* state, in spite of the fact that this state is manifested through a verbal experience. The verbal experience itself, when *rasa* is attained, recedes into the background. It follows that the very logical distinction of subject-object is beside the point. For in the state of *rasa*, no subject or object can be said to exist. It is only for the convenience of critical discourse that *rasa* is divided into eight or nine types; in itself, the state is indivisible and whole. When *bhāvas*, or passions, are transformed into *rasa*, a state of indifferenciable beatitude is attained. Logic, then, is insufficient to account for the creative experience of reality in its wholeness.

Once it was accepted that reality is superlogical and that any proper esthetics must account for this in its methods, theorists could use traditional categories to formulate a new frame of reference for responding to art. So one finds old terms, but used to new, more idealistic purposes as the Sanskrit esthetic attains maturity. Old terms like *guṇa*, *rasa*, *dhvani*, and *aucitya* appear with new significance. Whereas in materialistic philosophy *guṇa* implied the attribute of substance, it now stands for the *intrinsic quality* of a work. Whereas in drama *rasa* meant transformation of mood, it now means the soul of a work, without which the body is lifeless.[28] *Dhvani*, as we have seen, meant resonance in linguistic terminology; now it implies the means for getting at inner meaning. And there is also the technical term *aucitya*, or appropriateness, from ethical philosophy which here signified a sense of proportion to the entire work. These terms constitute a scheme for analysis and classification, for explicating linguistic meaning, both primary (or outward) and secondary (or inward).

This scheme was perceived as analogous to human life;[29] words and meaning constituted the body, *rasa* the soul, *dhvani* the cital breath,[30] *guṇa* the intrinsic personality, figures of speech (*alaṅkāra*) the external features beautified, and *aucitya* the right symmetry. The scheme provided categories for poetic judgment also. Works could be judged as one of three types: excellent, or *uttama*; good or, *madhyama*; bad, or *adhama*.[31] Excellence in a work was where the inward or suggested meaning was placed higher than the outward or direct meaning; goodness was when the two meanings were given equal status, bad when the inward was wholly ignored. This, then, is the basis of an idealistic art and the critical apparatus that was aimed to justify and promulgate it.

But like all schemes, it soon enough was severely tested by the complications of reality and revealed serious contradictions and weaknesses.[32] For instance, it was felt that glaring injustice was being done to poems of the second category, so an element of appeal was added to critical assessment.[33] This new element was an extension of the concept of *rasa*, in that a poem of the second category might be found to have an illusive appeal which cannot be classified as *rasa*, but resembles it in the respect that it promotes a higher level of response. The difficulty in this tinkering with categories became evident when many poems of the second category were judged to outrank those of the first, so that good became better than excellent. Panditarāja Jagannātha desperately tried to resolve this contradiction by inventing a new category, *uttamottama*, or the most excellent.[34] Thus, the best works would have to have both the charm of appeal and of indirection at their highest; the second best would have the charm of indirections or suggestions subdued by the charm of appeal or the beauty of its outward expression; the third would have an equivalence of both kind of charms; and the fourth would neither have appeal nor suggestion in it, merely a clever juggling of words.

Another solution was that of Viśvanātha, who tried to extend the definition of *rasa* until he could assert that every sentence of poetry is permeated by *rasa*, it being the very soul of poetry. This approach was properly attacked by critics like Panditarāja for narrowing the scope of poetry and stretching the term *rasa*. But all this fiddling with classification was beside the point, a purely logical dilemma growing out of the inherent problems of any system of classification when it confronts a complex experience. It was the experience, as perceived by theorists, that mattered, and the answer to the problem of poetic meaning and value was found in an examination of the creative process seen as a whole -- from the construction of a poem to its proper appreciation by the right reader. Writer and reader share in a process that transcends intellectual judgment;[35] they meet in an illumination of dynamic self-consciousness. The writer creates for his reader, anticipates him in his imagination as one who will understand with something like his own creative awareness, or *pratibhā*. The reader in some sense reconstructs[36] the poet's creation in the act of reading and shares, thus, the awareness in which personal passions are converted into the impersonal, into *rasa*, a mood unconfined to one time or place. This state is the goal of art for both artist and audience; that is, the man whose greatest urgency is to create and the man whose greatest urgency is to respond. These urgencies lie hidden in most men; only the few are able to convert them into realization.[37]

The process of conversion of passion to *rasa* resembles the process by which cosmic energy, or *śakti* (personified as the goddess Śakti), is brought to realization -- that is, in a three-staged development: the operation of the creative energy, its transmission, and the effect of the transmission in the form of delight. In this parallel, Śiva is equated with word and meaning; as Śiva is lifeless without the operation of *śakti* word and meaning are esthetically meaningless without the operation of *rasa*.

But one hastens to add here that for all the subtlety in this process, it is by no means to be thought of as esoteric or mystical, for the tools of both linguistic and esthetic awareness lie nearby, in the experience of everyday commonplace events and the impressions they leave.

These, of course, are recorded by linguistic signs; and as the linguist seeks meaning of signs by an analysis of their syntactical contexts,[40] so the poet and the adept reader, when seeking for inner meaning, address their imaginative powers to the whole context of the word, until it becomes truly *vāk* in their awareness. Thus, proper analysis concentrates on the speaker of a poem, the person addressed, the occasion of the speech, the presence of third parties, the poetic context, and, of course, the linguistic character of the speech itself. Thus, *vāk* is realized, and, if it is remembered that *vāk*, that language itself, is independent of, and in some sense creates, sensory appearances, then it is clear why the poet or reader is more interested in the linguistic sign than in what thing in nature it seems to refer to. If the linguist is

concerned with the linguistic sign as it related to some reference in the natural world, the creative person is concerned in the linguistic sign as part of a whole that expresses and creates awareness of a higher reality.

Yet it should not be thought, as is all too frequently done, that this higher reality involves the awareness of a far off, Platonic universal.[41] Indian esthetic theory has been misunderstood all too often as leading to a sort of abstract and universal art, an art of lofty but vague sentiments and commonplaces. This is, alas, more Victorian than Indian. The true awarenss of *vāk* in all its depths is anything but a matter for discursive understanding. It is far more concrete and intuitive, for its response is to a unique particular, the individual work of art which reveals something which neither existed before nor can exist elsewhere; and this revelation is "not a presentation of possibilities"; it is "the possibility itself."[42] The poet has realized, and his appropriate audience with him, a new portion of truth through the means open to his art.

It is for this reason that logical classification fails. The uniqueness of art, the organic character of its processes, bring any logical system applied to it into contradiction with itself. The truth is that criticism can only make approximations in this field, for even the most adept reader, experiencing the art work to his fullest, cannot wholly describe what is happening to himself or why it happens.

The maturest theory of creative process tried to take this fact into account, but it did not always succeed. For instance, theorists of the new scheme subordinated rhetoric to poetics (and did not regret it)[43] - generally a healthful position. But in developing an account of the role of figures of speech, technically called *alaṅkāra*, they got into trouble. They began to concentrate on technique rather than the end of technique, on description instead of function, on classification instead of analysis. They accepted the view that poetry could be enriched by *alaṅkāra*, or they could be plain, *vastu*. So far so good. They also recognized that the poetry of suggestion, of inner meaning, could be either, as could poetry of the lower variety. Then they lost sight of the issue entirely, multiplying distinctions beyond the point of any usefulness.

Abhinavagupta, the propounder of the new integrated theory, had two purposes in mind in developing the theory of a poetry of suggestion or *dhvani*. First, he wished to clarify how *rasa* got into poetry;[44] for it is one thing to declare a passion or mood, quite another to create it. A mere declaration has little power to stir; finding any embodiment of the passion is another matter. The theory of suggestion was conceived to cover such an embodiment. Second, Abhinavagupta was trying to account for a curious fact in poetry, in all art; that by obeying rules, the artist becomes free. *Dhvani* was a term implying "synthesis between lay and liberty";[45] that is, each new poet brings his uniqueness to the literary conventions, and working through them, in some sense transforms them. *Dhvani*, or suggestion, is the way in which the individual poet, so to speak, angles the mirror of convention to reveal his awareness.

It is for this very reason that the successors of Abhinavagupta, less flexible than the master, went wrong. Trying to fix ideal forms in their classifications, multiplying stylistic distinctions, they missed the point, for the conventions, given the fact of unique poetic expressions, had constantly to undergo change, both from author to author and from period to period.

But because there can be no fixed scale in this matter, it is not to be inferred that there could not be a consistent way of looking at every poetic creation. Such a way, however, must be founded on an understanding of the participants of the creative experience as well as that experience itself, not on extrinsic classifications and catalogues of beautiful *alaṁkāra*. As I have earlier stated, the search for the unique experience of esthetic meaning, for an awareness of the full significance of *vāk*, is the outcome of a profound desire for communion, and a communion of minds ready for the esthetic experience. Though the poet is unique, as is his reader, communion is possible because, in the Indian view, at the level of poetic discourse individuality and society become meaningless terms. Sanskrit poetics does not make any distinction between individualistic or personal writing and writing for the purpose of society; it does this because Indian thought in general does not accept a "polarity between the individual and the group." At the level of poetic experience, there is no individual and there is no group; there is no theme, there is no personal feeling, and there is no social obligation; there is only an impelling stream of consciousness which has carried with it all the limitations of time and space and has completely merged the object of appreciation with the subject and merged the purified subject in the consciousness of the form of the appreciated object. It does not follow from this description that the poetic experience is somehow otherworldly; on the contrary, it is based primarily on *words* and their *meanings*, objectively predetermined in a particular group and secondarily on manipulations of sound, with a view to catching the sensitive and the trained ear for verse. This phenomenon distinguishes the poetic experience from the other similar experiences on a high level of mentality.

Sanskrit poetic tradition was deeply rooted in recitation; it is basically an oral tradition. A rigorous training in articulation of sounds and in chanting was given and still is followed in some Indian families. A poet, therefore, had to be awake to this receptive environment. Rājaśekhara (10th Cent. A.D.) and Kṣemendra (11th-12th Cent. A.D.) have described in great detail the practical aspects of this tradition. Rājaśekhara in his treatise *Kāvyamīmāṃsā* (Chapters XI and XII) has thoroughly discussed how a poet is inspired by his predecessor's writings and how gradually his own poetry springs from the poetry which has preceded him. Rājaśekhara also laid down the prerequisites for an effective recitation: clear and steady articulation, proper rise and fall of intonation, control of speed, appropriate pause in accordance with the semantic requirements, sense of cohesion of compounded words and control of volume in accordance with the theme. He has given a very apt simile to describe the ideal type of recitation. A good reciter articulates

the sounds with the delicate firmness with which a tigress holds her cubs by her teeth; she would not let them fall and yet she would not hurt them. He also laid emphasis on observation of nature and man as an essential part of a poet's training. Kṣemendra discussed the appropriateness of metrics in *Suvṛttatilaka* and demonstrated with ample illustrations in his *Aucityavicāra-carcā* that the theory of appropriateness is the secret of a poetic creation. He also wrote a treatise on the training of poets and enumerated among the various courses of the training the following very important ones: recitation of excellent pieces, versification, association with poets, appreciation of dance, drama, and other fine arts and a study of folklore. It is a pity that modern critics have ignored these practical matters and given their attention to the theoretical categorizations. Their misplaced emphasis has made Sanskrit poetics look very unsubstantial and unreal. The practical matters transmitted more through the oral tradition are much more to the point than abstract categories. Commentaries on Sanskrit poetry have only partly maintained the balance between practical and theoretical criticism. It is the teacher-tradition, or *guruparamparā*, which has been the most effective repository of the Sanskrit poetic tradition. In was this oral-oriented tradition which continuously imposed new life into the application of the idealistic theory. This living tradition drew inspiration from new creations, not only in Sanskrit, but also from the more popular dialects. A careful reading of the esthetic treatise of Madhusūdana Sarasvati, a sixteenth century thinker, would show that he has been deeply influenced by the medieval vernacular *bhakti* poetry and it is with such poetry in mind that he has propounded the theory of *bhaktirasa*, or the devotional *rasa*, as the sole real poetic entity. All other divisions of poetry into love, pathos or whatever are various shades of *bhaktirasa*. Yet he, too, accepted the traditional rhetorical conceptions. So, in fact, the flexibility and, subsequently, the broader applicability of the theory are made possible through a structural framework which is more of less constant and, as such, Sanskrit rhetoric, though subservient to the poetics, is important as the sole means to comprehend the scope of its possibilities.

Before I conclude, I would like to give a few illustrations of the traditional rhetorical and poetic approach to poetic discourse. I begin with a plain style verse of Bhavabhūti:

Purā yatra srotaḥ pulinam adhunā tatra saritām viparyāsaṃ yāto
ghanaviralabhāvaḥ ksitiruham bahoḥ kālād dṛṣṭaṃ hy aparam iva manye
vanam idam niveśaḥ śailānāṃ tad idam iti buddhiṃ dradhayati.

Where the stream once went, sand of the rivers; the great trees
in their hundreds, stumps; and saplings are now great trees.
Nothing of what I knew except the mountains,
Unmoved rock which says: this is the place.

(English verse rendering by L. Nathan.)

This is an utterance by Rāma when he comes on a very cruel duty of state to visit Pancavaṭī, the place where he had long lived with Sītā, now in exile for twelve years. Everything has changed. The world of Rāma has changed, but Rāma, the ruthless symbol of duty, still lives. In this verse the direct statement in its particular order is by itself very moving; but when the additional considerations of the total poetic situation are taken into account, the entire verse rings a deeper tone. The first word *purā* ("ages ago") strikes the keynote of the underlying situation and then comes the sand, that is what has happened to Rāma's love for Sītā; then comes the taking away of shade of great trees, the isolation of Rāma, followed by the coming up of a new array of trees, a new generation, which will not understand Rāma. The speech ends in the hard, unmoved rocks which would not allow Rāma to escape into the memories of the past; these are the hard realities of his position as king. The suggested pathos in Rāma's life is further heightened by the assonance of the syllables and the fall of the lines *purā yatra srotaḥ* echoes the gushing rush of the stream, *ghanavirataṭabhāvaḥ* the reversal of the situation regarding the trees, and the string of long syllables in *niveśaḥ śailānām* is in harmony with the expanse of the harder reality; the string of smaller syllables in *tad idaṁ iti* underlines the utter annihilation of the individuality of Rāma. The use of singular in the case of the stream indicates the uniqueness of Rāma's love for Sītā and the use of plural in the case of *saritām* ("rivers") indicates the drying up of very possible affection. To conclude, a *rasa*, or esthetic experience, of pathos has been aroused through this suggested meaning, the dormant sentiment being Rāma's grief over Sītā's exile, the situation in nature serving as an excitant. This sort of literary appreciation is at once ahistorical and asocial; for here is neither an historic Rāma, nor a real social situation in the mind of the poet or his audience. The *rasa* aroused is not just sympathy for Rāma, but compassion for the human condition; it is actually an immersion of both Rāma and the reader into a consciousness of the form of such a heightened emotion.

Let us take an ornate example from Kālidāsa, who is so well-known for his similies:

Gata eva na te nivartate
sa sakhā dīpa ivānilāhataḥ
Aham asya dadeva paśya mām aviṣahyavyasanena dhūmitām

"Your friend would not rise up again
As a light, stunned by the wind, goes blackly out.
And I -- look at me -- a wick
Smoking in a dead and darkened lamp."

(L. Nathan)

It is from *Kumārasambhava*, Canto IV where Rati laments for the loss of Kāma, the God of Desire, who has been burnt to ashes by Śiva. Rati is addressing Spring, who is said to be the companion of Kāma. The comparison of Kāma with a blown-out lamp and of Rati with the wick by itself is very striking. It is based on a very familiar and common domestic experience. But *paśya mām* ("look at me") gives the cue for the search for deeper meaning; this "me" is no longer identical with Kāma; it is no longer merged in the activity of Desire. And now the simile reveals a new significance. Rati symbolized the act of giving in love; Kāma symbolized Desire; Kāma's effulgence is made possible by this self-sacrificing love, just as the lamp is lit by the burning of the wick. Conversely, the very purpose of self-sacrificing love is destroyed. Kāma's death is the determining factor. When Desire is extinguished, self-sacrificing love is left as forlorn, bleak and dark as the smoky wick of the blown-out lamp. This new meaning heightens the sentiment of pathos. A further scrutiny of the words shows that the use of heavy syllables in describing Rati and that of light syllables in describing Kāma are both very significant; Kāma is gone in a puff of wind; Rati is left behind.

I would now like to give one more illustration from a verse which is excellent so far as its suggestiveness goes, but at the same time it has apparent faults. The verse reads as:

Dhakkāro hy ayam eva me yad arayas tatrāpy asau tāpasaḥ
so 'py atraiva nihanti rākṣasakulān jīvaty aho rāvaṇaḥ.
Dhigdhik śakrajitaṃ prabodhitavatā kiṃ kumbhakarṇena vā
Svargagrāmaṭikā-viluṇṭhana-vṛthocchunaiḥ. Kimebhir bhujaiḥ.

A paraphrase of this verse would be:

"Disgrace is this, that I have enemies and amongst them is one ascetic and he is right here, right now annihilating clans after clans of demons and Rāvaṇa, their kind, still lives. Fie on my son, conqueror of Indra. What use of my brother Kumbhakarṇa and what use are these arms of mine, swollen vainly by their plundering activities in the hutments of the celestial world."

The speaker is the great demon king, Rāvaṇa. He is under terrible pressure and utters these statements in self-reproach because an insignificant mortal like Rāma has intruded into his kingdom. What appears to be a faulty emphasis when he begins with "disgrace" (instead of saying "This itself is a matter of disgrace") is, in fact, not a poetic impropriety, but the revelation of a character in a particular mood. Thus, what seems like a clumsy inversion is, in fact, a reflection of a mood in which a character's feelings are seriously dislocated.

Beyond this obvious syntactical strategy, there are other details that must be noted. First, the use of the plural in the case of enemies suggests how unbearable a situation in which the speaker, who was before without enemies, now finds himself humiliated by innumberable foes.

Second, the use of the singular in the case of "ascetic" heightens the humiliation, since it selects out of all enemies a single holy man who dares, with no power beyond his own emaciated body, to challenge the great king. Third, the use of present tense in the case of "lives" marks the intensity of self-reproach; for in Rāvaṇa's eyes, the situation in which he now finds himself should have shamed him to death long before. Here a transitory feeling of reproach is aroused to the level of an intense esthetic experience, and is, therefore, nearly on the same level with *rasa*.

These illustrations bear out, I hope, that traditional literary criticism, at its best, bases its analysis on the inner structure of a poem and attempts to abstract the inner significance brought to completion by that structure. These illustrations ought also to indicate the value of Sanskrit rhetorical analysis as an independent discipline applying to all literary discourse. This discipline approaches literature not as psychology or sociology or even grammar, but as a body of discourse with its own laws and its own meaning, a meaning of the first importance to human understanding. The best Sanskrit critics provide us with a viable mode of discussing this meaning, not as a historical process, but as a living phenomenon, rich, complex, and at the very center of the human condition.

NOTES

1. *Ṛgveda, X* 71.4. "She is who seen and unseen, heard and unheard. Like a wife in her loveliest silks who shows her form just for her spouse, she shows herself only to him she has chosen."

   Uta tvaḥ paśyan na dadarśa vācam uta tvaḥ śṛṇvan na śṛṇoty enām

   Uto tvasmai tanvaṃ vi sasre jāyeva patya uśatī suvāsāḥ.

2. (a) Vide S. Al-George, "The Semiosis of Zero According to Pāṇini" (private communication).

   (b) *Ṛgveda, X* 125.7. "I bear them both up, and the sea is my mother. There is nowhere left my touch does not touch. I breathe and the worlds come spinning to both."

   Ahaṃ suve pitaram asya mūrdhan mama yonir apsv antaḥ samudre.

   Tato vi tiṣṭhe bhuvanānu viśvatāmūṃ dyāṃ varṣmaṇopa spṛśāmi.

3. (a) *Śatapathabrāhmaṇa*, II. 1.5.6. "Speech is *brahman*" (*vāg vai brahma*).

   (b) *R.V., X.* 114.8 "*Vāk* extends as far as this manifestation of Being extends."

   (*Yaval brahma viṣṭhitaṃ tāvatī vāk*).

   (c) V. N. Misra, "Vāk Legends in the Brāhmaṇas" *Gopinath Kaviraj Volume* .

4. S. Al-George, op. cit.

   (a) "In Bhartṛhari's *Vākyapadīya*, this conception appears more and systematized, enabling to establish the identity of *Brahman* with the essence of speech (*śabdatattva*) and with the universals, whereas the sensory or the sensible world represents the manifestation of this verbal *brahman*. . . . This linguistic emanation is reaching its climax in the medieval Tantrism where it is connected with Yogic experience."

   (b) V. N. Misra, op. cit., for detailed discussion.

5. S. Al-George, op. cit.

6. Bhartṛhari, *Vākyapadīya*, I. 115:

   Na so 'sti pratyayo loke yaḥ śabdānugamādṛte/ anuviddhaṃ iva jñānaṃ

   sarvaṃ śabdena bhāsate//

7. V. N. Misra, "Structural Meaning - An Indian Standpoint " (*X International Congress of Linguists*).

8. Bhartrhari, *V.P.*, II 12:

   Asatyopādhi yatsatyam tadvā śabda-nibandhanam.

9. Cf. S. Kunjunni Raja, *Indian Theories of Meaning*, p. 123.

   "It is the meaning-bearing nature of an expression that makes it *sphoṭa*."

10. G. N. Shastri, *Philosophy of Word and Meaning*, p. 225.
Pratibhā "is immediate and unique. It is an illumination and not an intellectual judgment . . . this illumination is directly generated by word, if bodily present and if absent, by the impression left by it."

11. (a) By Bhartrhari, *V.P.*, I. 81.
Dhvani (Resources literally, resonance, is identical with *sphoṭa*)
Sphotarūpāvibhāgena dhvanergraha-nami-yate.

    (b) "Sound is manifester and *sphoṭa* is that which is manifested"
Bhartrhari, *V.P.*, I. 97:

   Vyaṅgya-vyañjakabhāvena tathaiva sphoṭanādayoḥ.

12. *V.P.*, I. 117:
sā (vāk) sarvavidyāśilpānām kalānāṃ ca nibandhanī
tadvaśādabhiniṣpannaṃ sarvam vastu vibhajyate.

13. A. Coomaraswamy, *Vedic Exemplarism*, p. 59.
"Thus we find in *J.B.* III.33 that 'The Sun is sound; therefore they say of the Sun,''He proceeds resounding' (*ya ādityaḥ svara eva saḥ, tasmād etam ādityam āhus evar etīti*)."

14. Ibid., p. 51:
"It is in fact as a reflection or projection and as we shall see expressively (*srjyamana*) that the eternal reasons or ideas (*nāmāni*) are represented in their contingent aspects (*rūpanī*), a formulation that implies the traditional doctrine of the correspondence of macrocosm and microcosm, as enumerated for example in *A.B.* VIII, 2."

15. S.H. Vatsyayan, "Conflict as a Bridge," *Diogenes* 45, p. 51:
"Art was therefore something more than communication, it was an act of communion. Between the two parties involved, there already existed not only an understanding on certain basic premises but something of the nature of a solemn covenant. Art was a dialogue, not between two strangers but between, shall we say, not each to the other, but to both the treasure that lay between them."

16. Abhinavagupta, *Abhinava Bhāratī*:
"A *sahṛdaya* (a competent receptacle of Art) is one who has acquired the capacity to identify himself with the object of art, because his mind has been purified and made resplendant (like a mirror) through continuous appreciation of art, and subsequently one who can have a heart to heart communion with the artist."

Yeṣāṃ kāvyānuśilanābhyāsavaśād viśadībhūte manomukure varṇanīyatanmayī-bhava nayogyatā te svahṛdayasaṃvādabhājaḥ sahṛdayāḥ.

17. S. H. Vatsyayan op. cit., p. 52.

18. (a) R. Gnoli, The Aesthetic Experience According to Abhinavagupta, pp. 67-68 (tr. *Abhinavabhāratī*)
"The perception of Fear is (as an esthetic experience) is of a different order from the ordinary perceptions, for they are necessarily affected by the appearances of fresh mental movements . . . and just for this reason are full of obstacles. The sensation as *rasa* on the contrary is the matter of cognition by a perception devoid of obstacles and may be said to enter directly into our hearts to dance before our eyes."

(b) Mammaṭa, *Kāvyaprakāśa*, IV:
"*Rasa* is experienced as a revelation of the self by the consciousness of Self itself" (*svākara ivābhinnopi gocarīkṛtaḥ*).

19. M. Hiriyanna, *Art Experience*, p. 27:
"The experience of art, like that of the ideal condition, is an ultimate value in the sense that it is sought for its own sake and not as a means to anything else."

20. R. Gnoli, op. cit., p. *xxiv*.
"Religious experience marks the complete disappearance of all polarity, the lysis of all dialexis in the dissolving fire of God, the *yogin* as it were isolated in the compact solitude of his consciousness far beyond any form of discursive thought. In aesthetic experience, however, the feelings and the facts of everyday life, even if they are transfigured are always present. . . .Art is not absence of life -- every element of life appears in aesthetic experience -- but is life itself pacified and detached from all passions."

21. M. Hiriyanna, op. cit., p. 23:
"But the (poetic process) should still involve activity, inasmuch as a proper appreciation of a work embodying the results of idealization is impossible without an imaginative reconstruction of its content . . . .The beautiful as a value needs to be striven for and achieved."

22. Kṣemendra, *Kavikaṇṭhabharaṇa*, 1.17-18:
"A poet should cultivate taste in songs, ballads, poems (in Sanskrit as well as popular dialects) and discussions pertaining to appreciation of charms of speech.
"A poem shoots up as a sprout from the mind of that poet alone, who has identified himself with one after another aesthetic experience and has rejoiced at various displays of poetic skill and whose creative energy is impelled into action by its inner heat and simultaneously by its moistening by the water of discretion."

Giteṣu gāthāsvatha-deśabhāṣākāyeṣudaayāt saraseṣu karmam vācā camatkāravidhgyinīnāṃ navārthacarcāsu ruciṃ vidadhyāt
rase rase tanmayatāṃgatasya cane guṇe harṣavaśīkṛtasya
vivekasekasvakapākabhinnaṃ manaḥ prasūtenkuravatkaviḥ syāt

23. M. Hiriyanna, op. cit., p. 19:
"Similarly in creating a new world, the aim of the poet is to reveal to us the inner significance of the world of Nature."

24. (a) R. Gnoli, op. cit., p. *xxvii*:
"Art, Abhinavagupta says, in contradiction to Bhatta Nāyaka and to tradition in general, is not instructive, except indirectly, in so far as it sharpens the aesthetic sensibility and therefore the consciousness."

(b) Abhinavagupta, *Tantrāloka*, X. v. 85:
Sarvapramātṛtādātmyaṃ pūrṇarūpānubhāvakam.

25. M. Hiriyanna, op. cit., p. 36:
"The emotional aspect of the situation can be indicated only in an indirect or mediate sense, the media being the thoughts and images, as conveyed by the poet's words, of the objective constituents of that situation."

26. R. Gnoli, op. cit., p. *xxxi*.
"The logical and practical categories of language are a diagram, an obstacle which comes between the reality and our consciousness. The difference between the poetical and the ordinary language lies in this, that the former is devoid of these categories and attains the reality before its solidification into the modes of discursive thought."

27. Ānandavardhana, *Dhvanyāloka*, IV.6:
"There is no finite limit to the poetic meaning, provided that the poet has the creative capacity to produce it."

Nakāvyārthavirāmosti yadi syāt pratibhāguṇaḥ.

28. For detailed discussion see:
S. Kuppuswani Sastri, *Highways and Byways of Literary Criticism in Sanskrit*, pp. 25-29.

29. Mammaṭa, *Kāvyaprakāśa* VIII.

30. S. Kuppuswami Sastri, op. cit., p. 22:
"The life of speech consists in this suppressed element and the greater the life that art has, the greater is the suppressed element in it."

31. Ibid., pp. 41-42.

32. Ibid., p. 42:
"Ānandavardhana himself suggests that this reclassification is only a tentative device which he has suggested as a chalienge to the traditional classification of literature into various genera, to the traditional method of compartmental slicings and cuttings."

33. Ibid., p. 48:
"The beauty consists in its pathetic appeal to the *sahṛdaya* (appreciator)."

34. Ibid., pp. 47-48.

35. See G. N. Shastri, *Philosophy of Word and Meaning*, p. 225.

36. Ibid., p. 22-23:
"On the part of the artist, there is much scope for anticipatory imagination and on the part of the *sahṛdaya*, there is scope for anticipatory realization."

37. R. Gnoli, op. cit:
"The force which makes possible the magical conversion of the passions into *rasa*, freeing them of time and space is the creative intuition, *pratibhā*. This power is none other than the same consciousness, the same self."

38. Bhartrhari, *Vākyapadīya*, II 3.7-318:
"Conjunction, disjunction, association, disassociation, function, context, symbol, proximity of another word, linguistic comparability, location, tense gender, accent and the like are the factors which lead to an unambiguous comprehension of a particular meaning, when the sign has a multivalence of meanings."

Saṃyogo viprayogaśca sāhacaryaṃ virodhitā/ arthaḥ prakaraṇaṃ liṅgaṃ śabdasyānyasya sannidhiḥ// sāmarthyamaucitī deśaḥ kālo vyaktiḥ svarādayaḥ/ śabdārthasyānavacchade viśeṣasmṛtihetavaḥ.

39. Mammaṭa, *Kāvyaprakāśa*, III 2/22:
"Suggestion is that function of meaning which operates on the linguistically determined meaning and with the aid of a creative imagination, gives it a different meaning based on the particular factor of the speaker, the person addressed, the intonation, the syntax, the expression-format, the presence of a third person added to the speakers, occasion, time and place, etc."

40. L. Doležel, *Statistical Theory of Poetic Language* (Prague Studies in Math. Linguistics), p. 98.
"The main distinction is to be made between two functional languages: communicative and poetic . . . the function of communicative language was described as the tendency toward the expression of the extralingual reality (referent), whereas the poetic function is the tendency to move the sign itself into the centre of attention . . . . In general communicative language is characterized by the automatization of linguistic means and rules. On the contrary poetic language, in order to draw attention to the language sign itself, has to destroy or at least to shift the conventional relationships between sign and referent. It has to use linguistic means and rules, in an unusual, creative manner."

41. See R. Gnoli, op. cit., pp. *xxx-xxxi* for detailed discussion.

42. Arturo E. Fallico, *Art and Existentialism*, p. 21.

43. V. Raghavan, *Some Concepts of Alaṅkāraśāstra*, p. 54.
"Albeit the importance of form, one should not misunderstand the rhetoric as poetry. It is possible to sacrifice poetry at the altar of figure. There is such a thing as *aucitya* appropriateness, harmony and proportion, which is the ultimate beauty in poetry. The final ground of reference for this *aucitya*, the thing with reference to which, we shall speak of other things as being inappropriate, is the foil of poetry, *rasa*."

44. Misra, "Rasa Siddhānta, *Kalpanā*, Aug., 1967:
"*Rasa* experience can not be had through words and their conventional meanings, directly a sentence like 'I love you' by itself does not stimulate a *rasa* experience and yet this experience has to come through a function of the language. It was therefore essential that a higher linguistic function be introduced to serve as a medium of this experience."

45. S. Kuppuswami Sastri, op. cit., p. 23.

W. Norman Brown

THE CREATIVE ROLE OF THE GODDESS VĀC IN THE ṚGVEDA

This article is reprinted from *Pratidānam: Indian, Iranian and Indo-European Studies Presented to Franciscus Bernardus Jacobus Kuiper on His Sixtieth Birthday* (The Hague: Mouton, 1968, pp. 393-97). An annotated translation of *Ṛgveda* 1.164 is in Dr. Brown's article "Agni, Sun, Sacrifice, and Vāc: A Sacerdotal Ode of Dīrghatamas (*Ṛgveda* 1.164)," *JAOS* 88.199-219. The translation of *Ṛgveda* 10.125 is from Dr. Brown's article "Theories of Creation in the *Ṛgveda*," *JAOS* 85.33. The translation of *Ṛgveda* 10.71 is published here for the first time.

Among the gods and goddesses of the Ṛgveda the goddess Vāc, deified Holy Speech or Utterance, is so devoid of anthropomorphic qualities as to lack even a minimum of mythology. It might be questioned that she deserves to be called a goddess at all. Macdonell gives her only eleven lines in his *Vedic Mythology* (p. 124, with an additional remark or two on pp. 87, 137), scanty treatment, which is justified by the fact that her personification is hardly more than one of grammatical gender and remains so until the post-Ṛgvedic period when she has blended with Sarasvatī. In the Ṛg and Atharva Vedas, broadly speaking, she attains only a fair degree of importance as a bit of hieratic metaphysics, representing the ultimate elevation of the magic power which holy sound is considered to possess. She seems to have received no popular exaltation nor to have had a popular following. Yet within a limited priestly circle, one of those concerned with religious or philosophical speculation, she came to occupy a commanding position, rivalling the lofty status of such conceptions as the masculines Prajāpati, Viśvakarman, Puruṣa, Bṛhaspati, Brahmaṇaspati, and the neuters Brahman and Tad Ekam.[1] The present note aims to bring out this point more positively, as far as I am aware, than has been done before.

The Ṛgvedic sources for this view of Vāc are the three hymns 10.71, 10.125, and 1.164, the last ascribed to Dīrghatamas. Of these the most informative is 1.164, though the information it contains about Vāc has not had the attention from scholars which they have given to the others and which it deserves, perhaps because the puzzlesome character of that hymn as a whole may have veiled from them the light it casts upon her role. This fact has been impressed upon me in the course of an intensive study which I have been making of that hymn. Deussen, for example, in his translation and interpretation of RV 1.164 seems not to have recognized that it is Vāc who is the One Real (*ékaṃ sát*) of stanza 46.[2]

As the Holy Utterance of the Vedic ritual, Vāc, in the eyes of her cult, was the final apotheosis of the power of spells, charms, incantations. Macdonell points out (*loc. cit.*) that in the *Naighaṇṭuka* (5.5) she "is enumerated among the deities of the atmosphere; and thunder, or mādhyamikā vāc, 'the voice of the middle region', in the terminology of the commentators (*Nir.* 11.27), may have been the starting point of the personification."

This would be plausible enough, though the number of passages in the Rgveda where Vāc seems certainly to refer to thunder is not great. The identification would fit in the Indra/Vṛtra myth, the scene of which is the atmosphere; for, if the lightning is Indra's weapon (*vajra*), the sound that accompanies the lightning might also be regarded as having a magic potency. But if the thunder is actually the origin of Vāc's personification, Dīrghatamas gives no sign of accepting that view. For him Vāc does not reside in the atmosphere. Her place is at the peak of the universe: "On the top of yonder sky, they say, is Vāc, who knows all but does not enter all" (*mantráyante dívó amúṣya pṛṣṭhé viśvavídaṃ vā́cam áviśvaminvām*, ṚV 1.164.10).[3] This would be in the upper half of heaven, which is separated from the lower half by the vault (*nāka*; see Macdonell, op. cit., p. 8f.), which the Sun does not enter, for it is restricted to the "lower" part (*úpare . . . árpitam*, RV 1.164.12), possibly because it is mortal, dying every evening, and only the immortal attain to Vāc's abode, as RV 1.164.45 makes clear: "Vāc was divided in four parts. These those Brahmans with insight (and hence immortality; see ṚV 1.164.22-25) know. Three parts, which are hidden, mortals do not activate; the fourth part they speak" (*catvā́ri vā́k pārimitā́ padā́ni tā́ni vídur brāhmaṇā́ yé manīṣínaḥ / gúhā trīṇi níhitā néṅgayanti turī́yaṃ vā́có manuṣyā́ vadanti*, RV 1.164.45).[4]

Vāc is presented by Dīrghatamas as the supreme authority in the universe. She is the mistress of the *akṣara* of the *ṛc*, "the (creative) syllable, on which the gods in highest heaven have all taken their seat -- what will he who does not know it accomplish by means of the *ṛc*?" (*ṛcó akṣáre paramé vyòman yásmin devā́ ádhi viśve niṣedúḥ / yás tán ná véda kím ṛcā́ kariṣyati yá ít tád vidús tá imé sám āsate*, ṚV 1.164.39). Dīrghatamas offers no explanation of her origin, but he calls her the "One Real" (*ékaṃ sát*) in 1.164.46 and it is apparently she whom in an earlier stanza (1.164.6), again using the neuter gender, he calls simply "the One" (*ékaṃ*). She is self-existent, the Absolute, dependent upon nothing outside herself, as is also the neuter "That One" (*tád ékaṃ*) of ṚV 10.129.2,3. Dīrghatamas also gives no description of Vāc's qualities, nor does he tell us wherein lies her metaphysical power.

Dīrghatamas tells us that Vāc, whom he speaks of as a buffalo cow, lowed and thus fashioned the tumultuous chaotic floods (*gaurír mimāya salilā́ni tákṣatī*, ṚV 1.164.41), a statement standing in contrast to that of RV 10.129.3 concerning the beginning of things, where the text tells us that the unillumined flood (sing.) of chaos existed at the beginning and That One breathed (came into existence) by its own potentiality (*ágre 'praketáṃ salilā́m . . . tán mahināj́ayataikam*). After Vāc had fashioned the floods, the (heavenly) oceans flowed forth from her, in consequence of which the four directions exist, and then the *akṣára* flowed forth; on it this entire universe has its existence (*tásyāḥ samudrā́ ádhi ví kṣaranti téna jīvanti pradíśaś cátasraḥ / tátaḥ kṣaraty akṣáraṃ tád víśvaṃ úpa jīvati* ṚV 1.164.42). Thus by the sounds she uttered Vāc produced the material of the universe, which was, however, chaotic, unorganized, when it was produced. But, Dīrghatamas avers, she had also produced the *akṣára*, the instrument with which the unorganized material was to be organized. To make use of the *akṣára* and with it perform the first sacrifice, which was that of creation, the "heroes" (*vīrā́ḥ*) took over (ṚV 1.164.43). Who the "heroes" were and what their origin Dīrghatamas does not state. On the basis of ṚV 10.72, which is

another hymn describing creation, it might be thought that they were the seven Ādityas, who are there cast in that role. Or the "heroes" may be the "three long-haired ones" (*tráyaḥ keśínaḥ*) in the stanza (44) just following that in which the "heroes" are mentioned. These three "long-haired ones" also are not clearly identified, though a fair guess is that they are Agni, Sūrya, and Vāyu, acting respectively as the fire priest, the supervising priest, and the manipulating priest at the first sacrifice.[5] It seems that the first sacrificers needed Agni to teach them the ritual so that they could function. It is possible, but not certain, that in RV 1.164.4 Dīrghatamas recognizes Agni as the "Structured One" (masc.) whom the "Unstructured One" (literally "boneless" one) bore (*kó dadarśa prathamaṃ jāyamānam asthanvántaṃ yád anasthā bibharti / bhūmyā ásur asṛg ātmā kvà svit kó vidvāṃsam upa gāt praṣṭum etát*). The Unstructured One (fem.) is clearly identified in the second half of the stanza as the Earth. In the stanza (1.164.5) immediately following the one just quoted there is a reference to the first sacrifice, with a statement that the kavis performing the sacrifice spread out seven threads over the calf, which must be the Structured One of the preceding stanza.[6]

Agni, we may assume, had been instructed in the *akṣara* and its use by Vāc. She had uttered it in its full sequence (*ékapadī dvipadī sā catuṣpadī aṣṭāpadī navapadī babhūvuṣī*, ṚV 1.164.41 bc), apparently teaching it to Agni, who is named as "the firstborn of the *ṛta*" (*prathamajā ṛtásya* 1.164.37; cf. *agníḥ . . . prathamajā ṛtásya*, ṚV 10.5.7). He communicates it to priests today, as is indicated in 1.164.21,[7] and may be assumed to have communicated it to the first sacrificers when they laid down the precedents, literally "footprints" (*padāni*), for future sacrificers (1.164.5); these sacrificers were the kavis mentioned above who spread out the seven threads over the newborn Structured One.

At this first sacrifice the Sun was produced (ṚV 1.164.5-10) and by means of a repetition of that sacrifice it is now caused to rise each morning (1.164.26-30) so that it can continue to support the universe.[8]

Thus the chain of creation is complete. Vāc produced the raw material of the universe, the means for organizing it, and taught Agni, who taught the gods, how to use that means. The capstone of the process was the provision that the instruction should be imparted to men so that they could constantly renew creation and thus perpetuate the existence of the universe.

The hymns ṚV 10.71 and 10.125 do not offer materials for a consecutive account of Vāc in the role of creator. At best they only remark upon certain features of it. The stanzas ṚV 10.125.7-8 give us the most information: "On the brow of this universe I give birth to the Father. My birthplace (home) is in the Waters in the (heavenly) ocean. Thence I spread out over the worlds on all sides. I touch yonder sky with the crown of my head (7). I breathe like the wind supporting all the worlds. Beyond the sky, beyond this earth so great have I become by my might.(8)"[9]

These stanzas agree with ṚV 1.164 in that they place Vāc's abode at the top of the universe (1.164.10) and have her encompassing the worlds on all sides (1.164.45; cf. Puruṣa in ṚV 10.90.3). They add to the account of 1.164 in specifying that Vāc gives birth to the Father (Dyaus?), and herself supports the worlds as does the Wind; in 1.164.13,14 it is the Sun which supports the worlds. ṚV 10.125.1-3 states that Vāc travels with (supports?) the Rudras and the Vasus, the Ādityas and the Viśve Devāḥ, and supports Varuṇa and Mitra, Indra, Agni, and the Aśvins, Soma, Tvaṣṭr, Pūṣan, and Bhaga, and that the gods have distributed her manifoldly and call her the first of those to be worshipped, who dwells in many homes. These assertions recall the division of Vāc in four parts by the first sacrificers, so that she is known to mortals as Indra, Mitra, Varuṇa, Agni, Garutmant, Agni, Yama, Mātariśvan (ṚV 1.164.45,46), while the statement that she dwells in many places corresponds in some degree to the statement of ṚV 1.164.10 that Vāc knows all but does not enter all (*viśvavidaṃ vācam āviśvaminvām*).

ṚV 10.71 says very little about Vāc's creative role; rather it seems in its first words to assign primacy to Bṛhaspati, whom it addresses (cf. ṚV 10.72.2, where primacy is given to Brahmaṇaspati), and implies, but does not say so explicitly, that Vāc is secondary to him.

For those who like Dīrghatamas considered Vāc the creator and the supreme power in the universe it was entirely consistent to think of the highest knowledge as being knowledge of her and understanding her utterances. This was to be knowledge not only of the one part which mortals speak but also of the other three parts which mortals do not employ (*néngayanti*, 1.164.45). Those who acquire this complete knowledge know the ritual in all its minutiae and in its full application; they also know the full metaphysical significance of the separate parts of the ritual. Such a priest, who is rare, is differentiated from ordinary priests, who may know the parts of the ritual and their sequence well enough but have never penetrated to its true transcendental quality and do not understand the full coordination of the separate functions of the different technical priests who officiate at the sacrifice. ṚV 10.71 elaborates this point and discriminates between those priests who look but do not really see and listen but do not really hear and that priest who really sees, really hears (stanzas 4, 7). The latter kind wins in the sacrificial contest and brings glory and rewards to the priestly college of which he is a member (10.71.10). ṚV 10.125.4,5 expresses the same view in very similar terms; such a one, who really sees and really hears, has her favor. Priests of this sort justifiably "laud their portion of immortality" (*amṛtasya bhāgáṃ . . . abhisváranti*, 1.164.21). The verb *paś* ~ *spaś* is often used to indicate this kind of seeing; it might be translated "have a transcendental vision". Three times in ṚV 1.164 (stanzas 1, 31, 43) Dīrghatamas uses it of his experience (*apaśyam*). What he saw was the first sacrifice and all the occurrences that preceded it. In another place (stanza 4) he asks significantly "Who has seen?" (*kó dadarśa*). Seeing or finding out or learning metaphysical truth by inquiry is not uncommon in the Ṛgveda, for example in 1.163.6; 10.72.1; 10.81.4; 10.124.9; 10.129.4; 10.130.6.

But how does a seeker win such a vision, gain such transcendental knowledge? It does not come to him easily; it comes only through intense mental application, concentration. A common expression for the method to

be employed is *mānasā* or *manīṣā́*; this may be viewed as a technical term and it is used thus in ṚV 1.163.6; 1.164.5; 10.71.2; 10.81.4; 10.124.9; 10.129.4; 10.130.6, and possibly in other passages -- I have not made an exhaustive search. A person possessed of knowledge gained in this way is *manīṣín* (1.164.45) or *víprа* (1.164.6) or *kavīyámāna* (1.164.18). With such effort one may have this surpassing vision. Then only does Vāc grant him her favor, "make him powerful, a true knower of the mystical power, a seer, a successful sacrificer".[10] Then only does she reveal herself to him like a well-arrayed eager bride to her husband.[11] He has become one of the happy few, successful in the fullest and the highest sense, an immortal destined to share the loftiest heaven with Vāc.

NOTES

1. Cf. the present author in *JAOS* 85.23-34, especially p. 27.

2. Paul Deussen, *Allgemeine Geschichte der Philosophie*, Vol. I, Section 1, Period 1, Die Hymnenzeit III.3 "Das Einheitslied des Dīrghatamas, Ṛigv. 1.164" (see in 4th ed. Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1920, 1[1], pp. 105-119.)

3. Cf. the statement "The buffalo cow (Vāc) . . . who in highest heaven has a thousand syllables" (*gaurīr . . . sahásrākṣarā paramé vyòman*, ṚV 1.164.41).

4. For the immortality of those with perfect ritual knowledge cf. ṚV 1.164.39 and 50; the latter is the same as ṚV 10.90.16.

5. The first of three "long-haired ones" consumes (literally "shaves" *vapate*); cf. ṚV 10.142.4, where it is said that Agni shaves the earth as a barber a beard (*vápteva śmáśru vapasi prá bhūma*). The second of the three surveys the universe (*víśvam éko abhí caṣṭe*; cf. ṚV 7.71.1, where Sūrya surveys the universe (*sūryaḥ . . . abhí yó viśā́ bhúvanāni caṣṭe*). Of the third it is said that his onrush is visible but not his form (*dhrā́jir ékasya dadṛśe ná rū́pam*). The rare word *dhrāji*, here translated "onrush," is used only twice elsewhere in the Rgveda (10.97.13; 10.136.2), each time with reference to the Wind (*vāta*), while the related words *dhrajas* and *dhrājīmat* are used only of the Wind or of something compared to the Wind; see also among the uses of the verb *dhraj*. Agni, Sūrya, and Vāyu are mentioned in a context similar to that of ṚV 1.164.44 in ŚBr 9.2.1.21; 14.3.2.24.

6. The text reads: *pā́kaḥ pṛchāmi mánasāvijānan devā́nām enā́ nihitā padā́ni / vatsé baskayé 'dhi saptá tántūn vi tatnire kaváya ótavā u.*

7. The text says: "Here, where the birds (priests) in conclave flawlessly laud their portion of immortality, the mighty herdsman of the whole world, the wise one (Agni), has entered me, the simpleton" (*yátrā supárṇā amṛtasya bhā́gam ánimeṣam vidáthābhisváranti / inó víśvasya bhúvanasya gopā́ḥ sá mā dhīráḥ pā́kam átrā viveśa*).

8. "On this five-spoked wheel (the Sun) as it revolves all the worlds have their support" (*pā́ñcāre cakré parivártamāne tásminn ā́ tasthur bhúvanāni víśvā* (RV 1.164.13). And again, "The unaging wheel (the Sun) . . . the eye of Sūrya . . . all the worlds are kept in motion on it" (*cakṛ́ám ajáram . . . sū́ryasya cáksuḥ . . . tásminn árpitā bhúvanāni víśvā*, ṚV 1.164.14).

9. The text reads: *ahám suve pitáram asya mūrdhán máma yónir apsv antáḥ samudré / táto ví tiṣṭhe bhúvanānu víśvotā́mūm dyā́m varṣmā́ṇópa spṛśāmi // ahám evá vā́ta iva prá vāmy árabhamāna bhúvanāni víśvā / páro divā́ pará enā́ pṛthivyaitā́vatī mahiná sám babhūva //*

10. ṚV 10.125.5cd: *yā́m kā́māye tā́ṃ-tam ugrā́ṃ kṛṇomi tā́m brahmā́ṇaṃ tā́m ṛṣiṃ tā́m sumedhā́m.*

11. ṚV 10.71.4cd: *utó tvasmai tanvàṃ ví sasre jā́yéva pátya uśatī́ suvā́sāḥ.*

TO THE GODDESS VĀC (Ṛgveda 10.125) [The hymn is in the form of a self-glorification]

1. I travel with the Rudras and the Vasus, the Ādityas and the Viśva Devas. Both Varuṇa and Mitra do I support, Indra and Agni, and the Aśvins.

2. I uphold the swelling Soma, Tvaṣṭṛ, Pūsan, and Bhaga. I bestow wealth on the zealous patron of the sacrifice, who makes the oblation and presses the soma.

3. I am the queen, the confluence of wealth, the one with penetrating perception, the first of those who should be worshipped. Me have the gods distributed manifoldly, me who dwell in many homes, who have caused (the chants) to enter many places.

4. Through me that one eats his food who really sees, who breathes, who hears (me as) that which is spoken. Though knowing it not, they dwell with me. Hear, you man of renown, I tell you what you must believe!

5. Only I myself say this in which gods and men rejoice. Whomever I give my favor to, him I make powerful, a true knower of the mystical power, a ṛṣi, a successful sacrificer.

6. I stretch the bow for Rudra so that his arrow may reach the hater of religion and destroy him. I rouse the battle fury for the people. I have penetrated Heaven and Earth.

7. On the brow of this universe I give birth to the father. My birthplace is in the water, in the ocean. Thence I spread out over the worlds on all side. I touch yonder sky with the crown of my head.

8. I breathe like the wind supporting all the worlds. Beyond the sky, beyond this earth so great have I become by my might.

W. Norman Brown

TO THE GODDESS VĀC (Ṛgveda 10.71)

1. O Brhaspati, the first beginning of Vāc was when they (the Wise) appeared, engaged in bestowing names, when what was their best, what was perfect, which had been kept in secret, was revealed from their love (of mankind). [Utterance of a name caused the creature named to come into existence.]

2. Where the Wise, as if cleansing grain with a sieve, with mental application produced Vāc, there the colleagues recognized the usages of collaboration; their auspicious symbol lay in Vāc.

3. With the sacrifice they followed Vāc's track; they found her entered in the ṛsis. They brought her out and divided her manifoldly. Seven singers join in praising her.

4. One (priest) looks but does not see Vāc; one listens but does not hear Vāc. To another she discloses herself like a richly arrayed, passionate wife to her husband.

5. One colleague they (the fellowship of priests) speak of as fixedly reserved; they do not urge him to take part in the sacrificial contests. He operates with an unproductive (literally, milkless) delusion; he has listened to a Vāc that is fruitless and flowerless.

6. He who fails a faithful colleague has no part in Vāc. When he listens to her, he listens in vain; for not at all does he know the way of the successful Act (sacrifice).

7. Though colleagues all have eyes and ears, they are unequal in mental capacity. Some are like pools that reach to the mouth or armpits; others are like pools fit for bathing.

8. Where priestly colleagues together perform a sacrifice with the product of their mental quickness shaped by the heart (that is, fashioned with their utmost skill), there indeed they intentionally leave one behind; the others go away as Brahmans of renown.

9. Those who (at the sacrifice) move neither to this side nor to that (that is, lazily stay still), acting neither as priests nor as preparers of soma, and insincerely sidling up to Vāc, they weave a web of *sirīs*, the ignoramuses. [The word *sirīs* occurs no where else in the language and its meaning is unknown.]

10. All colleagues rejoice in a colleague who returns in glory, victorious in the assembly; for he saves them from shame, wins subsistence for them, and remains prepared for contest.

11. One (priest, the invoker) is engaged in bringing to flower the wealth of the sacred stanzas; another (the chanter) sings the chants in the *śakvarī* meter; another, the Brahman (the supervisory priest) speaks

innate wisdom; another (the manipulating priest) measures the (totality of) measure of the sacrifice.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The prospectus for *Mahfil* for 1972 is as follows:

Volume VIII, No. 1 (March, 1972): G. Sankara Kurup Issue (Malayalam); poems, interview, articles, speech.

Volume VIII, Nos. 2-3 (September, 1972); Miscellany; poems, stories, reviews, articles, interviews; special section on Konkoni literature.

Volume VIII, No. 4 (December, 1972); Umashankar Joshi Number (Gujarati); poems, article, interview.

(This ordering is subject to change.)

After this current issue, the annual subscription rate for *Mahfil* will be as follows:

$5.00 per year in the U.S. and Canada
$6.00 per year overseas
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Single issues - $1.50
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Leonard Nathan

VEDIC AND EPIC TRANSLATIONS

On translating from an unknown tongue

In the early sixties, I had the pleasure of being part of a team of American poets working with Professor Vidyaniwas Misra in one of the earliest examples of "transcreation," ultimately producing the volume, *Modern Hindi Poetry: An Anthology* (Indiana: 1965). Since that time, a number of such teams have changed the character of translation, assuring the integrity of the original by the supervisory presence of a scholar in the original and assuring the poetic quality of the translation by having poets responsible for the final product in the receiving language.

In 1966, I began working with Professor Misra again, this time also with the distinguished Hindi poet and novelist, S. H. Vatsyayan, on a more ambitious project: to bring over into American a fair sample of ancient traditional Indian verse, beginning with the Vedas. The method we have used is very much the same as that which was employed in the Hindi project. I receive what one might call a flat prose transposition, along with commentary as to textual implications, symbols, and tone. Since the "plot" is already given, my job is to texture the surface, bring up the flatness to the level of poetic discourse. That, of course, means finding contemporary American equivalences for the original.

It is at this point, I believe, where so much translation before the sixties has gone wrong. Since, by and large, the originals are in what would be for us high style, earlier translators have immediately gone -- in a perfectly understandable way -- to the only high style available to them: a curious mix of grandiose Shelley and sensuous Tennyson. The results are unhappy and turn the originals into a third-rate offshoot of English Romanticism. Unhappy too in that the translators have been amateur poets. Tennyson would have done much better making *mahākāvyas* into true English poems of Victorian vintage.

But what alternatives are there? Western poetry has more and more dismissed the high style as insincere "rhetoric." Our model now is the spoken word whose intensity arises from highly particularized and individual situations. Among all American contemporary poets, only perhaps Richard Wilbur and Anthony Hecht have the courage of a style, which if not high by traditional standards, is elevated by ours.

But it would be plainly to cheat the original if we were guided only by the contemporary taste for the colloquial. Some compromise is necessary. And even there, one runs the risk of making parody. When Wallace Stevens had recourse to traditional high style, it was often for the sake of kidding it, or at least putting a left-handed irony into his tone.

My own compromise was to try to keep the diction modern where I could, particularly as to its simplicity and concreteness, but to make locutions fairly complicated; for, in fact, high style is less a matter of diction or figure than of syntax, at least in English. The results are uneven, since this method was more applicable to some verses than others. The Vedas, I think, come off pretty well because of their unequivocal remoteness, their powerful forward thrust, and their austere surface. Clearly, in American, they are not "modern," but at their best, they are alive in the context of the modern. Some of the verse from the *mahākāvyas* is least successful because it depends so heavily on a tightly-woven, deeply-napped texture of diction and figure. Such verse seems to invite a sort of Keatsian decor, mistakenly because that suggests a personal intensity not in the original.

The question of the personal constitutes another problem. While modern Hindi poetry *is* modern poetry and written by a deliberately idiosyncratic *person*, traditional Indian poetry was deliberately moved toward a general style. Brilliance within that style or extraordinary management of that style is one thing -- and to be praised; deviation from it to express the private feelings of the poet is another, to be dismissed as sub-poetry, if, indeed, anyone ever tried it. In short, the translator has to resist a very contemporary impulse to "make it new" while trying somehow to do just that, because for us originality means an individual poetic voice heard for the first time ever, rather than a closer approximation to some ideal general style. For the traditional Indian poet, originality would have meant, as Elroy Bundy has said in another connection, finding one's origins, in this instance, finding the best models of the tradition.

After working up the flat text, I turned the results back to my collaborators for close criticism. That meant usually pointing out where I had misread an implication, put weight on the wrong place, over or undersaid, or simply failed to get the tone. I never thought consciously about *rasa*, but assumed that my texts and my collaborators would guide me to the proper mood. I cannot imagine that Sanskrit poets consciously worried about *rasa* every minute either. Absorption in the act of composition doesn't leave the serious poet much time for critical theory. He could count on his tradition to take care of *that*. It was a most dependable collaborator.

I found prosody another problem. The Vedas were easiest; listening to them chanted, one knows their music cannot get over into our language. But they have a kind of loosened iambic feel when spoken and are, therefore, closer to us metrically than the often heavily trochaic pattern of much modern Hindi verse (someone is going to say here: "Good grief, man, Indian verses don't *have* stress!" I think they do; and in any case, I *hear* stress in them because my ear is American). The loosened iambic also seemed to apply to the *mahākāvyas* and to verses from plays, but these

seemed often more intense, harder to get over as music of any kind without trying to shrill them like Shelley. Impossible.

I settled then generally for a loosened iambic, varying as the tone seemed to require. In verse like Jayadeva's, which seemed all music and allusion (and rhymed to boot!), I closed my eyes and went ahead, trusting. In the Prakrit *gāthās* I was much freer, basing the line on speech phrasing, my justification being that Prakrit was closer to spoken language, though that, too, may be an exaggeration. As to line length, I experimented, using the long line where it seemed to work, shortening where it seemed appropriate. Over five years my own style has changed and I am sure that some inconsistencies will show up, say, a splitting or shortening of a long line whose like three years later I will have left intact, trying to match the original syllable to syllable. I intend to leave these discrepancies because, if nothing else, they are suggestive.

The process of flat translation through texturing through criticism through revision through criticism through revision went on until the text stood up to the satisfaction of all three parties. Some verses moved smoothly through the process; some, like *Gītagovinda*, were an agony. The method is cumbersome at best, but at best also almost unbeatable, since one rarely comes upon a poet with equal command of two languages, even European languages. And I have always had the complaisant suspicion that my scrupulous ignorance of Sanskrit made my job easier. I know just enough French to know that Baudelaire is not coming over into American without a fight to the death, and I know just enough German to see how foreign Rilke really is. No such partial understanding dampens my willingness to try the impossible in Sanskrit. Fortunately, my collaborators are not such frivolous men, a fact which gives me a comfortable margin for irresponsible good cheer.

USAS: THE DAWN

(*Rgveda* 1, 113)

Of all the lights and lightest, this light has come,
This radiance, conceived in a great dazzle of color,
Rushing ahead of the imminent rise of the sun;
And Night has now given over Her place to the Dawn.

She comes up shining, leading a shining calf.
The Dark One has given over Her mansions to Dawn.
For they are undying kin and follow each other --
Night and the Dawn, exchanging hue for hue.

They are sisters whose endless road is the very same road,
And they take it as surely as if They were guided by Gods;
No clashing there, no halting for Night or Dawn,
Unlike, yet lovely, and in Their thoughts as one.

Her colors flash out as she leads Her exultant dance;
She has opened her gates for us, and opened them wide;
Revealing the world, She shows us how rich we are.
All of the living open their eyes to the Dawn.

Men who were stretched on the ground, She lifts up to act;
Some rise with the golden thought of wealth as an end;
Some, who see little, go on to gape at what's far.
All of the living open their eyes to the Dawn.

You for conquest, and you for a name in this world,
You arisen to find some momentous good,
You moving off toward a different way to live.
All of the living open their eyes to the Dawn.

Child of the Kingdom of Light, it's to us She comes;
A faultless girl arrayed in Her lustrous robes,
Lady who oversees our earthly goods,
O Dawn, O lucid Portent, shine on us now.

FOR VARUṆA

(*Ṛgveda* 5.85)

Make a transcendent majestic hymn, delighting to lordly Varuṇa,
That princely hunter who stretched the earth like a skin under
the sun.

Varuṇa has flung out the air over woods, made the horse go gallop,
the cow to give milk,
Stiffened the heart, set fire under seas, sun in the sky,
and Soma on peaks.

Varuṇa who tilts the colossal sack to pour it down heaven and
middle air,
Lord of it all, drenching the earth as barley is drenched by rain.

Does He want milk? Varuṇa moistens the sky, the land, and the earth
to the tip of her roots;
Mountains assume black clouds that are rent by heroic strokes.

It is here we pronounce the terrible arts of the God Who conceives
the whole,
Who, standing in middle space, measures out earth and the sun
with His rule.

None has stood in the way of the terrible arts of the God
Who conceives the whole,
Because of Whom rivers, for all their pouring, never can
overflow one sea.

If we have hurt any who did us a good, some friend, a comrade,
a brother,
A neighbor, or stranger, O Varuṇa, wash us clean of that evil.

If we have cheated as dicers cheat, if we have wronged,
whether blindly or knowing,
Sheer off these evils like chains, Varuṇa; be loving with us.

FOR PARJANYA: BEARER OF RAIN

(*Rgveda* 5.83)

Conjure up that mighty one with these prayers,
Bow to Him very low for His favor's sake.
He seeds the green, bellowing like a bull,
Whatever He gives never given in vain.

He smites the trees and they fall, as demons he smites,
go down.
Holding a terrible weapon, He's made the cosmos tremble.
When He flashes out in His wrath at those who are guilty
of evil.
Even the innocent scatter away from His looming presence.

His messengers strain to break out and away, as He lashes
them on
Like a charioteer flogging his horses wildly ahead.
When He swells up space till it's taut with the ponderous
weight of the rain,
A roar is heard, like a thundering lion, even far off.

Winds plunge over the land, lightning leaps through the tumult.
Stalks shoot up, and heaven is charged, like a udder with milk.
When the Cloud has proffered His powerfully moving force
to the earth,
The whole of the cosmos is proffered fulfillment in forms
of food.

O, Cloud! Over and over the earth bows down,
Hooves beat the ground, dancing for Your delight,
Every green thing grows in Your laws alone.
Give us, we beg You, shelter under Your greatness.

O, Winds, search out for us the heavenly rains,
Cause the force of that mighty stud to stream;
O, Cloud, come with Your thunderous messenger leading,
To sprinkle Your blessing as father would come to his son.

O, Cloud, resound with all Your mighty thunder,
Mount the green earth, run wild in Your watery chariot.
Hoist up this bag of water and tip it down
So that peak and pit, all alike, go under the rain.

Heave Your huge bag up the air and spill out its contents,
Open those streams that willspurt down over the whole.
Wet sky and earth with rain as sweet as clear butter,
That all the cows will have more than enough for their thirst.

Enough! You've given enough; hold back
For later. The dusty woods are lovely
To walk in, the plants delicious to eat,
And for these, our thanks, this human hymn.

ARANYĀNĪ: FOREST SPIRIT

(*Rgveda* 10, 146)

Araṇyānī, Araṇyānī, always shifting back and back,
Why do You turn away from the village? It couldn't be fear.

When distant cattle begin to low and the cricket responds,
It is as though Araṇyānī laughed far off among bells,

Was it She once glimpsed out there, or a shimmer of cows
or some house?
She can shape from the dusk a secret movement of carts.

Her voice is like someone calling the herds, like a falling tree
As it rends, or, to those in the woods after dark, the
remotest wail.

She will not hurt unless someone unkind comes close.
Her food is the fruit in there, and she moves or rests
where she will.

Sweet with the scent of the dark, served without tilling
the ground,
Mother of all wild things: now, I have sung you, Araṇyānī.

THE FROGS' RAIN HYMN

(*Rgveda* 7, 103)

The frogs, in repose the whole year,
In strict observance, as if they were priests
Rehearsing their hymns, now open their mouths,
Because this coming of clouds has thrilled them.

The frogs were stuck to the bed of the dried-up pond
As if they were empty sacks, all flattened out,
But when heavenly rain came down, their voices went up
As if from a chorus of calf-bearing cows when they bellow.

With the coming over of rains, the clouds poured down
Their favor on frogs who were yearning with terrible thirst,
And they rushed to each other to greet on this marvelous day,
Their joy as wild as a son's when he meets his parents.

Dazed with delight, they all began to embrace
As they felt on their backs the touch of rushing rain.
The green frog, laughing, rejoiced with his yellow neighbor,
And both began setting the proper pitch for their song.

One frog faithfully follows the tune of the other,
As the pupil, well-trained, repeats the hymn of his master.
Repeating mixed with repeating ripples the pond,
Go on with your singing, frogs, your hymn for joy.

One bellows just like a cow, one bleats like a goat,
This one is wholly green, this one mottled;
All are frogs, but hear how their croakings differ.
And this is the very beauty that makes them a chorus.

As priests crowd round the vessel that holds the soma
At the climax of one whole night of sacrifice
And begin, exulting, to chant, so the frogs who waited
The whole year out, crowd round the rain-brimming pond.

As chanters, rehearsed in their hymns, sing out to perfection,
So the frogs sing perfectly out their well-practiced song.
As priests come, dripping with sweat, from pouring libations,
So the frogs come into the open, every last one.

Like the men whose power is sacred words, these frogs
Have kept their vow to be dumb till the day that is fixed
By the Gods in the turn of the year, and, that day arrived,
They are free of burning, burning of year-long control.

The bellow enriches the song, and also the bleat,
The green has poured out his heart for this music, the mottled
His heart; through this fertile song, a hundred cows
Join in the rite where a thousand things are offered.

KĀMA'S ARROW

(*Atharvaveda* 3.25)

May He Who excites, excite you; do not be stiff in your bed!
I drive the shaft in your heart, the merciless arrow of Kāma!

It has wings, is barbed with desire, and its head is the
flint of my will.
May Kāma, aiming to kill, sink into your heart!

What parches the spleen, that arrow of Kāma, killingly aimed,
Whose wings lunge it on, that burner up, I drive at your heart!

Wounded, craving, hot, dry mouth, run to me now.
Soft, unshamable, wholly mine, pleading, devout.

I use this goad to drive you apart from your mother and father.
As I am relentless, so you shall come to me, doing my will.

O Mitrāvaruṇa, drive all concerns from her heart, from
her head:
Put her, all pliant, into my hands, alone, my will!

TO EARTH, THE MOTHER

(*Atharvaveda* 12, 1)

May that Earth, which holds on Her ample lap the ocean,
The rivers, the lakes, which bears the crop-yielding soil,
And is ground for all that breathes and stirs and lives,
May She also bear the fruits of what we have done.

That Earth was born from vast waters, at first was water.
And ancients attended Her growth with their own creations.
Her heart is set on the real, high in the heavens,
And what is undying of Hers is guarded by Truth.

Whatever there is at the core of Your being, whatever
There is in Your air, whatever the power that leaps
From Your length, set us, Mother, among that wealth.
Raise us up. You are my Mother. I am Your child.

Mother, give me that fragrance You Yourself make,
The perfume that comes from green growing things, from waters,
The same that heavenly players and dancers desire.
Annoint me with it, so none may wish me hurt.

Your very same fragrance that fills up the lotus pool.
The perfume You had as a gift at the marriage arranged
For Dawn by the Gods, the very first perfume of all:
Annoint me with it, so none may wish me hurt.

You who uphold the men who, though mortal,
Are singing and dancing together in exultation,
And uphold the men who, mortal, go out to kill
With furious shouts and the wail of trumpets at war:
O may You, Mother, drive my opponents away,
And make me a man without a rival in all the world.

You Who nurture the five kinds of crops
And are cause for their grains to swell out to ripeness.
O Earth, Wife to the lavish cloud,
It's to You, to Your open hand, that I bow.

Though men cry out in many strange tongues, and profess
A flurry of faiths, You take them all to Yourself.
Give us a thousand streams of Your wealth,
Give, like a cow whose udder is full.

Make us the masters of crowded highways
And of narrower paths, that few, in a hurry, take,
The ways of goodness as well as the ways of evil.
May these be cleared of those who would hurt us or rob us.
And may we receive what is good to receive.

Birds must come swinging round You when they take flight:
The hawk, the swan, and everything that flies,
And the wind that, circling the sky, goes plunging ahead
To drive down the rain, rock the trees, and flare up the fire.
You are the One who issues the wind its force.

Darkness and golden light, the night and day
Were conceived out of You together, O Earth,
Wrapped in the circling seasons, wound in time.
Render us good in all our scattered homes.

PRAYER FOR A GOOD DESTINY

(*Atharvaveda* 12.3)

Let that which leads me here lead me gently to oldness,
And oldness give me gently over to death,
And that give me gently over to the only Ripeness.

Vālmīki

CITY IN MOURNING

(*Rāmāyana* 2, 106, 2-18)

Ayodhyā, great city, seems
Like the night itself, in the pitch of dark
Where only cats are awake and owls,
Where men and monkeys keep to cover.

It looks like a river drying up
So that its shallows heat too soon
And waterfowl must surface, fish
And crocodiles restlessly stir.

It looks like a ruined army, warriors
Fallen everywhere, armor
Broken, elephants fallen, horses
And chariots fallen, banners thrown down.

It looks like the tide at ebb, brushed back
By a calm breeze, utterly quiet,
After its hour of foam and roar,
After its highest lifting wave.

It looks like an altar given up
After the Soma has been pressed,
The sacrificial implements
Left here and there, the priests all gone.

It looks like a cow come into heat
But lacking the service of a bull
And standing, desolate, in the pen,
Refusing the offered new-cut grass.

It looks like a necklace with the stones
That made it precious all removed,
Stones whose luster glittered out,
Perfectly round, the rarest kind.

It looks like earth shot from its base.
All of its goodness being spent,
Or a star plunged out of heaven.
All its radiance dimmed out.

It looks like a creeper shrivelled up,
Blackened by forest fire, a creeper
That in late spring, a mass of flowers,
Had addled all the hovering bees.

It looks like a densely clouded sky,
Cutting off the moon and stars.
The market place and shops are all
Shut up, the townsmen deep in gloom.

It looks like a drunken party, all
The drinkers departed, having left
Behind their refuse, a carpeting
Of broken cups, voided of wine.

It looks like the fallen bow of a warrior
Dropped off his shoulders when an arrow
Split it, a long and hefty bow
Whose helpless string is broken now.

It looks like a young mare, unsaddled,
Standing forlorn and riderless;
Its rider was a daring man
And will not mount the saddle now.

It looks like the sun when its great light
Is buried under blue-black clouds
And hidden there for many days
During the time of endless rain.

THE DESERTER

(Vidulā Reproaches Her Son Sañjaya; *Mahābhārata, Udyoga Parvan*, 131, 5-34)

And what made you? Surely I did not bear,
Your father beget this impotent thing, this man
Who is powerless to feel, this sucker branch
Found only at the bases of trees it harms.

You, shaking there, get on your feet
And do the job your people sent you for,
Do not cheapen yourself because your arms
Are not enough. Set yourself to serve

Your people. Give this terror up. Hit back,
Coward, get on your feet! Don't lie there whipped
Accepting. See your enemies laugh and hoot.
See your kinsmen groan to see you down

Lying there, your dignity plucked off.
A paltry stream is quickest to overflow,
A mousehole is flooded easily enough.
A man debased welcomes indifferent things.

Better to perish in the field
Wrenching out the fangs of enemies,
Suppose you put yourself where they can strike,
Go out again and let them see your valor.

Why don't you strike their softness, like a hawk
Diving in full force? You should calculate
When to thunder, when to glide in silent
When to hang, waiting, in the sky.

Why do you lie there like a stricken spirit,
As if a bolt of lightning had knocked you flat?
Coward, get up! Don't lie there whipped, accepting.

Don't sink down, a spectacle for pity.
Action alone will make your name a name
Not to be dismissed, unnecessary.
Don't sink. Rise in the fullness of your force.

Blaze like the *tendu* tree, when it explodes
With fire: if only for a moment blaze.
Don't merely smoke like a heap of husks
Smoldering as if they clung to life.
The brave man must choose the briefest flaring up
To lingering on and on as so much smoke.

Of course, a coward can spring of royal blood,
Soft inside, his surface a hard shine.
No one is released from human ties
Or finds no reasons to reproach himself
Until he does his work, bravely and well
A walker on the noble way of duty.

Men who consider do not give a hang
Whether they win or lose by what they do.
They work on, doing what they must
Never dreaming their lives a purse to guard.

Pull your powers together, and then strike.
The immortals wait you, even if you fail.
To know exactly what to do in life
What other reason can danger give to living?

Impotent thing, all your offerings,
Good works, your noble name, all wiped away,
Even the ground for earthly pleasure gone --
What reason can you give for living?

Even a fallen soldier, as he falls,
Can bring the enemy down -- striking the thighs;
Despair is inadmissable even
If earth should suddenly sink below.
Like a great bull, he should haul the axle out,
Remembering the value of his blood.

Be brave, proud, remember who you are,
Lift up your family when you lift yourself,
This family which falls with your fall.

That fighting man whose warlike actions people,
Marvelling, do not pass from mouth to mouth
Is merely another grain on the great heap,
No woman even, not to mention man.

That man who is not famous for his gifts,
His self-denying acts, his bravery,
Excellence of mind, or his rich possessions,
Only can be his mother's excrement.

This makes a man, and nothing else -- those acts
Which gather glory in, whether they're done
By knowledge or an icy discipline,
Or arms splendidly bearing out their valor.

You have no business with a life of fear,
This seeming peace which is a beggar's skulk,
Killing to yourself, insulting to the Gods,
Wholly miserable and cowardly.

The enemy embraces such a man,
Humiliated, scorned by everyone,
Lacking even power to bring in food,
In clothes, both for himself and for his people.

Glory is wounded by indifference;
Pity wounds it too, inaction too,
And fear. The man without potent desire
Will never taste the highest living taste.

Pull yourself up and out of evil, take
New heart from iron. Find who you are again.

The people of a brave and forceful king,
Following the lion's courageous trail,
Find delight in heaven, though their kind
Suffers a run of evil luck in war.

Robert P. Goldman

MYTH AS LITERATURE IN ANCIENT INDIA: THE SAGA OF ŚUKRĀCĀRYA AND THE DEMONS (*MATSYAPURĀṆA*, 47)

An exposition, translation and notes

Introduction

A great deal has been written on the subjects of ancient Indian myth and Sanskrit literature. This is not to suggest, though, that either has been sufficiently examined. I certainly do not mean to disparage the considerable body of fine scholarly work in these fields. There are many insightful and excellent works, both in India and the West, concerning both myth and literature in Sanskrit and related languages. My point is, simply, that the body of material for study, much of it not yet edited, is so vast that we have as yet only lighted a few flares in a huge and half-unknown landscape.

Students of Sanskrit literature and poetics are still painfully aware of the dearth of sound and scholarly translations of many of the most seminal texts. The situation is far worse for the student of Classical Indian mythology. In the case of art-literature (including *kāvya*, *nāṭaka*, and prose of the type exemplified by the *Kādambarī*), there are a large number of editions, translations, and critical studies. The massive body of mythological material in the Vedic, epic, and, especially Purāṇic texts, has received, by comparison, only the most minimal and diffuse treatment.

There have been a number of efforts to bring some order into the vast chaos. Scholars such as Macdonnell have provided valuable digests of Indic myth in the form of indices, etc.[1] There have also been any number of sound and informative studies of the problems of a given myth, mythic figure, or motif.[2] But, for various reasons, there has been little in the way of valuable studies of either major mythic complexes or the ways in which myth developed and functioned in the Sanskrit tradition.

This lack is, I think, thrown into very sharp focus by the fairly recent revival of interest in mythology in general. For various reasons, and largely through the efforts of such men as Lévi-Strauss, Mircea Eliade, Georges Dumézil, and followers of their several schools of thought, myth has again become the center of an interest such as it has

not generated since perhaps the days of the Max Müller-Andrew Lang disputes of the last century. In the past few years alone a number of books, papers and collected products of symposia on the subject of myth have been published.

A good deal of attention has been directed towards India. This is quite natural. In the Vedic literature we find some of the oldest recorded myth of any of the so-called Indo-European peoples, and in Indian texts in general we find what is perhaps the most extensive, and certainly continuous, mythological traditions in the world.

Inquiry into Indian myth is potentially highly rewarding. However, there are a number of obstacles to fully profitable investigation, particularly on the level of comparative studies. Central to these difficulties, whether one wishes to acknowledge the problem or not, is the question of text. It is one thing to say that such-and-such Purāna says such and such on the subject of a certain mythical figure or to "re-tell" or summarize a given myth or version; it is quite another to come to terms with what are often crude, corrupt, and obscure passages. Any real approach to proper interpretation requires painstaking work and, in many instances, must await the appearance of a critical edition. The point is that it is by no means always clear what a myth is trying to say -- in a literal sense.

Another problem is the dearth of work which scientifically traces developments of major mythical "cycles" in India itself. Too often questions of how and why a myth developed certain features or why a myth was developed and perpetuated are ignored. In the absence of such work, it is easy to evaluate improperly a given element or myth.

These are problems in which I am keenly interested and to which I have lately been devoting my research. They are not, however, problems which I have hopes or space to solve here. I have only tried to suggest certain of the issues at stake in the study of myth in traditional India. It is with these issues in mind that I have selected the present passage for translation. By consideration of this elaborate episode and others like it, I believe new dimensions may be added to the study of epic and Purāṇic mythology.

It was not randomly that I chose above to compare work in Sanskrit literature with that in Indian mythology. The relation between the two, or, I should say, one of the relations between the two, is very clear and goes virtually without saying. I refer to the fact that an overwhelming number of literary works in Sanskrit have taken their imagery, characters, and, above all, themes, from epic and Purāṇic mythology. The point need not be belabored; reflection on the themes of the major works of Kālidāsa, Bhavabhūti, Bhāravi, etc., will suffice to confirm it. Like their counterparts in Classical Greece and modern Ireland, the poets and dramatists of Ancient India took their inspiration frequently from the epic-mythical traditions of their countries. Thus, it was the mythic figure, whether epic prince, celestial nymph, or the Supreme Lord of the universe, that was considered the fittest subject of poetry and drama.

This much is well known. There is an important side light to this issue which has received less attention. That is the question of the point at which "pure" myth, if indeed such a thing may be postulated, becomes literature. There are many issues involved here -- far too many to go into at the moment. However, it is clear that some adequate definition of the two terms "myth" and "literature" is a prime desideratum. This is beyond the scope of this, or perhaps any, article.

On the other hand, it is clear that there are certain unmistakable differences between the story of Purūravas and Ūrvaśī as it appears in, say the *Śatapathabrāhmaṇa* and Kālidāsa's *Vikramorvaśīya*. The first (exclusive of the *Saṃhitā* verses) is a simple, unadorned narrative presentation of a mythic episode for ritual, i.e., religious, purposes. The purpose of the latter is, of course, the stimulation of esthetic transport in the audience for which it was intended. In both cases the story, or, that is to say, the myth, is molded to the purpose of the author. No one would deny that Kālidāsa's purpose is strictly "literary" while that of the *Brāhmaṇa* is not. But what about the "intermediary" cases? There are several versions of the Purūravas story which would appear to be somewhere "in-between" the two from the standpoint of literary content or output. Or take the case of the Rāma legends. Surely Vālmīki's epic presupposes a simpler cycle of myth. The *Rāmāyaṇa* itself is then a literary-type elaboration of those myths without, however, being the same type of thing as works such as *Raghuvaṃśa* or *Uttararāmacarita*. Once again the difference has to do with the underlying intention of the authors.

The point here is that there is something of a continuum running from simple myth, recounted as simply as possible, to highly ornate *kāvya* treating the same material. Where, if anywhere, does one draw the line? Viewed in this way, it becomes clear that much of the mythological material that we find in the epics and Purāṇas partakes of both worlds. We find myths recounted at considerable length which show serious attention to the literary potential of language, as well as departure from straightforward narrative by means of material calculated to evoke the kinds of feelings associated with appreciation of true art-literature in India -- feelings such as pity, fear, astonishment, amusement, etc. Interestingly, these portions of certain epic and Purāṇic myths seem to bear little relation to the strictly mythical or religious content of the stories.

The strong implication of such passages is that there were "literary" forces at work in the formation of the myths; forces which could perhaps have induced the author of redactor of a given piece to modify the myth for a certain effect, just as Kālidāsa, on a much more exalted level to be sure, alters the tale of Purūravas.

Without giving serious consideration to this kind of phenomenon in all its many ramifications, it would be foolish to feel that we understand Indian myth as we have it in much of the epic and Purāṇic literature. Indeed, we could hardly say that we were able to distinguish adequately myth from a form of literature.[3]

The present passage, which I have loosely termed a "saga," is an excellent example of the kind of literary myth to which I have been referring. In essence, it is a complex of a number of mythical elements which date back to the Vedic period and various elements of sectarian Hindu myth. The basic situation is the ongoing struggle for rulership of the universe between the Devas, the gods of the Vedic pantheon, and the Asuras (Daityas, Dānavas), the "demons" of Vedic and classical myth. This is a motif which has its origins in the *Saṃhitā* or pre-*Saṃhitā* period (Indo-Iranian, Indo-European) and becomes a stock myth or setting for other myths in the *Brāhmaṇa* epic, and Purāṇaliterature.[4] It is here presented in connection with one of its old associated motifs, the assistance and desertion of the potent and mysterious figure of Uśanas Kāvya, or Śukra, perhaps the most extraordinary of the extraordinary sages of the Bhārgava clan.[5] These events are here connected with Vaiṣṇava myth in a rather unorthodox fashion and with the devotional traditions of Śaivism.

I have discussed the problems of this mythic pastiche along with the whole issue of the important sub-mythology of the Bhārgavas, of which this is but one example, elsewhere.[5] I am concerned here mainly with the translation itself, with a direct look at the peculiarities of the episode which entitle it to consideration from a literary standpoint.

In reading through the *Matsya* passage, the sheer liveliness of the narrative is apparent. The myth is all but subordinated to the spirited and often amusing dialogues between Sukra and his emotional demons, between the great sage and the flirtatious daughter of Indra, or between the outrageously hypocritical Asuras, pretending to be inoffensive hermits, and the incredibly gullible gods. In many ways the whole saga, for all that it purports to deal with such profound issues as the incarnations of Viṣṇu and the favor of the mighty Śiva, takes on the aspect of a sort of farce.

In accord with this prevailing mood, basic mythical relationships are altered. Thus, in order to play upon the pitiful laments of the Asuras and the softheartedness of Kāvya, the redactor has the sage not only abandon his charges, in agreement with the *Brāhmaṇa* versions, but has him return to them; and this cycle is repeated twice in the episode. The older motif of abandonment leading to defeat is also present in its non-literary guise in the concluding episode of Śaṇḍa and Marka. This is likewise taken from the *Brāhmaṇa* literature. The style and tone of this episode contrasts sharply with the full characterization given in the passages involving Śukra.

In the same way, the old association of Indra and his "younger brother," Viṣṇu, as the joint doers of valorous deeds is almost brought to the level of low comedy here in their clumsy and near-disastrous encounter with Kāvya's mother and her husband, Bhṛgu. One is put forcefully in mind of the slapstick comedians in Viṣṇu's botched attempt

to rescue Indra, which results ultimately in his being cursed to be born among men as a punishment for the killing of a woman. This is hardly in accord with the usual Vaiṣṇava doctrines concerning the *avatāras*. In fact, it is much more in consonance with recurrent motifs of the Bhārgava myths.[6] Indra is no stranger to the magical powers of the Bhṛgu sages, but the treatment of the great God Viṣṇu here is a much more serious matter. It is hard to avoid the impression that again the author or redactor has allowed other-than-mythical criteria to influence the story.

Again, the charming and earthy sequence toward the end of the episode in which the baffled Asuras are confronted with the dilemma of choosing the "real" Kāvya goes far beyond the limits of a dry narrative. Once more, the motif is known elsewhere,[7] but the exigencies of the literary side of the story are such as to turn the motif inside-out.

Above all, what comes across in the saga is a concern with personality, emotion and characterization to a degree far greater than that required by a simple mythical narration; in fact, to a degree which works counter to the myth's original purpose. What we have actually is a quasi-literary pseudo-saga which has been built up of various elements from Bhārgava and general Indian myth around the skeleton of the myth of the *Devāsura* wars. Examination of the closing verses of the selection show that the redactors of the *Purāṇa* felt it necessary to recapitualate the mythic content of the story in more conventional and far less entertaining form.

If it be argued that this is to subject the passage to extraneous criteria of judgement, I would refer the objector to the text with an open mind.

I have avoided here notes on the textual and major mythological problems inherent in this and related passages. For the present purpose, i.e., showing the distinctly "literary" flavor of the presentation, I have relied chiefly upon the translation itself.

The translation is, except where noted, as literal as I could make it without resort to unacceptable English composition.

One final technical note: the passage under consideration is from the forty-seventh *adhyāya* of the *Matsyapurāṇa*, Ānandāśrama ed., and comprises vss. 61-127 and 169-235. Vss. 128-168 make up an elaborate hymn of praise to Śiva which Kāvya (Uśanas, Śukra) recites after receiving his great boons from the god. The *stotra* is not of prime interest to us in the present context; therefore, I have omitted it to conserve space as well as to avoid the major interruption of the narrative.

I have also thought it best, from the point of view of the reader, not to include distracting verse numbers in the translation. For the convenience of those, however, who wish to follow the text along with my translation, I have translated on a verse to verse basis. I think that on the basis of the numbers given above, the reader should have no great difficulty in following or, perhaps, disputing what I have done. In one or two cases, as in vss. 123-4, I found it impractical to separate verses for treatment. The reasons will be clear to anyone wishing to read through the text.

NOTES TO INTRODUCTION

1. Such works as the *Vedic Index* and *Indian Mythology* have become standard reference works. One should also mention the valuable *Bhāratavarṣīya Prācīnacaritrakośa* (*Poona: Bhāratīya Caritrakoś Mandal, 1964*) of M. M. Siddheśvaraśāstrī Citrav, a compendious encyclopedia of Vedic, epic, Purāṇic, and heterodox myth. The work has been translated from Marāthi to Hindi and revised.

2. A stimulating example of the type of work that needs to be done is given in the collection of papers entitled *Krishna: Myths, Rites, and Attitudes*, edited by Milton Singer (Chicago University of Chicago Press, 1968).

3. Here again one runs up against the difficulites inherent in attempting to provide even working definitions of the terms.

4. The old myth thus becomes a literary device for the presentation of a variety or ritual or doctrinal constructs. My article on the development of the *Devāsura* conflict will appear later this year in the *Journal of the Oriental Institute of Baroda*.

5. This, in fact, forms the subject of my doctoral thesis, as yet unpublished. For an incisive and thorough presentation of the extent of the Bhārgava mythology in the *Mahābhārata*, the central source for significant Bhṛgu legends, see: V.S. Sukthankar, "The Bhṛgus and the Bhārata," *Annals of the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute*, 18:1-76 [V. S.Sukthankar Memorial Edition, I, Bombay: Karnatak Publishing House, 1944, 278-337.

6. Cf. the famous passage at *Bhāgavatapurāṇa* X. 89 in which Bhṛgu "tests" the great Gods, Brahman, Śiva and Visnu by subjecting them in turn to various indignities. The story is repeated in different versions in other Purāṇas.

7. Cf. the similar problems confronting Damayantī vis-à-vis Nala and Sukanyā vis-à-vis the Bhārgava sage, Cyavana.

THE SAGA OF ŚUKRĀCĀRYA AND THE DEMONS

(*Matsyapurāṇa* 47. 61-235)

TRANSLATION[1]

When, in the course of time, the three worlds were taken from Prahlāda[2] and were ruled in turn by Indra[3], Śukra deserted the Asuras and went over to the gods.[4]

The sons of Diti called to Kāvya, who had gone over to the gods, at the sacrifice, "Have you returned to the sacrifice, abandoning our kingdom before our very eyes?"[5]

"We cannot remain here. We shall enter Rasātala at once!" Addressed in this fashion, he replied to the discouraged Daityas soothing them with his words.

"Do not be afraid. I will support you, Asuras, with my own magical powers[6] . . . (with) mantras, herbs, essences, and vast wealth.

"All this is mine. Only a fraction belongs to these gods. I will give you all this which I have accumulated for your sake."

The gods, seeing them favored by the wise Kāvya, consulted together in their desire to get the better of them.

"This Kāvya means to do us out of all this[7] by force. [8]Very well then; let's get going immediately before he instructs them.

"We'll massacre them and send the survivors to Hell!"[9] Then the raging gods went after the Dānavas.

The latter, being slaughtered, ran straight to Kāvya. Kāvya saw[10] them quickly put to flight by the gods.

Even though they were taunted[11] by the Asuras, the gods withdrew in the face of Kāvya's protection.[12] Seeing Kāvya standing there, they left the Asuras alone without the least hesitation.

Then, after deep reflection, the Brahman, Kāvya, recalling the events of the past, addressed the demons with beneficial words of advice.

"With three paces the Dwarf took all the three worlds from you. Bali was bound while Jambha and Virocana were slain.

"The great Asuras were slaughtered by the gods in twelve battles. By one means or another the best of you have been killed off.

"Only a few of you remain. In my opinion there should be no fighting. I advise stratagem. Hold on until the situation has changed. [13]

"I shall go to Mahādeva in order to obtain mantras conducive to victory. When I have obtained these favorable spells from Mahādeva, we shall again do battle with the gods and you will win."

Then the Asuras, having discussed the matter, said to the gods, "We have all laid down our arms. We have neither armor nor chariots.

"Clothed in garments of bark, we shall perform penances in the forest." Hearing this speech of Prahlāda, they (the gods) took it for the truth.

Since the Daityas had laid down their arms, the gods, free from anxiety, returned delighted.

Soon after Kāvya told the Asuras, "Wait a while engaged in penances and without worrying. Time will effect our purpose.

"Wait for me, Dānavas, in my father's hermitage." Having thus instructed the Asuras, Kāvya approached Mahādeva.

Śukra said, "O god, I desire such mantras as Bṛhaspati[14] does not possess; mantras for the conquest of the gods and the triumph of the Asuras."

Addressed in this way, the god replied, "Perform an act of penance, Bhārgava. If you will inhale dense smoke with your head downwards[15] for a full one thousand years, then you shall have the mantras."

"So be it." . . . Assenting thus, Śukra, scion of the Bhṛgu race, touched the god's feet and said, "I will undertake this vow as you have instructed me this day, Lord."

Then the god produced a very smoky fire in a pit. Śukra approached it and dwelt there as a *brahmacārin* for the sake of the mantras and the welfare of the Asuras.

Now the gods became aware of the fact that the Asuras had abandoned their kingdom merely as a stratagem. So they armed and armored themselves and, placing Bṛhaspati at their head, rushed furiously upon the demons in their moment of weakness.

When the Asuras saw that the gods had once more taken up arms, they leaped up in terror and spoke to them.

"Since we are weaponless and our preceptor is engaged in austerities, you gentlemen promised us security. Now you come with the intention of killing us!

"We have abandoned our weapons, o gods, and live here without our teacher. We undertake no actions and have no possessions but our garments of bark and antelope skin.[16]

"By no means can we defeat the gods in battle. Without a fight, then, let us go and take refuge with Kāvya's mother.[17]

"Let's avert this danger until our guru returns. When Śukra comes back we will arm and fight."

Discussing the matter among themselves, the terrified Asuras approached Kāvya's mother for protection. She banished their fear.

"Fear not! Fear not! Abandon fear, O Dānavas. You should have no fear while in my presence."

Now when the gods saw that the Asuras were being protected by her, they assaulted them violently, not pausing to consider their relative strength.

The Lady,[18] seeing the Asuras assailed by the gods, was furious. She said, "I shall deprive the gods of their leader."[19]

She assembled all the requisite things and cast a spell on Indra. This Lady, a great ascetic and a powerful sorceress, immobilized him.[20]

The gods, when they saw Indra paralyzed and subjected to her will, were struck dumb and fled in terror.

When the hosts of the gods had fled, Viṣṇu said to Indra, "Enter into me,[21] Indra. I will carry you."

When he had been addressed in this manner, Indra entered Viṣṇu. The Lady was infuriated at seeing him protected by Viṣṇu. She said, "I will burn you up, and Viṣṇu with you, O Maghavan . . . even before all these beings.[22] You shall see the power of my austerities!"

She overpowered both gods, Indra and Viṣṇu. Viṣṇu asked Indra, "How shall we free ourselves?"

Indra said, "Kill her before she burns us up, Lord. I am even worse off than you. Kill her quickly!"

Now in considering her, Viṣṇu was aware of the danger of slaying a woman. So he called to mind his discus to save him from this difficulty.

Viṣṇu, frightened, recognized at once her hostile intentions. Angered and afraid, he cut off her head with his weapon.

Now Bhṛgu,[23] when he saw this terrible act of killing a woman, was enraged. He cursed Viṣṇu for killing his wife.

"Since you, a knower of dharma, have slain a woman not to be slain, may you be born seven times among men."

So, because of that curse, he is born again and again among men . . . When dharma is threatened . . . for the welfare of the world.

After cursing Viṣṇu, he (Bhṛgu) immediately put the head and body together and said this: "Viṣṇu killed you, my lady; I restore you to life." Then he joined her with her head once more and said, "Live!"

"If I know dharma fully, and if I have acted in accordance with it . . . , if I am speaking the truth, may you come to life again by the power of that truth."[24]

He then sprinkled her with cool water and said, "Live!" Even as he was speaking, she came to life again.

When all the beings saw her risen as if from sleep, they cried "Excellent, excellent!" on all sides.

It was a great wonder to those divinities who observed it that the Lady was thus restored by Bhṛgu.

When Indra saw Bhṛgu calmly restore his wife to life, he became sleepless and could find no respite from his fear of Kāvya. He spoke to Jayantī.

After some thought, the wise Indra addressed his daughter, "This Kāvya is performing fearful penance for the good of our enemies. Daughter, this sage alarms me.

"Go and win him over by the attentive performance of such pleasant ministrations as will lessen his weariness.

"Propitiate this Brahman, Kāvya, so that he is pleased. Go! I give you to him. Make this effort for my sake."

Jayantī, when she was spoken to in this way, acceded to her father's wishes. She went to the place at which he (Sukra) was engaged in severe austerities.

She saw him being held upside down by a *yakṣa*, inhaling the dense smoke produced in the fire pit.

When she saw him hanging there, emaciated but lustrous and calm from his meditation on the supreme being, she did what her father had told her with respect to Kāvya.

The sweet-voiced girl praised him with fitting words and dwelt there for many years tending him with gentle massage of the limbs and other services such as are suitable to one engaged in a vow of austerity.

When, after a thousand years, the terrible smoke penance was completed, Śiva was pleased and offered Kāvya a boon.

Mahādeva said, "No one but you has ever fulfilled this vow. Therefore, you alone will surpass the gods in austerity, intelligence, learning, power and glory. You will obtain whatever you desire, son of the Bhṛgu race.

"Teach this to no one and you will become superior to all beings."

Having given these boons to Kāvya, Śiva also conferred upon him lordship, wealth, and invulnerability.

Kāvya was greatly delighted[25] to receive these boons. In his joy he gave forth with a heavenly hymn of praise to Maheśvara. And so, upside down as he was, he praised Siva.

(I omit here vss. 128-168 which constitute Kāvya's *Śivastotra*, and continue with the narrative from vs. 169)

Having praised Śiva, the lord of the gods, he prostrated himself, folded his hands and kept silent.

Śiva was greatly pleased and touched Kāvya's body with his hand. Then granting him as long a vision as he could have desired, he disappeared on the spot.

When the lord of the gods had vanished, Kāvya saw Jayantī, his attendant, standing beside him, and he said, "To whom do you belong, fair one? Who are you that you share my hardships? Why do you attend me as assiduously as though engaged in a severe penance yourself?

"I am pleased, lovely lady, to be served with such modesty, devotion and affection.

"What do you desire, fair one? What wish of yours shall I fulfill? I will grant your desire this day no matter how difficult it may be."

When he had spoken to her in this way, she replied, "You know by the power of your austerity.[26] O Brahman, you know exactly what I want."

Perceiving the situation with his divine insight, he said to her, "You wish, charming one, to live with me for ten years.

"You wish, beautiful lady, to be joined to me, invisible to all creatures. Yes, you may choose this boon of me, sweet-voiced one.

"So be it! Let us go, fair one, to our house." Then, having returned to his home, he took Jayantī's hand in marriage.

So the Bhārgava (Śukra) lived with her for ten years, concealed by his magic power and invisible to all beings.

Now the sons of Diti, knowing that Kāvya had accomplished his purpose and returned, were delighted. Wishing to see him they went to his home.

But when they got there they didn't see their guru, who was concealed by the power of magic. Finding no trace of him, they returned as they had come.

Brhaspati knew that Kāvya, in accordance with his boon, was detained for ten years in order to satisfy Jayantī.

Realizing the Daityas' weakness and urged by Indra, he assumed Kāvya's form and summoned them.

Then, when he saw that they had come, he said, "Welcome, my patrons! I have come for your benefit.

"I will teach you the magical spells which I have obtained." Overjoyed, they approached him for the sake of the spells.

At the end of the ten years, Devayānī was born to Kāvya. He decided then to go and see his patrons.[27]

"O lovely wife, I am going to see my patrons."

Addressed thus she replied, "Attend upon your devotees, great sage. This is your duty and I will not obstruct it."

He went there and saw the Asuras being fooled by the clever preceptor of the gods who had taken his form. He spoke to them.

"Know that I am your Kāvya who has pleased the Lord Śiva. Ach! Listen! You Dānavas have been tricked."

Hearing him speak, they became confused. They were greatly astonished to see them both, one standing and one sitting.[28]

They were confused and could not understand at all. Then Kāvya spoke to the puzzled Asuras.

"I am Kāvya, your preceptor. He is Aṅgiras, the preceptor of the gods. Follow me, Daityas; abandon this Bṛhaspati."

When he had spoken to them in this way, the Asuras regarded the two closely, but were unable to discern any difference between them.

Bṛhaspati, the great ascetic, calmly said, "I am Kāvya, your guru. He is Bṛhaspati in my form.

"He is deluding you with my form, Asuras." Hearing his words, they came together and said, "This lord has been instructing us for ten years. He is our guru. This Brahman is trying to fool us."

Then the Dānavas, deceived by long practice, believed him (Bṛhaspati) and they prostrated themselves doing him homage.

The demons, their eyes red with anger, said, "He is our guru and benefactor. You are not our guru. Go away!

"Whether Bhārgava or Aṅgiras, he is our guru. We are under his tutelage. Well then . . . go away at once."

Speaking thus, the Asuras resorted to Bṛhaspati and took no heed of the beneficial speech of Kāvya.

Bhārgava was furious at their arrogance. "Since you Dānavas do not follow me, even though I have explained the matter to you . . .

"You shall lose you wits and be defeated." Cursing them in this way Kāvya departed as he had come.

Bṛhaspati, seeing the Asuras cursed by Kāvya, was delighted at having accomplished his purpose and resumed his own form.

Having accomplished his purpose and knowing that the Asuras would be destroyed, he disappeared. When he had vanished, the Asuras were dismayed.

"Good Lord! We've been tricked," they said to one another. "This Āṅgirasa has beaten us from start to finish!"

Deceived in every way by that imposture and the power of magic, the dispondent Dānavas, led by Prahlāda, ran quickly to follow Kāvya.

The overtook Kāvya and stood before him with lowered faces. Kāvya, seeing his patrons come again, said, "You rejected me even though I explained the matter to you. Because of this disrespect, you will be defeated."

Prahlāda then spoke to Śukra in a voice choked with tears, "Do not leave us, O Bhārgava.

"Accept us, son of Bhṛgu, as your disciples, your devotees and your followers. We were deceived by the teacher of the gods while you were away. You must see, by that vision you have gained through penance, that we are devoted to you.

"Son of Bhṛgu, if you show us no favor, if we are despised by you, we shall enter Rasātala this very day."

Kāvya recognized the true state of affairs and, moved by pity and compassion, restrained his anger and was appeased. He told them, "Do not fear. Do not go to Rasātala.

"That which is inevitable would have come to pass, even had I been aware of it. Destiny is immutable and it is impossible to act in opposition to it."

"You shall now regain the wits that you have lost. Only after having defeated the gods one more time will you go to Pātāla.[29]

"Brahma said that, by his grace, you shall enjoy, in the course of time, prosperous rule of the universe.

"You will conquer the gods and rule after ten full *yugas*. After that period of time Brahma has promised you sovereignty.

"Lordship shall be returned to you in the Sāvarṇika *manvantara*. Your grandson, Bali, shall be lord of the worlds.

"Viṣṇu himself promised this to your grandson. Such were his words when the worlds were taken away. [30]

"Since he was pleased with you, and appreciates your good conduct, Svayambhū has promised you all this.

"The Lord told me that Bali will rule over the gods. Therefore, he awaits the proper time, invisible to all creatures.

"Svayambhū gave you this boon out of affection. Therefore, you and the Asuras should patiently await your turn.

"I was not able to tell you this before as I was forbidden by Brahma, knower of the future. [31]

"These two pupils of mine, the equals of Bṛhaspati, will support you in your conflict with the gods."

Addressed in this manner by the tireless Kāvya, Prahlāda and the Asuras went away happy.

Having now heard of the inevitable future events discussed by Śukra, the Asuras, in expectation of the promised victory, took up their armor and weapons and challenged the gods.

When the gods saw the Asuras drawn up for battle, they equipped themselves fully and engaged them.

The battle between the gods and demons lasted a hundred years and the Asuras were victorious. Then the gods conferred among themselves.

"If we invite those two to the sacrifice, we shall defeat the Asuras." So the gods summoned Śaṇḍa and Marka. [32]

They called them to the sacrifice and said, "Abandon the Asuras, Brahmans. When, all together, we have defeated the demons, we will become your devotees."[33]

When the gods had concluded this agreement with Śaṇḍa and Marka, they were victorious and the Asuras were defeated.

The Asuras, deserted by Śaṇḍa and Marka, were powerless. Thus were the Daityas undone by the curse of Kāvya.

Deprived of a protector and overcome by Kāvya's curse, the Asuras were driven off by the gods and entered Rasātala.

That is how the Dānavas were rendered powerless through the efforts of the gods. And, ever since that time, by the power of Bhṛgu's curse, The Lord Viṣṇu is born again and again, when dharma is endangered, for the establishment of righteousness and the destruction of the demons.

NOTES TO TRANSLATION

1. The episode is not peculiar to the *Matsya*. Versions occur, for example, in the *Padma* and *Brahmāṇḍa Purāṇas*. Those versions, however, are for the most part almost identical in working and where they differ significantly, it is to digress from the story at hand. Nevertheless, some of the variant readings of the *Padma* version appear to me to be superior to those of the Ānandāśrama text of the *Matsya*, which I have used here.

2. One of the succession of great Asura leaders referred to in the *Purāṇas*. He was the son of Hiraṇyakaśipu and father of Virocana. He is unique, perhaps, among the demons in that he is frequently said to have been among the greatest of devotees of Viṣṇu, a characterization notable absent in the present episode.

3. The text uses, in accordance with Sanskrit practice, a variety of names for the various gods involved. To avoid confusion, I have given the most familiar names fairly consistently. Exceptions are Mahādeva for Śiva, Svayambhū for Brahman.

4. This, as noted in the introduction, is a theme recurrent in *Brāhmaṇa* accounts of the struggle between the gods and demons. Cf., for example, *Taittirīyasaṃhitā* 6. 4.10.1 where Śaṇḍa and Marka defect.

5. *no miṣatām*. . . . perhaps in the sense of "while we stand by helplessly."

6. It is thus that I take the word *tejas*, "luster." Various of the Bhṛgu sages, and especially Śukra, are considered to be masters of magical lore.

7. "All this" in the sense of the whole world, or, perhaps, the things that Śukra has just listed and which would, by his defection, have accrued to the gods. I have throughout the passage used fairly colloquial English in some of the direct quotes where, I think, it reflects the rather earthy flavor of the original.

8. That is, in the use of those things enumerated.

9. Pātāla: one of the several underworlds of Purānic cosmology. In many accounts it is described as an extremely pleasant place.

10. He is observing. The gods, of course, would not dare to attack such an exalted sage as Śukra.

11. The gods are here said to be *asurārditāḥ*, that is, literally, "afflicted by the Asuras." Under the conditions being described, however, it is hard to see how this could be meant.

12. Once Kāvya had extended his protection to the Asuras, it would be far too perilous a task to attack them in his presence.

13. Literally, "stand still " "wait."

14. Preceptor of the *Devas* and, therefore, archrival of Śukra.

15. This penance, the *kaṇadhūmavrata*, is considered one of the most severe kinds of self-mortification. I understand the compound *kaṇadhūma* in the sense of "smoke-laden with particles." At any rate, it is clear that it is meant to be particularly acrid or choking smoke.

16. The traditional garb of the *vanavasī*, the forest-dwelling hermit.

17. An obscure figure who does not, to my knowledge, figure in any other episodes. Even here she is not so much as given a proper name, being called either "devī," or referred to as either "Kāvya's mother" or "Bhṛgu's wife." Nonetheless, she posesses many of the attributes (such as irascibility, enormous magical skills and partiality for demons) of the major Bhārgava sages.

18. "Devī"

19. *devān anindrān vah karomy aham*. This is a preferable variant to the Ānandāśrama reading of *anidrān*, or "sleepless." There is a pun here on *indra*, "leader," and "Indra." "I will deprive you gods of Indra" would be as good a translation.

20. This is not the only time Indra is said to have been paralyzed by a Bhārgava. Cf. various versions of the myth of Cyavana and the Aśvins, notably that in the *Āraṇyaparvan* (124.17 of the Critical Ed. of the *Mahābhārata*).

21. The passage perhaps parodies the association of the two gods in some passages of the Vedas.

22. *miṣatām sarvabhūtānām*. See note 5 above.

23. The eponymous ancestor of the Bhārgava line. He himself is an important figure in Purāṇic myth and, to a much lesser extent, in the *Brāhmaṇa* literature too. Here he serves as a kind of anti-god-from-the-machine.

24. To my knowledge this is one of the very few cases of the *satyakriyā*, the truth-act, being used for the purpose of the restoration of the dead. Various of the Bhārgavas, notably Śukra himself, are credited with performing this feat. But in the other cases the deed is accomplished not by the *satyakriyā*, but through either the use of a specific magical spell, the *mṛtasañjīvanī vidyā*, or by unspecified magical means. Cf. the story of Kaca and Śukra in *Mahābhārata Ādiparvan* 71 and Jamadagni's restoration of Reṇukā in *Āraṇyaparvan* 116.17-18 (both Critical Ed.)

25. Literally, "the hairs of his body stood on end," a stereotyped concomitant of great happiness in Sanskrit literature.

26. Great ascetics acquire, among other miraculous powers, the ability to read thoughts and to be omniscient in general.

27. *yājyas*, those for whom a given priest offers sacrifice.

28. Brhaspati is, of course, seated on a mat as befits a teacher; Kāvya, the newcomer here, is standing.

29. See Note 9.

30. The reference is to the story of the Vāmanāvatāra. Viṣṇu is so impressed with Bali's wholehearted liberality that he makes this promise to him. Cf. *Bhāgavatapurāṇa* 8 where the story is related *in extenso*. (The promise is made at 8.22. 31).

31. The device is rather amusing. Śukra now claims to have known the outcome all along but to have been prevented from telling it.

32. This obscure pair, sometimes taken to be associated with Śukra, are reckoned in the *Brahmaṇas* to be the priests of the Asuras in many passages. Cf. *Taitt. S.* 6.4. 10; *Śatapatha Br.* 4. 2. 1.5., etc.

33. *yuvāṃ bhajiṣyāmaḥ*, or, "we will share (the sacrifice) with you." This latter interpretation would be more in line with the story or its versions as found in the *Brāhmaṇa* literature, where the priests are bribed with a share in the *yajña*.

Vālmīki

TRIJATA'S DREAM: FROM THE *SUNDARAKĀṆḌA* OF THE *RĀMĀYAṆA*

Translated by
Ron Padgett

Because Sita said this
some of the Rakshasees jumped
out of their bodies
stamping
and stormed away
to tell that horrible Ravana.
But then they came back
and twisted their faces
and sputtered
"You bitch! Do us in?
We're going to eat you up! Yum!"

Trijata was a wise woman with white hair
and eyes
that saw this. She said,
"Hands off! She is the daughter of Janaka
and the daughter-in-law of King Dasaratha!
Better eat me instead! Because last night
asleep
I had a dream and the hair on my body stood up and screamed . . .

Sita's husband destroyed you all!"

Total shreiks! Pissed off!

"What happened in your hideous old dream?"

It was early morning again in Trijata's memory
as she began . . .

"I saw a starry chariot
pulled by a hundred swans
across the blue

and in it
flying flowers
Rama all in white
and Lakshamana with him
And I saw the waves curling
and rolling
against a bright white hill
with Sita on top
all in white

and they met
like light inside light

and Rama was riding a hill
with four white tusks
all ablaze
and Lakshamana with him
and they approached
in fluttering waves of white
and dazzling burning flowers
and she flew up to him
and they touched
and her hands flew further up
to touch the sun and moon
one for each
and they stayed there unmoving
high over Lanka

And again in a dream I saw Rama
bathed in shining white folds
and flying flowers
and Lakshamana with him
in a chariot pulled by eight white bulls
And I saw that wonderful Rama
his greatness and power
with his brother Lakshamana
and with Sita
fly in their burning chariot of flowers
to the end of the sky

Then I saw Ravana
in black cloth
oily and the hair shaved off his heads
smashed drunk
and drinking still
crooked flowers around his necks
and he fell from a fiery chariot
onto the ground
and a woman dragged him around

Then I saw him sitting in a chariot
pulled by donkeys
and he was wearing red
his body smeared red
and drinking
laughing and weaving around
his heads on backwards
his eyes backwards in his heads
his words backwards and sideways
flying to the other end of the sky

And again I saw him
your great god!
falling frozen in terror
and crashing on the earth!
and jumping up -- wha?
ripping rags to shreds fugghhhk! fla
aggghhh! kiizaaaagh!! ga blaagghhh!
with waves of chaos swirling from his presence

And I saw him jump into a lake
with no water
and the mud hard as bricks
and a dark lady
in red
and caked with mud
slipped a rope around his necks
and dragged him down into death.

Where the dead are
I saw mighty Kumbhakarna
and all the sons of Ravana
all oily and the hair shaved off their heads
Dashagriva
with ten necks riding a boar backwards
Indrajita
clutching a porpoise backwards
Kumbhakarna
a camel --
only Bibishana
under a white canopy
with four attendents
was standing
in space

And then billions of demons
in red flowers and red clothes
went past
playing stringed instruments
and singing
and drinking and laughing

And I saw the magic city of Lanka
elephants chariots horses
city gates and graceful arches
I saw all of you in screaming red
fall into a hole
full of shit!"

Kālidāsa

MĀLAVIKĀ AND AGNIMITRA

A new translation of
Kālidāsa's play by
Edwin Gerow

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE TO THE READER

I think you ought to be aware that a certain number of biases went into this translation; an explanation of them might serve as a short introduction.

First, I do not conceive of this as a "playable" translation -- necessarily; it is quite purposefully literary. It is, in fact, stilted; I sought to maintain the ethical *tone* of the Sanskrit original, which, even in Kālidāsa, never departs very far from the standpoint of cultured and elegant artificiality -- an artificiality inherent in the uses of the language itself. I felt that the best way of conveying this "sense" in the translation was not necessarily to adopt an "archaic" style, or even an ornate one, but rather one which is stuffy, and relieved only by the realization that every player has that he is stuffy. A good deal of quasi-pompous irony I seem to read in the Sanskrit (and this -- the chief delight of the original harmony) would disappear entirely in a "colloquialized" translation.

I have also translated the set verses of the original in a somewhat more formal manner than the prose sections -- often keeping a metrical scheme. I rarely resort to rhyme, but often to artificial usages, which may increase the "Pracht und Glanz" of the translation.

The play is a harem comedy; though love is the predominant theme, it is not the same love as one sees played for all its pathos in the *Śakuntalā*. The play often reads as a parody (in fact) of the "heavy" dramas: the King, suffering more from the surfeit of his harem, yet conceives a "novel" passion for another pretty face -- he is about as "heroic" as the notion of a thirsty Noah.

At the same time, I have tried to give a literal translation, not embroidering or subtracting from the intended sense of the original -- save possibly for a few epithets which are rendered otherwise or not at all. Occasionally I have used the excellent commentary of one of my editions to bring out a "meaning" not necessarily in the text itself -- but one which probably ought to be there. The same commentary has sometimes been used to decide between different possible interpretations. Even the stage directions have not been augmented, though it would have suited my purpose sometimes to do so (viz. "ironically", "stoically", resignedly" etc.)

I have used three published editions of the play:

Mālavikāgnimitram, ed. C. Sankara Rama Sastri, Mylapore: Balamanorama Press, 1929, with Commentary (modern) by Sahṛdayatilaka Rama Pisharody (published as Vol. 12 of Sri Balamanorama Series).

Mālavikāgnimitram, ed. Narayan Ram Acharya, 9th ed., Bombay: Nirnaya Sagar Press, 1950, with Commentary of Katayavemabhupala.

Malavika und Agnimitra, . . . mit kritischen und erklärenden Anmerkungen herausgegeben von Friedrich Bollensen," Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1879.

The third is the only so-called critical edition available; but it is very old and clearly does not cover all the Ms, traditions evidenced in the two Indian editions. Bollensen is also one of those early editors who carried the principle of *lectio difficilior* to the point of absurdity. His readings are often so contorted as to be better called *lectiones implacabiles*.

I have, consequently, tended to prefer the Balamanorama Press (*BMP*) edition, which is often wittier and more elegant than the Nirnaya Sagar Press version (*NSP*). The *BMP* Commentary has influenced my readings also to an appreciable extent, for it is an excellent and perceptive literary as well as grammatical commentary. In my notes I have signalled the occasional passages where the *NSP* or the Bollensen editions were preferred. I should emphasize that the principle of choice is not scientific at all, but is throughly eclectic -- governed only by my feeling as to what gave a better sequential fillip to the plot or the story line. Clearly the biases I have already noted were often determinant.

The notes also service the general reader with an explanation of those few cultural terms and concepts whose understanding is important to appreciating the developing plot. Brevity is the watchword.

MĀLAVIKĀ AND AGNIMITRA

Act 1

(Introductory stanza omitted) (1)

Sūtradhāra (*looking in the direction of the wings--dressing room*):

Māriṣa, come here!

Assistant: (*Enters*) Sir, I am here.

Sūtradhāra: The learned assembly has instructed me, on the occasion of the spring festival, to arrange for the performance of a play. It's called *Mālavikā and Agnimitra*-- something put together by a certain Kālidāsa.

(So) Let the musical Prelude begin.

Assistant: What? Not so fast! Such an honor for the work of a contemporary poet -- Kālidāsa -- did you say? Why do you ignore the compositions of Bhāsa, Saumi la and Kaviputra -- established, well known?

Sūtradhāra: Your remark does not survive examination.[4] Listen:
Not all is justified by the name of *old*;
Nor is a new poem ne'er extolled.
Wise men consider, and select the best of both;
Only fools are in their thoughts to independence loath (2).

Assistant: Your Honor is, of course, the authority.

Sūtradhāra: Then hurry: for
I can but wish to accomplish the assembly's command,
already taken with bowed head; from now on I am the
skillful servant of Queen Dhāriṇi. (3).

(*They leave.*) *Iti prastāvanā.*

Bākulāvalikā (*entering*):

Queen Dhāriṇī commands me to ask the dancing master Gaṇadāsa how Mālavikā is doing in her study of the Chalika[2] dance. So now I'm on my way to the theater. (*She walks about; a second servant girl enters bearing a jewel in her hand.*) (*Bakulāvalikā sees her.*) Hello Kaumudikā! What are you looking at? You pass right by and don't even see me!

Kaumudikā: Oh Bakulāvalikā! You're angry because I can't take my eyes from this lovely serpent ring I'm bringing from the Queen's jeweller.

Bakulāvalikā (*examining the ring*):
It's worth looking at. With its aura of rays, the ring seems to make your finger bloom.

Kaumudikā: Where are *you* going, friend?

Bakulāvalikā: The Queen wishes me to ask Gaṇadāsa whether Mālavikā is learning her lessons.

Kaumudikā: Then, the King *did* see her, though she was kept out of sight so cleverly.

Bakulāvalikā: Yes indeed; he noticed the girl in a picture -- of the Queen and her retinue!

Kaumudikā: How did it happen?

Bakulāvalikā: Well, the queen had gone to the gallery. She stopped to admire this painting -- its colors still fresh; just then the King arrived.

Kaumudikā: Yes, yes.

Bakulāvalikā: After the usual greetings, the King sat next to the Queen, noticed a certain young lady among the Queen's attendants in the picture! The King asked --

Kaumudikā: What?

Bakulāvalikā: "My Queen, what is the name of the unfamiliar beauty who is seated there beside you in the painting?"

Kaumudikā: Aha! His attention needs little instruction in the fine points of physiognomy![3] What then?

Bakulāvalikā: The Queen ignored the question and the King -- now a bit worried -- asked her again -- and again. Then -- can you guess -- that simple little Vasulakṣmī piped up: "Sir, this is Mālavikā."

Kaumudikā *(smiling)*:
Such innocence! Tell me the rest.

Bakulāvalikā: What rest? The real Mālavikā was immediately whisked away from the King's usual haunts.

Kaumudikā: Friend, you have your task to do. And I must bring this ring to the Queen. *(She leaves.)*

Bakulāvalikā *(walks around, looking)*:
The dancing master is leaving the theater -- I'll make my presence known. *(She approaches.)*

Gaṇadāsa *(entering)*:
Surely the traditional calling of each man is a thing of honor; and certainly respect is not paid in vain to ours:

> For ancient sages consider dance a visible and pacific[4] sacrifice of the Gods, which has been given two aspects by Śiva himself in the body he divides with Umā; the actions of men born of the three humors are there shown in their many moods. Yet the play, though men have many different tastes, is the one delight of all. (4)

Bakulāvalikā *(approaching)*:
Sir, greetings.

Gaṇadāsa: My girl, may you prosper.

Bakulāvalikā: Sir, the Queen sends me to ask: Does your student Mālavikā give you much trouble in learning her lessons?

Ganadāsa: Young lady, you may tell the Queen that my pupil is both clever and intelligent:

> Indeed whatever manner of portrayal I demonstrate to her, she shows me back again, perfected in technique (5).

Bakulāvalikā *(to herself)*:
She appears to have surpassed Irāvatī already. *(aloud)* The pupil is indeed blessed, who has so pleased her teacher.

Gaṇadāsa: Ah, but her talent is rare! May I ask where the Queen found such a jewel?

Bakulāvalikā: The Queen has a half-brother of lower caste, Vīrasena; he was posted by the King to a frontier fort near the Nerbudda river. It was Vīrasena who sent Mālavikā as an offering to his sister, asking that the girl be employed at some artistic task.

Gaṇadāsa (*to himself*):
Both her beauty and her background[5] suggest that the girl is not made of common stuff. (*aloud*) I also have been honored by the gift, for:

> The art of a teacher acquires new shape when placed on a worthy student -- like the water of the sea, which in the oyster shell, induces the pearl fruit. (6)

Bakulāvalikā: Sir, where is your pupil now?

Gaṇadāsa: She is now enjoying the breeze in the window overlooking the long pond. I asked her to rest after practicing the *abhinaya*[6] of five aspects.

Bakulāvalikā: Then will you, Sir, please excuse me? I will freshen her enthusiasm with news of her teacher's satisfaction.

Gaṇadāsa: Go see your friend: I will take a moment and go to my own house. (*Both leave.*) *iti miśraviṣkambhakaḥ.*

(*Enter King Agnimitra, his attendants to one side, followed by his Minister bearing a message.*)

King (*looking at the Minister, who is reading the message to himself*):
Vāhataka, what is the latest project of King Vaidarbha?

Minister: Your Majesty, it appears to be his own destruction.

King: I wish to hear the message.

Minister: He is replying to your earlier letter about his cousin Mādhavasena: "I have been addressed by Your Honorable Person in the following terms" -- he now quotes your Excellency's letter to him -- 'Your Uncle's son, Prince Mādhavasena, who had been promised to us in marriage was set upon and seized by your frontier guards as he approached within my boundaries. You ought, in consideration of my dignity, to release him, along with his wife and sister!' Unquote. "But surely," resumes Vaidarbha, "you are aware of what constitutes proper royal conduct when the parties are of equal dignity; Your Honor ought in this matter to be impartial. Mādhavasena's sister was lost in the commotion of the encounter; I am making efforts to find her. But if Your Honor wishes Mādhavasena to be released, hear my conditions:

> If you will release Mauryasaciva, my brother-in-law,
> Then I'll at once set free from bondage Mādhavasena."[7]

King (*angry*): This fellow is ignorant of his own status! Does he now seek to barter with me by exchange of treaties? Vāhataka, Vaidarbha is my natural enemy and vexes me: Order the army division under Vīrasena to proceed with our previous plan. It is time to destroy utterly this upstart who shows such offensive cheek!

Minister: As Your Majesty commands!

King (*Hesitates*):
But what do you think?

Minister: Your majesty has spoken in accordance with the evidence of *śāstra*.

The King new in his Kingdom is easy to topple for
he's not taken root in the people -- like a tree
new planted. (8)

King: The words of the Śāstrī are trustworthy. Le the Commander then bestir himself; their message well fixed upon his mind.

Minister: So be it. (*Leaves.*) (*The King's attendants occupy themselves with their several tasks.*)

Vidūṣaka (*entering*):
The King there did entrust me with a small request: "Gautama," he said, "devise some means to bring within the scope of my perceptions, lovely Mālavikā, whose picture I observed by chance!" I have done just that. I must tell him so.

King (*seeing the Vidūṣaka*):
Ah! Here comes my other Minister for "external" Affairs.

Vidūṣaka (*approaching*):
May you prosper.

King (*with a nod of the head*):
Sit here. (*Vidūṣaka sits.*) Has your inward eye been trained on schemes to satisfy my desire?

Vidūṣaka: Ask rather about the success of the enterprise.

King: What do you mean?

Vidūṣaka (*in his ear*):
Just this . . .

King: Marvelous! My friend, cleverly begun. Though success is difficult we can hope for the best in this affair.

A King attains his ends, avoiding obstacles,
only with the help of friends. Even a man
with perfect vision sees nothing in the dark
without a lamp (9).

Voice (*in the wings*):
Enough of boasting! Only the King's presence will serve to discriminate our merits.

King (*listening*):
Friend, on the tree of your excellent policy, a flower blooms!

Vidūṣaka: And you will soon see its fruit. (*Enters a Chamberlain.*)

Kañcukī: My Lord, the Minister reports that your Lordship's commands are put into effect. Now, these two, Haradatta and Gaṇadāsa:

Both teachers of the dance, and jealous rivals,
Like two emotions of the play incarnate, do
desire to see you. (10)

King: Let them enter.

Kañcukī: As the King commands. (*withdraws, then returns with the two dancing masters.*) This way gentlemen.

Haradatta (*looking at the King*):
How difficult to approach is the King's majesty!
I am not unknown to him; I am not his enemy,
Yet I approach his side in trepidation.
Each moment to my eyes, his aspect changes,
new and unfamiliar,
Like a flowing stream. (11)[8]

Gaṇadāsa: Great indeed is this effulgence, which has the form of man! For:

My entrance was encouraged by his guardian of the doors; I am led to the lion throne by his most faithful servants; still by the brilliance of his person, from which I shield my eyes, I am effectively restrained, with no words spoken (12)

Kañcukī: The King! Advance and honor him!

Both (*approaching*):
Victory to the King!

King: Welcome to you. (*looking at the servants*) Seats for them. (*Both sit on the chairs brought by the servants.*) Why are both the dancing masters in attendance here at the usual hour for teaching?

Gaṇadāsa: King, hear! From Sutīrtha I learnt my skill. By your Majesty, I was given opportunity; the Queen took me into her retinue!

King: I know all that. What's your problem?

Gaṇadāsa: I was insulted in front of important people by this Haradatta. I am not worthy to take the dust from his feet![9] he says!

Haradatta: King, he was the first to speak (*Mimics*): "Between this gentleman and myself there is one difference. He is a pond; I am the ocean." Will your Majesty consent to test us in theory and in performance? The King alone is a sufficiently judicious questioner.

Vidūṣaka: The proposition is well put.

Gaṇadāsa: That is the chief issue! Will your Majesty listen attentively --

King: Wait a minute! The Queen thinks I am partial.[10] This affair should be pursued only before the Queen and the learned Kauśikī.

Vidūṣaka: Well put.

Both Teachers: Whatever is agreeable to the King.

King: Maudgalya, mention this to the Queen, and call her here; summon also the learned Kauśikī.

Kañcukī: As the King commands. (*Leaves, then returns with the Queen and the Parivrājikā.*) This way, My Lady.

Queen (*to the Parivrājikā*):
Reverend Nun, what's your opinion of this quarrel between Haradatta and Gaṇadāsa?[11]

Parivrājikā: You needn't worry about the defeat of your party. Gaṇadāsa is not about to be bested by this opponent.

Queen: Even so, perhaps; but the King's support is an advantage.

Parivrājikā: But you too carry an august title, Chief Queen. Consider:

> A fire acquires added heat in the noon sunlight.
> Even the moon, so pale by day, is mighty when
> embraced by Night (13)

Vidūṣaka: Oyez. Oyez. Approacheth the Queen with her Prime Mistress![12]

King: I see her:
Auspiciously adorned, followed by ascetic
Kauśikī: the triple Veda incarnate --
completed by the fourth: infinite wisdom[13] (14)

Parivrājikā (*approaching*):
Victory to the King!

King: I welcome you, my good woman.

Parivrājikā: For one hundred autumns, My Lord, may you bear
the two burdens: Queen Dharinī, and the Earth
[Dhāriṇi [14] herself]
Their offspring essential, their compassion
alike (15).

Dhāriṇī: May the prince be victorious!

King: Welcome, my Queen. (*to the Parivrājikā*) Good lady, take this seat. (*All sit down.*) These two gentlemen, Haradatta and Gaṇadāsa, are quarreling over their knowledge of the dance. Please accept the responsibility of questioning them.

Parivrājikā (*smiling*):
Such flattery. Would you have a valuable gem examined in a village when you were near the metropolis?

King: No, no! You are justly known as the learned Kauśikī. In any case the Queen and I are partial.

Teachers: The King is right: you have not taken sides, and so are able to discriminate qualities and faults.

King: Then let the dispute[15] begin.

Parivrājikā: Your Majesty, the art of dance is chiefly practice. What use is an exchange of opinions? Does the Queen agree?

Queen: If you ask me, the whole quarrel is displeasing.

Gaṇadāsa: The Queen should not think me likely to dishonor her with my knowledge.

Vidūṣaka: My Queen! The ram fight commences! They are about to earn their salaries for the first time.[16]

Queen: Aren't you the lover of quarrels!

Vidūṣaka: No, no, no. My angry one! You of all people must know that there is no rest for either of two rutting elephants as long as the other is unconquered.

King: Have you sufficiently observed the grace of their bodily movements?

Parivrājikā: Yes.

King: Then what else must they convince us of?

Parivrājikā (*smiling*):
My question exactly.
The skill of certain artists lies deep within themselves. Others in conveying art to pupils do excel
But he who can do both
among the best of teachers must be placed. (16)

Vidūṣaka: Did you two hear the lady's words? The decision in a nutshell depends on showing off your teaching.

Haradatta: That's agreeable to us.

Gaṇadāsa: My Queen, the matter is settled?

Queen: When an inept pupil ruins good instruction, is this the fault of the teacher?

King: Queen, it so happens that it is. The teacher's acceptance of such a pupil shows insufficient discrimination.

Queen (*to herself*):
What now?[17] (*To Gaṇadāsa, aloud*) That's enough humoring the King's fancies. He might be provoked to some thoughtless act! Withdraw from the whole affair. It is pointless.

Vidūṣaka: Yes, of course, the Queen is right. Dear Gaṇadāsa! Having attained the dignity of royal dancing master, you consume the sweet fruits of service to Sarasvatī. Why, indeed, should you bother yourself with quarreling? It's so uncomfortable!

Gaṇadāsa: Yes, that is, indeed, the Queen's meaning. But listen to this timely and appropriate verse:
The Teacher who rests on his dignity, and fearful
Of a trial, bears patiently another's insults -
And whose wit is used only to secure his income,
Is rightly thought a merchant dealing in the stuff of knowledge. (17)

Queen (*to Gaṇadāsa*): Your pupil just began her studies; it is improper to display skills not thoroughly mastered.

Gaṇadāsa: That is precisely why I insist!

Queen: All right! Let the two pupils perform before the Parivrājikā alone.

Parivrājikā: That would not be right! A decision reached alone even by one ominiscient, is likely to be faulty.

Queen (*to herself*):
Stupid woman! Do you take me for someone innocently asleep, when I am wide awake! (*She turns away in vexation; the King indicates the Queen to the Parivrājikā.*)

Parivrājikā:
Why, O moon face, do you hide your face from him, unjustly? Even imperious wives express their anger[18] only for good cause. (18)

Vidūṣaka: But, her anger is justified. One's own dependents have to be protected. (*to Gaṇadāsa*) How fortunate you are to be rescued by the Queen's pretence of anger! Some aren't quite up to showing off their teaching, though they be clever enough otherwise!

Gaṇadāsa: Queen! Queen! Hear him! Everyone will think that. Now:
If you will not allow me to show how others
are inspired by my art
When I am thus subjected to attack,
Then you have certainly forsaken me. (19)
(*Tries to leap up from his seat.*)

Queen (*to herself*):
What's the use? (*aloud*) The teacher has authority over his students.

Gaṇadāsa: I've worried for nothing. (*to the King*) The Queen agrees. Will the King tell me in which form of dance I am to show performance?

King: As the august judge directs.

Parivrājikā: The Queen seems preoccupied. I am worried.

Queen: You may speak. Am I not mistress of my servants?

King: "And of herself,[19]" she might have added.

Queen: Dear Lady, say something.

Parivrājikā: The *chalita* dance of Śarmiṣṭhā,[20] based on a song of four quarters,[21] is considered difficult to execute. We will see how each teacher directs the same passage, and by that learn how great is the difference between them.

Teachers: As the good lady commands.

Vidūṣaka: Let the two parties send a messenger to his majesty, as soon as they have readied the theater for a musical recital. Otherwise, not even the sound of the drum will rouse us.[22]

Haradatta: Yes, sir. (*Rises. Gaṇadāsa looks at the Queen.*)

Queen (*to Gaṇadāsa*):
I am not opposed to your victory. May you win!
(*Teachers begin to leave.*)

Parivrājikā: A moment, gentlemen.

Teachers (*turning around*):
We are here.

Parivrājikā: Let me speak about the matter of judging. Each of your students in turn should enter from the wings to demonstrate her facility in each dance posture.

Both: You need not tell us that. (*They leave.*)

Queen (*to the King*):
If the prince were to show as much cleverness in arranging affairs of state, all would be well.

King:
Don't persist in this misunderstanding, my angry one! I arranged none of this. Men of similar gifts are always envious of each other's fame (20).

(*In the wings, the sound of a drum. All listen.*)

Parivrājikā: Hurry! the music has begun. Indeed,
The Peacock's beloved ruffle of drums
intoxicates our souls; It rises from the
stable middle tone and rumbles so that
peacocks-- with their necks outstretched --
suspect the thunder from the clouds, and
imitate the sound (21).

King: My Queen, let us become spectators.[23]

Queen (*to herself*):
The coarseness of this nobleman.

Vidūṣaṅka (*to the King alone*):
Go quickly or the Queen will raise more objections.[24]

King: The passion of the drum beat hurries me and drives me on. It is the sound of my desire approaching its fulfillment (22).

(*All leave.*)

Act 2

(*The arrangements for musical performance having been made, the King is revealed seated, in the company of the Vidūṣaka, the Queen and the Nun, each with attendants according to rank.*)

King: Sister, of the two distinguished teachers whose performance shall we first see?

Parivrājikā: Since they are equal in the weight of their knowledge, Gaṇadāsa, who is distinguished by the weight of his years, deserves precedence.

King: Maudgalya, tell the gentlemen. Then, go about your business.

Chamberlain: As the King commands. (*Exits.*)

Gaṇadāsa (*entering*):
Your Majesty! Here is a four-part composition of Śarmiṣṭhā in moderate rhythm; would His Majesty please listen attentively to its *chalika*?

King: Sir, I am most respectfully attentive. (*Gaṇadāsa exits.*) (*to the Vidūṣaka*) Friend:
She is hidden in the wings! My eager eyes
lack all restraint and are about to seize
the intervening curtain. (1)

Vidūṣaka (*to the King*):
Nectar for the eye is near and attracting bees!
You may drink now, but don't get drunk! (*Mālavikā enters, her movements carefully regarded by her teacher.*) (*whispering*) Look, your excellency!
Sweetness itself pales before her image!

King (*to the Vidūṣaka*):
Friend, my heart at first suspected in her portrait
some forgery of beauty. But now I think the painter
should be charged with inattention (2).

Gaṇadāsa: Child, be confident and not afraid!

King (*to himself*):

In every attitude her beauty is blameless. Indeed,
Her long eyes! Her face formed as the autumn moon!
Arms curve gently from her shoulders; a delicate
chest with firm upstanding breasts; sides lustrous
as with polish; her buttocks have ample hips yet
a hand could encompass her waist! The toes of her
feet are arched! As wish takes shape in her
master's mind, so does her form respond. (3)

Mālavikā (*Having finished the preliminary dance, she sings the lyric*):

My love cannot be won! O heart abandon hope!
But now! My left eye is all aflutter!
Might he, absent so long, come back to me?
My Lord! I am your affectionate slave! (4)[25]
(*She dances in accord with the predominant mood.*)

Vidūṣaka (*to the King*):

Comrade, the verse is a pretext; it was to you that
she offered herself!

King: Friend, my heart believes it:

With this disguise she speaks to me a delicate request.
Displaying no affection in the presence of the Queen, but
Interprets with the movements of her dance
The words: "My Lord, believe me devoted to you!" (5)
(*Mālavikā at the end of the song begins to leave.*)

Vidūṣaka: Young lady, wait! You forgot something. Wait until I ask about it.[26]

Gaṇadāsa: Child, you ought not to leave; your performance is incomplete,
(*Mālavikā stops, waits.*)

King (*to himself*):

Oh, her loveliness exceeds itself with each succeeding
disposition. Now her stance erect and motionless
is more lovely even than her dance. Left hand
akimbo on her hip; its bracelets silent on the
wrist. The other hand hangs languid -- like a
branch dark with fruit. Her eyes are cast on
the parquet floor where flowers lie crushed by
her feet. (6)

Queen (*to Gaṇadāsa*):

Are you pondering even the words of Gautama?

Gaṇadāsa: Queen, don't belittle him; the subtle view of Gautama
reflect perhaps a royal inspiration. Look --

Even fools profit from a wise man's company,
As muddy water settles when touched by clarifying
seed.[27] (7)

(*looking at the Vidūṣaka*)

Now we will hear what you had to say.

Vidūṣaka (*looking at Gaṇadāsa*):
Ask Kauśikī for her opinion; I'll tell you later the fault I spied!

Gaṇadāsa: My good woman, as far as you have seen, was it good or bad?

Parivrājikā: Everything I saw was faultless.
The meaning was truly set forth with gestures
and interwoven words; dance steps kept with
the time; each *rasa* distilled of itself alone;
The portrayal was gentle, yet seemed of the
body itself.[28] In its sequences passion
followed passion and from its topic a musical
mood was formed. (8)

Gaṇadāsa: What does the King think?

King: Our partisan confidence is somewhat slackened.

Gaṇadāsa: I am today truly a dancing master:
The wise aver that teaching best, which like
gold in the testing fires, you judge to be
unblemished. (9)

Queen: Your good fortune is increased by the homage of the assembly.[29]

Gaṇadāsa: The Queen's approval alone is the cause of my prosperity. (*looking at the Vidūṣaka*) Gautama, tell us now what's on your mind.

Vidūṣaka: During the pupil's first recital it is necessary first to propitiate a Brahmin. This you have forgotten to do. (*All laugh, Mālavikā smiles.*)

Parivrājikā: Oh, the questioner[30] is deeply versed in the science of procedure.

King (*to himself*):
My eye has at last found its proper field of vision -- her
Smiling face; with glimpse of lovely teeth it does
resemble an unfolding lotus, whose filaments lie
half concealed within. (10)

Gaṇadāsa: Imposing Brahmin! This is not her first offering in the theater. Otherwise, why would we not have honored you, worthy as you are?

Vidūṣaka: I am like the silly *cātaka* bird: I want a drink of water even when the rainless sky thunders.[31] Anyway, aren't fools always hoping for some sign of wise men's pleasure? Well, at least the young lady has recited beautifully; I will offer her this small token of satisfaction.
(*Draws a bracelet from the King's arm.*)

Queen: Wait a minute! Why are you giving away this ornament? You know nothing of the other's distinction!

Vidūṣaka: I'm giving it, of course, because it belongs to someone else.[32]

Queen (*looking at the teacher*):
Good sir! I presume we have seen the performance of your pupil?

Gaṇadāsa (*to Mālavikā*):
Child, come; we will go now. (*Mālavikā and the teacher exeunt.*)

Vidūṣaka (*to the King*):
The power of my intellect has to this extent been able to serve you.

King: A minor distinction, indeed! When
Her disappearance is the collapse of my eyes' good fortune --
The conclusion of my heart's great festival.
The imprisonment of my courage. (11)

Vidūṣaka (*to the King*):
You not only want the medicine like a sick pauper, but expect the doctor to provide it free!

Haradatta (*entering*):
King! Are you favorable to witnessing my production!

King (*to himself*):
There is no more purpose in my eyes' seeing! (*affecting politeness, aloud*) We are indeed eager!

Haradatta: I am flattered.

Vaitālika (Magician) (*in the wings*):
Victory to the King! The hour of noon is upon us! For,
The swans laze with half-closed eyes in the shade of the lotus leaves.
The house pigeons avoid acquaintance with the rooftop, shimmering in heat.
A peacock prances about the water well thirsty for its droplets.
Like you, O King! Your qualities ablaze --
The seven-steeded sun enflames with all his rays. (12)

Vidūṣaka: Help! The Brahmin's meal time has again arrived! And also Your Highness' physicians consider it dangerous to deviate from the usual routine. *(looking at Haradatta)* Haradatta! What have you to say?

Haradatta: I have no reason to speak.

King: Then we will see your performance tomorrow. Take your ease.

Haradatta: As the King commands. (*Leaves.*)

Queen: May the royal Prince attend to his ritual bath.

Vidūṣaka: Madam, I would prefer that you hurry the food and drink.

Parivrājikā (*standing up*):
Health to your Highness. (*She leaves with the Queen.*)

Vidūṣaka: Friend, Mālavikā is unexcelled not only in beauty, but in skill.

King: Friend,
A poison tipped arrow of love was fashioned by the playful God
When he joined to her pure beauty, skill and grace. (13)
Enough! Friend, I deserve compassion.

Vidūṣaka: And so do I! The pit of my stomach burns like a cooking pot in the food market.

King: Please pursue my business as eagerly as you do nourishment.

Vidūṣaka: I'll do my best. But, Mālavikā, who can be seen only with another's permission, is like moonlight hidden behind a skein of clouds. And you! You're like a vulture wheeling round the slaughterhouse hungry for raw meat-- but too timid to approach. Now a man with a healthy[33] attitude will strive for success in his affairs. And that would please me.

King: But, can I be other than ill?
A girl with lovely eyes is now the one resort of my affection!
My heart withdraws from all my concubines' affairs. (14)

(*All leave.*)

Act 3
-Interlude-

Samāhitikā (a servant of the Parivrājikā, enters):
My mistress commands me to get a citron from the grove of the King! So I must seek Madhukarikā, the guardian of the pleasure grove. Here she is, looking at the Golden Aśoka tree. I will approach her. (The guardian enters). (Samāhitikā approaches). Madhukarikā, are your forest labors agreeable?

Madhukarikā: Ah! Samāhitikā: Welcome friend.

Samāhitikā: My mistress is about to attend upon the Queen[34] and must not approach her with empty hands. So she sends me to get a citron from you.

Madhukarikā: The citrons are not far away. But, first tell me which of the argumentative dancing masters your mistress preferred when she saw their recitals.

Samāhitikā: Both were well versed in theory and clever in their presentations; still Gaṇadāsa came out ahead because of the quality of his pupil, Mālavikā.

Madhukarikā: What do you hear[35] of Mālavikā?

Samāhitikā: The King is very eager to have her; but out of respect for the feelings of Queen Dhāriṇī he has gotten control of himself.[36] And poor Mālavikā these days seems like a withered jasmine vine, first used, then abandoned I don't know more than that. I must go now.

Madhukarikā: Take the citron on this branch.

Samāhitikā (takes the citron with a gesture):
And may you obtain the sweet fruit of service to a worthy master. (she begins to leave).

Madhukarikā: Friend, we will go together. I must tell the Queen that the golden Aśoka tree, so late in blooming, now shows signs of pregnancy.[37]

Samāhitikā: It is a timely duty. (They leave)
Thus ends the *praveśaka*

(Enter the King, showing the effects of unrequited love, and the Vidūṣaka)

King (Looking down at himself):

My body wastes away, as soon as fades the pleasure
of her touch;
Tear-filled these eyes, if once they fail to glimpse
my love
But you my heart are never far from that girl with
antelope eyes.
Why, then so near to happiness do you suffer so from
grief? (1)

Vidūṣaka: Your composure suffers from these moanings! I have seen Bakulāvalikā, and I gave her your Highness' message.

King: What did she say?

Vidūṣaka: This: That she was honored by your commission. But, poor Mālavikā is too well guarded by the Queen. She is as hard to approach as a jewel watched over by the snake demon. I still will try.

King: O Love! O wish-begetting God! You get me into hopeless tangles and then strike me such a blow as this! I cannot stand another moment (*Amazed*)

Oh, pain that breaks the heart!
From a weapon made of hope!
Both harsh and soft, both cruel and sweet
Is your flowered arrow, Love! (2)

Vidūṣaka: Didn't I say that we've made a beginning in this business? So get control of yourself!

King: Where shall I spend the rest of the day? My minds turns away from its usual occupations.

Vidūṣaka: But just now Nipuṇikā brought a present of red Kurabaka[38] blooms from Queen Irāvatī who invites you to come play on the swing with her. Sweet in their first flowering! Harbingers of the new Spring season! You promised her that anyway. Let's go to the pleasure grove.

King: I cannot.

Vidūṣaka: What?

King: Friend, women are just too clever. The lady will notice that my heart belongs to another, even as I caress her. So I think,

It is better to end a conventional affair.
There are many occasions for breaking it off.
The court we pay to spirited women, though once intense
Should not be passionless. (3)

Vidūṣaka: You shouldn't turn your back so suddenly on the civilities due the ladies of your harem.

King (*reflecting*)
Then lead the way to the pleasure grove.

Vidūṣaka: This way sir. (Both move off). Look closely! The grove[39] appears to hasten your entrance; its new branches are like beckoning fingers, unsteady in the strong wind. . . .

Act 3

King (*in gesture conveys the touch of the wind*):
Ah! noble spring;
The southern wind,
sweet-smelling with odor of mango and
soft to the touch, is a hand made gentle by the
God of spring --
The *koil* bird distraught coos softly
And asks in pity - can we bear the hurts of Love? (4)[40]

Vidūṣaka: Enter and take your pleasure. (*Both enter.*)

Vidūṣaka: Look carefully: The goddess of the grove, to entice you in, wears a dress of spring flowers -- which would put the conceits of young women to shame.

King: I look with amazement.
Their red lac-lipstick pales before the bright red *aśoka*!
The black and tawny *kurabaka* flower shames their careful mascara!
Their *tilaka*-ritual is tamed by the *tilaka* blooms,
whose collyrium is a shroud of bees!
And thus the Spring Goddess belittles cosmetic rites
of young women! (5)
(*Both describe in gesture the beauty of the grove.*)

Mālavikā (*entering, with a distracted air*):
I am ashamed of seeking a husband whose feelings are unknown to me. Where will I find the strength to explain all this to my kind friends? How long will the God of Love made me bear this pain which has no remedy? (*Goes a few steps.*) Where am I? (*Portrays recollection.*) Ah, yes, my Queen told me to take her place in the ceremony for assuaging the birth pangs of the golden *aśoka* tree. The poor lady fell from a swing through Gautama's carelessness and injured her foot. And if the *aśoka* does bloom before the fifth night, the Queen promised to make me a gift that would fulfill a wish. (*Pauses, looks around.*) I seem to have arrived first at the ritual place. While I

wait for Bakulāvalikā to bring my foot-ornaments, I'll take this moment to lament here alone.

Vidūṣaka (*seeing her*):
Hey! Hey! Here's a morsel of sugar candy fc · anyone who shudders at the taste of sour rum.

King: What?

Vidūṣaka: Mālavikā is over there -- her clothing unadorned, her face anxious and she is alone!

King (*happily*):
Mālavikā?

Vadūṣaka: Of course!

King: My life is now bearable!
When I hear you say that she is near,
My distressed heart is gladdened,
As is a thirsty traveller, who learns
of a tree-hidden stream from a water-bird's call. (6)
Where is the Lady?

Vidūṣaka: She is just now coming out of the grove of trees.

King (*joyfully looking*):
I see her.
My life itself approaches -- broad hipped, slender waisted,
full bosomed, casting sidelong glances. (7)
Friend, her loveliness excels its former state --
Her cheeks are pale as *śara* stalks; she comes, unadorned
Like a jasmine, leaves pale in early spring with few flowers. (8)

Vidūṣaka: She will soon be adorned like yourself, with lovesickness.

King: Friendship gives you special powers of foresight.

Mālavikā: This *aśoka* imitates my lovesickness: She[41] too yearns for her gay spring flowering, and has not yet put on her finery; I will rest awhile on this stone bench cool from the tree's shade.

Vidūṣaka: Did you hear Mālavikā say that she was lovesick?

King: Still, the implication you appear to draw is unverified; for
The wind of the southern mountain,
redolent of *kurabaka* pollen
And fresh with the odor of new sprouts,
often incites an aimless longing. (9)
(*Mālavikā sits.*) Friend, we are now hidden in the bower.

Vidūṣaka: I think I see Irāvatī not far away.

King: The elephant who proposes to visit a lotus pond is not deterred by crocodiles. (*He continues looking out.*)

Mālavikā: O heart, give up this hopeless and arrogant[42] passion. Why do you torment me?
(*The Vidūṣaka looks at the King.*)

King: Friend, how devious is Love! (*aside to Vidūṣaka, addressed to Mālavikā*)

Though you still hide the cause of your desire and
My thoughts find no certain truth;
Yet, plantain hips! It must be me that am the object of
these sweet lamentations! (10)

Vidūṣaka: Your doubts will soon be gone. Here comes stealthy Bakulāvalikā armed with your message of love.

King: Will she remember our request?

Vidūṣaka: Will the daughter of a slave forget so imposing a message? Even I remember it!

Bakulāvalikā (*Enters with foot-ornaments in her hands*):
Is my friend well?

Mālavikā: Bakulāvalikā is here! Friend, welcome. Sit down.

Bakulāvalikā (*sitting*):
The Queen has selected you for the ceremony because of your personal worthiness. Give me your foot so that I can decorate it with an anklet and red lac.

Mālavikā (*to herself*):
Oh heart! heart! Take no pleasure in these signs of power!
How can I possibly get myself out of this? If I don't this ornament will surely be for my funeral.[43]

Bakulāvalikā: What are you thinking about? The Queen eagerly awaits the blossoming of the golden *aśoka*.

King: Why all this fuss over the *aśoka*?

Vidūṣaka: You really don't know? Do you think it's an accident that the Queen is having the girl dressed in the garments of the harem?

Mālavikā: Friend, forgive me. (*She offers her foot.*)

Bakulāvalikā: But you are my own body.[44] (*In gesture, she begins the adornment of the foot.*)

King: Consider, my friend, the liquid streak of lac
applied to the toe of her foot,
Like the first budding sprout of the tree of
love, consumed by Śiva's fire. (11)

Vidūṣaka: The foot is suited to its high office.

King: Ah! true! true!
The young lady's foot, its toenails shining with
lac as red as new sprouts, might strike with equal
justice the flowerless *aśoka* tree suffering birth
pangs, or her lover's bowed head, admitting a new
transgression. (12)

Vidūṣaka: The Lady will strike you, since you have sinned.

King: I take to heart the words of a prescient Brahmin.
(*Enter Irāvatī, intoxicated, and a servant girl.*)

Irāvatī:[45] Nipuṇikā, my girl, I have heard often that tipsiness is quite becoming to the feminine sex. Is that saying true?

Nipuṇikā: It was formerly a mere saying; now it is true.

Irāvatī: You flatter me. Tell me how did you learn that the King went first to the swing?

Nipuṇikā: Observing his unshakeable affection for Your Highness.

Irāvatī: You serve me well. Now tell me the truth.

Nipuṇikā: I heard it from noble Gautama who is greedy for the spring festival offerings. Hurry, Your Highness!

Irāvatī (*pacing about in accordance with her state of mind*):
My heart hurries me to meet the King. But my feet make
no progress.
I am fatigued with drink.

Nipuṇikā: We have arrived at the swing.

Irāvatī: Nipuṇikā! The King is not here!

Nipuṇikā: But look! He must be here somewhere -- hiding -- one of his pranks. Let's go to the stone bench near the *aśoka*, strewn with garlands of *priyaṅgu*.[46]

Irāvatī: All right.

Nipuṇikā (*looking around*):
Look, Your Highness, while we watch ants are chewing at the mango bud.

Irāvatī: What do you mean? (*suspiciously*)

Nipuṇikā: Bakulāvalikā is adorning Malavika's feet in the *aśoka's* shade!

Irāvatī (*showing alarm*):
Mālavikā doesn't belong here! What do you make of it?

Nipuṇikā: I suppose that the Queen, who injured her foot in a fall from the swing, has ordered Mālavikā to perform the *aśoka's* blossom-ritual. Why else would the Queen entrust her very own pair of anklets to a servant?

Irāvatī: That is a great honor for her.

Nipuṇikā: Why is the King not here?

Irāvatī: Friend, my feet can go no further. I've changed my mind. I must find the truth behind my suspicions. (*contemplating Mālavikā, then reflecting, to herself*) My heart is right to tremble.

Bakulāvalikā (*showing a foot to Mālavikā*):
Does the streak of lac please you?

Mālavikā: Friend, I am ashamed to praise it on my own foot. Tell me who taught you the art of cosmetics?

Bakulāvalikā: I am a pupil of the King.

Vidūṣaka (*to the King*):
Hurry, go claim your tuition payment.

Mālavikā: You do not seem proud of it.

Bakulāvalikā: But now I've found two feet worthy of my studies, and my pride stirs. (*looking at the red lac, to herself*) Well, I've done what I was sent to do. (*aloud*) I've finished painting one foot; I'll need only to blow on it. Or perhaps the wind is fresh enough for the purpose.

King: Friend, look! look!
My very first chance to pay her homage has come and gone.
I could have dried with my own breath her foot wet with lac. (13)

Vidūṣaka: Don't worry. You'll have many occasions for that sort of thing in the future.

Bakulāvalikā: Your foot shines like a hundred-petaled red lotus. (*confidentially*) May you be constantly at the King's side! (Irāvatī glances at Nipunikā)

King: I wish so too!

Mālavikā: Friend, do not say what cannot be said.

Bakulāvalikā: I speak only what must be said.

Mālavikā: Am I so dear to you?

Bakulāvalikā: Not only to me!

Mālavikā: To whom else?

Bakulāvalikā: To the King himself, who is something of an expert in matters of quality.

Mālavikā: You speak falsely. The King has no regard for me.

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Bakulāvalikā: You have no regard for the truth! Which, incidentally, is clear enough from the wasted and delicately pale limbs of the King.[47]

Nipunikā: The bitch learnt that line beforehand.

Bakulāvalikā: Remember the old adage: Passion knows passion best.

Mālavikā: Is that your opinion too?

Bakulāvalikā: Not mine alone; these words sweet with affection come from the King's own lips.

Mālavikā: Friend, I think about the Queen; my heart is afraid.[48]

Bakulāvalikā: Stupid! Who would not ornament himself with a fresh mango blossom even though it might attract a swarm of bees?

Mālavikā: Will you remain close to me even through these difficulties?

Bakulāvalikā: My name is Bakulāvalikā, is it not? Like the *bakula* flower, I become more fragrant when crushed.

King: Well said, Bakulāvalikā!
The lover's life expires but for his messenger[49]
She gives a proper answer to a shy objection,
Her subtle praise gives suit to the awakening of love,
Her words affirm Mālavikā's sweet passion.[50] (14)

Irāvatī (*to Nipunikā*):
Girl! Look! Mālavikā's fortune, as well as her foot, have been well prepared by Bakulāvalikā.[51]

Nipuṇikā: My Queen, no doubt she has succeeded in arousing the longing of the tree![52]

Irāvatī: My suspicions have been aroused. When I understand the meaning of all this I will decide what to do.

Bakulāvalikā: The other foot is now anointed. Let me put on the two anklets. (*She does so in gesture.*) Friend, arise! Perform the command of the Queen and may the *aśoka* bloom! (*Both arise.*)

Irāvatī (*to Nipunikā*):
Did you hear? By the Queen's command! Indeed! Indeed!

Bakulāvalikā: Look! Standing before you, in the first bloom of passion and ready for emjoyment!

Mālavikā (*joyous*):
The King?

Bakulāvalikā (*smiling*):
No, not the King. This cluster of sprouts hanging from the *aśoka*. Wear it for an ornament.

(*Mālavikā shows disappointment.*)

Vidūsaka: Did you hear that?

King: Friend, are lovers satisfied with that?
I find no pleasure in the easy meeting
of the lover and his indifferent love;
And when two lovers much attached
have no hope of meeting, even death is better. (15)

(*Mālavikā, who has arranged her garland of sprouts, kicks the tree.*)

First she accepts a flower for her ear, then
with her foot she strikes the tree.
Alas, I have been cheated of my place in this
exchange.[53] (16)

Mālavikā: This *aśoka* is contrary, for it has accepted my command to bloom, yet it shows no flowers. Shouldn't it bear fruit after the politeness we have shown it?

Bakulāvalikā: Friend, it would not be your fault. The tree is worthless if it accepts the honor of your foot and still is slow to bloom.

King:

Aśoka!
You are blessed by the touch of her foot, moving to tinkling of anklets,
And tender as a new lotus bloom --
If you do not now burst forth in buds, in vain are your pregnant thirsts, like those of lovesick women. (17)

Friend, I want to approach them; make some remark as a pretext.

Vidūṣaka: Go. I'll make fun of her. (*They both enter.*)

Nipuṇikā: Queen! The King comes!

Irāvatī: Just as my heart all along suspected.

Vidūṣaka (*approaching*):
Young lady! Do you think it proper to strike the *aśoka* with your left foot?

Both (*in agitation*):
Heavens! The King!

Vidūṣaka: Bakulāvalikā! You are well informed; why didn't you restrain the young lady from committing this impropriety?

(*Mālavikā shows fear.*)

Nipuṇikā: Your Highness, look! Gautama's up to something.

Irāvatī: How else could the penniless Brahmin make a living?

Bakulāvalikā: Please sir! She's performing a command of the Queen; the transgression is not really hers; please forgive her! (*She makes Mālavikā fall before the King, and does so herself.*)

King: If so, then you have not sinned. Arise, young lady. (*Taking her by the hand, he raises her.*)

Vidūṣaka: Properly done! It's really Dhāriṇī to whom you are paying your respects.

King (*laughing*):

My smiling and shapely maiden! Your left foot shows no hurt--
Though it be as tender as a new sprout, and has struck the harsh tree. (18)

(*Mālavikā expresses shame.*)

Irāvatī: His Highness has a heart like soft butter.

Mālavikā: Bakulāvalikā, come! We must tell the Queen that her command is fulfilled.

Bakulāvalikā: First ask His Highness to excuse you.

King: Please. You may go. Yet listen to one request suited to the occasion.

Bakulāvalikā: Listen attentively. We await Your Highness's command.

King:

For many seasons this wretched person too has not budded with the flower of his happiness--
Fulfill his faithful longings with a touch; he knows no other pleasure. (19)

Irāvatī (*approaching suddenly*):

Go on! Go on! Fill him up! The *aśoka* hasn't flowered; but this one both blooms and bears fruit all at once!

(*All look at Irāvatī in confusion.*)

King (*aside*):

Friend, what recourse have we now?

Vidūṣaka: What else? The strength of our legs.

Irāvatī: Bakulāvalikā! You have begun well. Mālavikā! Carry on! Fulfill the longings of our royal prince!

Both: Queen, forgive us! Who are we to claim the King's affection? (*They leave.*)

Irāvatī: Men are such scoundrels! I didn't even recognize the trick. I'm naive as a deer, bemused by the hunter's horn.

Vidūṣaka (*to the King*):

Sir, think of some reply. Even a thief caught in the act would say "I'm just practicing window repair!"[54]

King: My dearest! Mālavikā means nothing to me. While waiting for you, I thought only to amuse myself as best I could.

Irāvatī: Oh, likely, likely! I didn't know you'd found such an agreeable way of passing the time; if I had I wouldn't have interrupted you with my foolish lament![55]

Vidūṣaka: You misconstrue the natural good manners of our King. What does it matter if he stops a moment in idle conversation with the Queen's servant! You alone see a fault in this!

Irāvatī: Oh! It's a "conversation," is it? What do I trouble myself? (*In anger she begins to leave.*)

King (*following*):
Forgive me! (*Irāvatī moves with difficulty, her feet entangled in her girdle.*) My darling, disrespect to a lover is not beautiful!

Irāvatī: Wretch! Faithless heart!
King: "A wretch!" With words so harsh do you disdain
your constant love?
Even your girdle, fallen at your feet, entreats you;
yet you pity not. (20)

Irāvatī: This damned thing's on your side! (*Seizing the girdle, she tries to strike the King with it.*)

King: My Irāvatī now,
Incensed and tearful tries to strike my poor self
With a golden girdle fallen sudden from her hips:
She resembles a great cloud about to strike the Vindhya
With its thunderbolt. (21)

Irāvatī: Will you insult me a second time? (*She seizes the girdle with her hand.*)

King (*Grasps her hand, along with the garment.*):[56]
Do you now hold back the threatened punishment,
from me the sinner? Such coquetry to your servant
does not suit your anger. (22)

I accept your pardon. (*He falls to her feet.*)

Irāvatī: These are not the feet of Mālavikā, which fulfill your thirst for joy!
(*She departs with her servant girl.*)

Vidūṣaka: Get up! Her blessing has been given.

King (*rising, looking after Irāvatī*):
What? Has she gone?

Vidūṣaka: She didn't forgive your sins, but luckily friend, she did leave. Let's get our of here quickly! Or else, like Mars in retrogression, she will return.[57]

King: Oh, the unpredictability of love!
My heart is lost to another; so I think her insolent retreat a service.
She, naive and angry, can be overlooked awhile. (23)

Act 4

(*Enter the King, restless, and a doorkeeper.*)

King (*to himself*):
Drawn to her by rumor's path, at first my hope took root;
As she reached vision's realm, the sprouts of love arose;
Touched by her hand, my thrilled flesh put forth buds;[58]
Oh may this tree of love produce for me, the lover, its tender fruit. (1)

(*aloud*) Gautama! Gautama!

Doorkeeper: Victory to the King! Your Majesty, Gautama is not here.

King (*to himself*):
Ah! I sent him to get news of Mālavikā.

Vidūṣaka (*entering*):
May my Lord prosper.

King: Jayasenā, go find Queen Dhāriṇī and how fares her injured foot.

Doorkeeper: As the King commands. (*Exits*).

King: Gautama, what news of the young lady?

Vidūṣaka: Well, the pigeon has been caught by a cat.

King (*dejectedly*):
What happened?

Vidūṣaka: Her mistress, red-eyed with anger, has thrown the poor girl into the underground storeroom -- probably I should say -- into the jaws of death.

King: The Queen must have learned of our meeting.

Vidūṣaka: Yes.

King: Who has become so unfriendly to us as to make the Queen herself angry?

Vidūṣaka: Listen to what the Parivrājikā told me:
Yesterday Lady Irāvatī went to inquire about Queen Dhāriṇī's injured foot.

King: Yes, yes.

Vidūṣaka: The Queen then asked her whether she had seen her "beloved consort," to which Irāvatī replied, "Why do you refer to him so politely? Didn't you know that he is 'consort' also to certain persons of your domestic staff?"

King: Without probing too deeply, I suspect that she refers to Mālavikā.

Vidūṣaka: At the Queen's urging, Irāvatī then disclosed your indelicacies.

King: She appears more than usually vexed. Tell me the rest.

Vidūṣaka: What else is there to tell? Both Mālavikā and Bakulāvalikā, their feet bound, are like two snake maidens, experiencing the pleasures of hell, where the sun's ray's never penetrate.

King: Oh! how terrible!
The sweet throated cuckoo and the bee
Intent on the blooming mango tree
Must in the hollow trunk seek refuge,
Caught in sudden wind and wet deluge. (2)

Friend, is there any way out of it?

Vidūṣaka: How? The guard of the storehouse, Mādhavikā, has been told by the Queen not to let either of them out unless shown the Queen's personal signet ring.

King (*sighing resignedly*):
Friend, can anything be done?

Vidūṣaka (*reflecting*):
There is one possible stratagem.

King: What is it?

Vidūṣaka (*looking about*):
Some one may be listening. I will whisper in your ear. (Whispers) So.
(*He instructs the King.*)

King (*joyously*):
Excellent! I hope you can bring it off.

Doorkeeper (*entering*):
Your Majesty, Queen Dhāriṇī is seated on a couch in the open air enjoying some of the Parivrājikā's stories. A servant holds her foot, which is anointed with red lac, in her hands.

King: This is an appropriate moment to go in.

Vidūṣaka: You go ahead. I must not approach the Queen without an offering in my hands.

King: Make Jayasenā party to our secret.

Vidūṣaka: I will. (*Whispers.*) And that's the way it is. (*Having informed her, he leaves*).

King: Jayasenā! Show me the way to the couch in the breezeway.

Doorkeeper: This way, Your Majesty. (*Discover the Queen on a couch, the Parivrājikā, and attendants according to rank.*)

Queen: Noble Lady, that is a good beginning. What next?

Parivrājikā (*looking about*):
I'll continue later. Here comes His Majesty, the Lord of Vidiśā.

Queen: Ah! My husband. (*Tries to stand*).

King: Please! Please! No forced politeness!
O sweet voice! Pain not your foot -- nor me;
Both foot and I miss the studied sound of anklets,
and are disposed on a bed of pain. (3)

Queen: May Your Excellency be victorious!

Parivrajikā: May the King conquer.

King (*acknowledging the Parivrājikā, then sitting*):
My Queen, is the pain bearable?

Queen: Today it is better. (*Enter the Vidūṣaka, much agitated, his thumb bound up in his sacred thread.*)

Vidūṣaka: Save me! Save me, Your Majesty! A snake has bitten me! (*All are shocked.*).

King: Ayi! How awful! Where were you wandering?

Vidūṣaka: Since I was to call upon the Queen, I went first to the grove to get some flowers for an offering.

Queen: Oh! Oh! Oh! Is it I who have put this Brahmin's life in danger?

Vidūṣaka: Once there, I reached out with my right hand for a cluster of *aśoka* blossoms; but Death himself in cobra form, came out of a hollow in the tree to bite me! (*Shows the snake bite.*)

Parivrājikā: The usual first remedy is an incision of the bite. It should be done right away!

Incision of the bite, or its burning, or letting blood from the wound;
These three are life-giving remedies for those whom snakes have bitten. (4)[59]

King: Now this is a task for the poison specialist. Jayasenā! Bring Dhruvasiddhi here quickly.

Pratīhārī: As the King commands. (*Leaves*).

Vidūṣaka: Oh! I am seized by evil death!

King: Fear not! The bite is sometimes poisonless.

Vidūṣaka: Not be afraid? My limbs are already in convulsions! (*Shows perturbation as though of poison.*)

Queen: A portent of misfortune. Support the Brahmin! (*Attendants agitatedly support him.*)

Vidūṣaka (*looking at the King*):
Sir. I have been your companion since you were a youth. Please bear that in mind, and safeguard the welfare of my childless wife.

King: Don't fear, Gautama. Be brave. Soon the physician will treat you.

Jayasenā (*entering*):
O King: I have told Dhruvasiddhi, and he says, "Bring Gautama to me."

King: Then let the eunuchs conduct him to that august doctor.

Jayasenā: I will.

Viduṣaka (*looking at the Queen*):
My Queen, I may live, I may not.
If in serving the King I have sinned towards you,
forgive me!

Queen: May you live long. (*Exeunt the Viduṣaka and Pratīhārī.*)

King: The poor fellow is such a pessimist that he doesn't believe even in the success of the aptly named Dhruvasiddhi.[60]

Jayasenā (*entering*):
Victory! Dhruvasiddhi says, "I need something marked with the sign of a snake for the water-pot ritual. Find it."

Queen: This ring is marked with the snake. Give it back to me afterwards. (*Gives the ring; the Pratīhārī takes the ring, remains standing near.*)

King: Jayasenā, inform me quickly whether the operation is a success.

Pratīhārī: As the King commands. (*Exits.*)

Parivrājikā: My heart declares that Gautama will be cured of the poison.

King: May it be so.

Pratīhārī (*entering*):
Victory to the King! The convulsions of the poison have ceased.
Gautama is again healthy.

Queen: And I luckily am free from blame.

Pratīhārī: My Lord, your Minister Vāhataka wishes you to know that there is much royal business to be transacted; he requests the favor of an audience.

Queen: Go, My Prince, and your undertakings be successful!

King: My Queen, this place is now in the open sun. Shade is required for the pain of your foot. So let your couch be moved elsewhere.

Queen: Servants! Do as the King directs.

Attendants: Yes, Your Majesty. (*Exeunt the Queen, the Parivrājikā and their attendants.*)

King: Jayasenā, take me to the pleasure grove by the secret path.

Pratīhārī: This way, My Lord.

King: Jayasenā, has Gautama finished his preparations?

Pratīhārī: Yes, indeed.

King: Though the stratagem is sure to bring about our rendezvous,
My heart trembles, and is full of fears. (5)

Vidūṣaka (*entering*):
Prosperity to the King! The auspicious ceremonies are completed.

King: Jayasenā, you have much to occupy yourself elsewhere.

Pratīhārī: As the King commands. (*Leaves.*)

King: Gautama, Mādhavikā is shrewd. Didn't she suspect anything?

Vidūṣaka: It was the Queen's signet ring. What could she suspect?

King: I am not talking about the ring. She might have asked why the two girls were being released, or why you were appointed to do it, instead of one of the Queen's retinue.

Vidūṣaka: I was asked. But though I'm slow-witted, my mind rose to the occasion.

King: Tell me.

Vidūṣaka: I said, "The King has been informed by his astrologers that his governing star is in an inauspicious conjunction. It is, therefore, necessary that all the prisons by opened.

King (*joyously*):
Yes, what next?

Vidūṣaka: Then I said that the King was freeing them through the intermediary of the Queen, who did not wish to hurt Irāvatī's feelings. Mādhavikā fell for it and our goal has been achieved.

King (*embracing the Vidūṣaka*):
You are indeed my friend.
Sharp wits alone cannot secure a friend's advantage.
Success's subtle way is also won through sympathy. (6)

Vidūṣaka: Hurry! I left Mālavikā and her friend in the cottage near the pond while I came back for you.

King: Even as I approach I pay my respects to her.[61] Go ahead.

Vidūṣaka: Come! (*Moves around.*) Here is the cottage.

King (*showing fear*):
Look! Here comes Irāvatī's servant, Candrikā, a bouquet of flowers in her hand. Let's hide behind this wall.

Vidūṣaka: Ah! Yes, Candrikā, the Moonbeam,[62] must be avoided by thieves and lovers alike. (*Both hide.*)

King: Gautama, how does your friend pass the time while she waits for me? Come. Let's go to the window and look.

Vidūṣaka: All right. (*Both stand looking as Mālavikā and Bakulāvalikā enter.*)

Bakulāvalikā: Friend, bow to the King!

Mālavikā (*joyously*):
Namas te! Where is the King?[63]

King: I think she must be referring to my picture.

Mālavikā (*looking at the door, dejectedly*):
You're playing tricks on me.

King: Friend, both the joy and the dejection of the girl are delightful; consider
The loveliness of the white lotus, which opens at the rising of the sun, and lovely still, closes at the dusk;
In the girl's lovely face such sequence of beauties is seen all at once. (7)

Bakulāvalikā: I'm talking about the King's portrait.

Both (*bowing*): Victory to the King!

Mālavikā: My longing to see the King's beauty wasn't satisfied in the commotion of our meeting. But now at least his perfect form appears in the picture.

Vidūṣaka: Did you hear? The Lady says you weren't as pretty as your picture! Fool! Your pride in your appearance is like a jewel box for its contents.

King: My friend, though curiosity is a property of the female sex, they are shy by nature. Consider:
They dwell on each minute detail of each past rendezvous,
But cannot bring their long-lashed eyes to rest on present lovers. (8)

Mālavikā: At whom does the King look, with such a sideward longing glance?

Bakulāvalikā: That's Irāvatī at the King's side.

Mālavikā: Friend, it seems ungallant of the King to abandon all his queens and fix his gaze on one alone.

Bakulāvalikā (*to herself*):
She imagines that's the real King in the picture! I will tease her. (*aloud*) Friend, Irāvatī is the King's special favorite.

Mālavikā: Why give myself all this trouble then? (*She turns away in vexation.*)

King: Friend, look --
A pouting lip! She turns her face away, is vexed
her *tilaka* is broken by a frown.
She shows she's learnt her lessons well --
Of coquetry, feigned anger at her lover's fault! (9)

Vidūṣaka: Be ready to calm her down.

Mālavikā: And Gautama serves him here too! (*Tries to turn away.*)

Bakulāvalikā (*restraining Mālavikā*):
You're not angry now?

Mālavikā: If you think I was angry only long ago, this has revived my anger.

King (*approaching*):
Why are you pouting, lotus eyes? These acts are pictures merely.
I come now visibly a slave beholden to none other! (10)

Bakulāvalikā: Victory!

Mālavikā (*to herself*):
Why did I find the King's picture so vexing? (*With ashamed face she makes obeisance. The King shows the hesitation of a lover.*)

Vidūṣaka: You seem rather unmoved.

King: It's because your friend is not trustworthy.

Vidūṣaka: What reason have you to distrust her?

King: Listen:
Once in a dream she stood before me, but vanished in a moment;
Then from nowhere, she rushed into my arms;
Why should my heart be confident, when I have suffered so
In her elusive visits the pains of love? (11)

Bakulāvalikā: Friend, the King has often been deceived. You must make yourself worthy of his trust.

Mālavikā: I'm to be pitied more--in my dreams the King would never embrace me!

Bakulāvalikā: The girl deserves an answer, My King!

King: What answer? I gave myself to your friend before the holy fires of the five-arrowed God.[65] She need not seek me; I am her private servant. (12)

Bakulāvalikā: We are satisfied.

Vidūṣaka (*moving about, in confusion*):
Bakulāvalikā! Look! A deer is trampling the sprouts of a young *aśoka* tree. Come, we'll shoo him away.

Bakulāvalikā: Come. (*Sets out.*)

King: Friend![66] At this moment we are in need of some protection. Be attentive!

Vidūṣaka: Am I not a descendant of Gotama[67] himself?

Bakulāvalikā (*moving about*):
Gautama, sir! I'll hide myself. You guard the door.

Vidūṣaka: Fine. (*Exit Bakulāvalikā; Vidūṣaka looks about.*) Here is a crystal bench. I'll sit on it. (*Sits.*) How pleasant is the feel of this fine stone! (*Drops off to sleep; Mālavikā remains, in great alarm.*)

King:
Lovely girl, this terror of my touch
Which you have shown so long becomes you not.
Trust me! Be instead a jasmine creeper
And cling to me, a fragrant mango tree. (13)

Mālavikā: I cannot express my affection for fear of the Queen.

King: Fear nothing, my dear.

Mālavikā (*with a smile*):
I have seen the great courage of my Lord who fears nothing -- even Irāvatī!

King: But ruby-lips! Politeness is a family vow, among the Baimbika.[68] My vital breaths breathe only in hope of you, Oh eyes of sidelong glance!

Please favor the person, who has long been fond of you. (*Undertakes an embrace. Mālavikā avoids him with a gesture.*)

King (*to himself*):

Ah! how attractive the amorous vexations of young women!
Trembling she restrains my hand, whose fingers eagerly explore the working of her girdle.
Her two arms become a shield for breasts caught in my wild embrace.
She turns her face away though I long for the nectar of her long-browed glance.
But these are coquetries to hasten passion's surge. (15)

(*Enter Irāvatī and Nipunikā.*)

Irāvatī: Friend, was Candrikā telling the truth? Is Noble Gautama resting alone on the porch of the lake house?

Nipunikā: Why else would I tell it to you?

Irāvatī: Let's go there then and we'll see our King's companion, now out of danger --

Nipunikā: You did not seem to finish.

Irāvatī: Yes, and honor the King's picture.

Nipunikā: Why can't you be nice to the real King instead?

Irāvatī: Silly! He is not so benign as his picture seems. His heart belongs to someone else. I wish only to cleanse my fault towards him.[69]

Nipunikā: Come this way, then, My Queen. (*Both approach.*)

Servant Girl (*entering*):

Victory to Queen Irāvatī! Queen Dhāriṇī says, "I am not now disposed to jealous anger. Mālavikā and her friend were put in chains only to encourage respect for you. If you now approve, I wish to favor my Lord, the King. Tell me your desire."

Irāvatī: Guardian, tell the Queen that I am not one to give her orders. She has shown affection for me in imprisoning her servant; by whose favor if not hers will I prosper?

Servant: I will tell her. (*Leaves*)

Nipuṇikā (*moving and looking about*):
My Queen! Who but our noble Gautama lies here on the doorstep of the lake house, like an ox in the market place, fast asleep.

Irāvatī: Oh, no! The poison continues to work its change!

Nipuṇikā: The color of his face seems healthy enough. Wasn't he treated by Dhruvasiddhi? We need not fear the worst.

Vidūṣaka (*in his sleep*):
My dear Mālavikā!

Nipuṇikā: Did you hear? Who is this worthless cheat working for?[70] He fills his belly with the candies of our good wishes, all the while dreaming of Mālavikā!

Vidūṣaka: -- more beautiful than Irāvatī --

Nipuṇikā: How disgusting! I'll give this snake-sensitive Brahmin something to fear. Here's a crooked stick shaped like a snake. I'll hide behind this wall.

Irāvatī: The wretch deserves worse than a snake-bite![71] (*Nipuṇikā throws the stick at the Vidūṣaka.*)

Vidūṣaka (*waking suddenly*):
King! King! Ayeeee! A serpent's fallen on me!

King (*approaching in haste*):
Friend, nothing to fear, nothing to fear!

Mālavikā (*following*):
My Lord, don't rush so! He said a *snake*.

Irāvatī: Oh no! The King himself is running to him.

Vidūṣaka (*ironically, or with loud laughter*):
What? It's just a stick of wood? Oh my! Hmmm! It appears that my snake-bite -- though inflicted with *ketaki* thorns -- has taken a definite turn for the worse.[72]

Bakulāvalikā (*entering in great haste through the curtain*):[73]
My Lord! Don't enter. There's a snake here with an even more crooked disposition![74]

Irāvatī (*rushing suddenly up to the King*):
Does the royal couple find its daytime rendezvous propitious for love-making?
(*All look at Irāvatī, confused, astounded.*)

King: My dear, your politeness is unprecedented.

Irāvatī: Bakulāvalikā! Your messenger service for lonely-hearts is marvellously successful.

Bakulāvalikā: Is it my fault then? Does the rain god decide to rain because the frogs are croacking?

Vidūṣaka (*to Irāvatī*):
Quite the opposite! The very sight of you made the King forget all about your disrespectful behavior. Aren't you ready to accept his gracious pardon?

Irāvatī: I am angry, but I can do nothing.

King: Your anger is groundless, my dear; it does not become you,
Never before, even for a moment, has your face,
Shown signs of anger when there was no cause--
Speak, my sylph! Would the moon of the starry night
Eclipse unless the time were right? (16)

Irāvatī: Groundless! Yes, you are for once, right. How silly I would look angry because my bit of happiness were now another's!

King: You misunderstand, my dear! I see no real cause for anger:
I freed two guilty servants, who came to me to plead
That none should suffer punishment at times of festival. (17)

Irāvatī: Nipuṇika, go tell Queen Dhāriṇī that we know now whose side she's on.

Nipuṇikā: I will. (*She leaves.*)

Vidūṣaka (*to himself*):
Ai! Calamity threatens! No sooner is the baby pigeon freed from its cage than it flies into the paws of the cat!

Nipuṇikā (*entering; to Irāvatī*):
My Queen, I met Mādhavikā by chance and this is what happened -- (*Whispers the rest.*)

Irāvatī (*to herself*):
So! The plots of that sometime Brahmin are discovered!
(*to the Vidūṣaka*)
You are indeed the King's minister of amorous affairs!

Vidūṣaka: My dear! If I ever spoke a ministerial word, may I forget the Gāyatrī![75]

King (*to himself*):
How will I ever get out of this thicket of trouble?

Jayasenā (*entering*):
My Lord, the little Princess Vasulakṣmī, while chasing a ball, was frightened by a monkey; she rests in the lap of the Queen trembling like a wind-blown creeper and has not even now regained her composure.

King: Another royal calamity! Must children be so timorous?

Irāvatī (*with agitation*):
Hurry, Prince! Console her! Her shock must not deteriorate!

King: I will revive her. (*Hurries off.*)

Vidūṣaka: Bravo, monkey! Bravo. You've rescued us from a horrible fate! (*The King and the Vidūṣaka leave; then Irāvatī, Nipuṇikā and the Pratīhārī.*)

Mālavikā: Friend, when I think of the Queen my heart trembles. I don't know whether I can bear to go on living.

Voice (*in the wings*)
Marvelous! Even before the fifth night the golden *aśoka* is covered with its passion flowers! I must tell the Queen! (*Both, listening, are joyous.*)

Bakulāvalikā: Take heart, friend! The Queen keeps her promises.

Mālavikā: Let's follow the guardian of the pleasure grove!

Bakulāvalikā: Let's. (*All leave.*)

Act 5

(*Enter the guardian of the pleasure grove*)

Guardian: I have put up an altar by the *aśoka* tree and adorned it. So I'll tell the Queen that my work is finished. (*walking about*) Ah! The Fates are indeed kind to Mālavikā; just as Queen Dhāriṇī became really angry with her, the news of the *aśoka's* blooming made her calm again. Where is the Queen? (*Looks around.*) Ah! Who's that coming out of the Catuḥśālā? It's Sārasaka, one of the Queen's servants, carrying a jewel! I'll ask him. (*Sārasaka enters as described; approaching him.*) Sārasaka! Where are you going?

Sārasaka: Madhukarikā, it's time to pay the learned Brahmins their sacrificial fee. So I am to convey this to the King's priest.

Madhukarikā: For what ritual?

Sārasaka: As soon as she heard that the Commander-in-Chief had appointed her son Vasumitra to protect the sacrificial war-horse, the Queen made an offering of eighteen gold pieces to worthy Brahmins hoping, thus, to protect her son's life.

Madhukarikā: Where is the Queen now? What is she doing?

Sārasaka: She is in the temple listening to the scribes' reading a message from her brother Vīrasena about events in Vidarbha.

Madhukarīka: What is the news of the Vidarbhan King?

Sārasaka. He has been captured by our King's forces under command of Vīrasena, and his kinsman Mādhavasena has also been freed.[76] Mādhavasena has sent an ambassador to the King with valuable gifts of jewels, horses and craftsmen.

Madhukarikā: Go then about your business. I'll wait upon the Queen. (*Both leave.*) *iti praveśakah.*

Pratīhārī (*entering*):
The Queen, who is busy with the *aśoka* ceremony, asked me to tell the King that she wishes to gaze upon the flowering beauty of the *aśoka* in his royal company. And so I'm waiting for the King who is in his audience chamber. (*Walks about.*)

Town-Criers (*offstage*):
Give thanks that the King cows the heads of his enemies with the staff of authority!

First Crier: O King!
Delighting in the gentle cries of doves, you spend the spring in river gardens of Vidiśa,[77]
like embodied Love;
While your enemy is bent low, along with the trees on Varadā's[78] banks, mere tethers for your army's elephants. (1)

Second: Two heroes went among the Krathakaiśika;[79]
Two deeds of valor done there are famed in sages' tales;
You, God-like, stole away Dame Fortune from Vidarbha's King and Vishnu's incarnation, Krishna, arms strong as iron bars, kidnapped his consort Rukminī.[80] (2)

Pratīhārī: The King arrives, his path announced by shouts of victory; I will wait beside this pillar of the main porch. (*Stands aside.*)

(*The King enters with the Vidūṣaka.*)

King: I think of my beloved, so difficult to possess;
I hear news of King Vidarbha, humbled by my forces.
My heart both suffers, and takes pleasure,
Like lotus in the heat of day, pelted with cool rain. (3)

Vidūṣaka: In my view, Your Majesty will soon be entirely happy.

King: How so?

Vidūṣaka: They say Queen Dhāriṇī today told the learned Kauśiki: "My good Lady, if you are proud of your cosmetic skills, then adorn Mālavikā in marriage finery." And she did dress Mālavikā with particular care. So it seems the Queen may sometime satisfy your wishes.

King: My friend, we could have guessed as much from Dhāriṇī's actions -- once her jealousy cools, she shows great respect for my views.

Partīhārī (*approaching*):
Victory to the King! The Queen wishes to contemplate the flowering beauty of the golden *aśoka* in your majesty's company.

King: Is the Queen there now?

Pratīhārī: Yes, she has taken leave of the harem with appropriate honors, and waits for you with her own servants, among them Mālavikā.

King (*looking at the Vidūṣaka with joy*):
Jayasenā, lead the way.

Pratīhārī: This way, My Lord. (*She moves off.*)

Vidūṣaka (*looking about*):
Friend, the spring seems more advanced in the pleasure grove.

King: It's just as you say.
The youthful season grows to maturity;
The mango tree is covered with nets
Of scattered amarynth fruits
And my mind fills with longing. (4)

Vidūṣaka: Look! The *aśoka* has put on a garment of flower bouquets!

King: Slowly and carefully it bloomed, and now wears a beauty incomparable. Look:

The flowers of every tree that sings of spring
have twined themselves in this *aśoka*, first of
all to satisfy its passion.[81] (5)

Vidūṣaka: Don't lose heart! Even though we're there, Queen Dhāriṇī permits Mālavikā to come along.

King (*joyfully*):

Friend, look:

Followed by my love, respectfully, the Queen approaches,
her lotus hands extended like rich Earth herself, bring-
ing royal fortune. (6)

(*Enter Queen Dhāriṇī, Mālavikā, the Parivrājikā, and attendants according to rank.*)

Mālavikā (*to herself*):

I know why I wear these ornaments.
Still, like the water near the lotus pad, my heart trembles.
My left eye quivers and will not stop.[82]

Vidūṣaka: Friend, isn't Mālavikā lovely in her marriage garment?

King: I gaze on her:

Wearing modest silks which drape discreetly
She imitates, in her few[83] ornaments
A night in spring, whose moonlight pales
The crowds of stars no longer touched with winter's
cold. (7)

Queen (*approaching*):

Victory to the King!

Vidūṣaka: May Your Highness prosper!

Parivrājikā: Let the King be victorious!

King: My Lady, I salute you!

Parivrājikā: May your will be accomplished.

Queen (*with a smile*):

Prince, I have made this *aśoka* tree a place where you
can meet and advise the younger generation.[84]

Vidūṣaka: Ah! She does indeed pay you homage!

King (*shyly walking around the aśoka*):

This tree's indeed a fit recipient
For such honors as the Queen may give:
Though kicked by ladies in their springtime chores
and humbled, it shows respect with flowers (8)

Vidūṣaka: My Lord, you may now gaze confidently upon her youthful --

Queen: Upon whom?

Vidūṣaka: Upon the youthful -- hm! -- beauty[85] of the *aśoka's* flowers.
(*All sit down.*)

King (*looking at Mālavikā, to himself*):
Worst of all is separation while she's present!
I am a *cakravāka*[86] bird; my love my distant mate:
Queen Dhāriṇī, who disapproves our union, is the night (9)

Kancukī (*entering*):
Victory to the King! Your minister sends this message: (*Reads.*) "Among those sent from Vidarbha as tribute were two artistes who were not shown to you before, for they were excessively fatigued by the journey. They are now ready for the audience. I await your orders."

King: Bring them in.

Kancukī: As the King commands. (*Leaves, reenters with the two girls.*) This way mesdemoiselles.

First Girl (*to the other, aloud*):
Friend Rajanikā, though this royal house is unfamiliar, my heart was calm as I entered.

Second: Jyotsnikā, mine too! There is a proverb: the feelings of the heart portend future pain or pleasure.

First: I hope so.

Kancukī: The two ladies may approach. (*Both do so. Mālavikā and the Parivrājikā, seeing the girls, look at each other.*)

Both (*bowing*): Victory to the King and Queen!

King: Sit down, both of you. (*Both sit.*) In what art are you skilled?

Both: My Lord, we are trained in singing.

King: Queen, will you take one of them?

Queen: Mālavikā, come here. Which one would please you as a singing companion?

Both (*seeing Mālavikā*):
Oh! my heavens! The King's daughter! (*Fall to their knees.*)
May you be victorious! (*Break out in tears, with Mālavikā; all look on astounded.*)

King: Who are you two? And who is she?

Both: My Lord, she is the daughter of our Sovereign!

King: Explain yourselves!

Both: My Lord, Your Majesty's forces released Prince Mādhavasena from prison during the conquest of Vidarbha. This is Mālavikā, his younger sister.

Queen: She the daughter of a king! I have defiled sandalwood by using it for shoes!

King: How did she get here, in this condition?

Mālavikā (*sighing, to herself*):
By the command of fate.

Second Girl: Listen, My Lord. When Prince Mādhavasena fell into the hands of his kinsman, his sister was spirited away by the minister, Sumati, leaving behind all the retinue.

King: This much I had heard. We know nothing else.

Parivrājikā: I will tell the rest, unlucky wretch that I am.

Both: Is it the voice of the noble Kauśikī!

Mālavikā: It is.

Both: We hardly recognize her in the dress of an ascetic. Lady, we greet you.

Parivrājikā: Welcome to both of you.

King: Are they from your personal retinue?

Parivrājikā: They are.

Vidūṣaka: Will you finally tell the rest of the story?

Parivrājikā (*weakly*):
Listen: I am the younger sister of Sumati, the minister of Mādhavasena.

King: Understood. Then?

Parivrājikā: The merchants left the road and fled into the neighboring forest.

King: Yes --

Parivrājikā: After Mādhavasena had been captured Sumati escaped with Mālavikā and myself, and in hopes of finding your Excellency, took up with a caravan bound on foot for Vidiśā.

King: Then?

Parivrājikā: Then:

A force of shouting forest dwellers fell upon us,
bows in hand, chests bound by thongs of arrowed
quivers; in their hair wearing feathers which
hung down to their heels; their surprise attack
was too sudden to resist. (10)

(*Mālavikā expresses fear.*)

Vidūṣaka: My sweet, fear nothing. The Parivrājikā speaks of things long past.

King: What next?

Parivrājikā: No sooner had the attack begun than the thieves put the soldiers of the caravan to flight.

King: What is left to say now must be very painful.

Parivrājikā:

While trying to rescue the princess, my dear
brother
Repaid with his life all debts to his King (11).

First Girl: Oh! Sumati is dead!

Second Girl: And our princess is reduced to this condition! (*The Parivrājikā cries.*)

King: Being human, we must in time give up our mortal bodies. Do not grieve for the excellent Sumati, whose death was fruitful in his master's service. What happened then?

Parivrājikā: I fell unconscious, and when I came to, the girl had disappeared.

King: You have lived through a great calamity.

Parivrājikā: Then I cremated the body of my brother, and in the sadness, as it were, of recent widowhood came to this country and donned these ascetic clothes.

King: Such is the way of the honorable. And then?

Parivrājikā: From the forest dwellers the princess went to Vīrasena, from Vīrasena to the Queen; and I saw her again only when I entered the Queen's retinue. That is the end of my story.

Mālavikā (*to herself*):
Oh! What will the King say now?

King: Oh how calamities bring dishonor! For
This girl, virtuous and fit for queenly title lived her as servant -- a silken garment used as bathing cloth. (12)

Queen: My good woman, it was highly improper not to tell us about the noble birth of Mālavikā!

Parivrājikā: *Śāntam pāpam*![87] I kept the secret for a good reason.

Queen: What reason?

Parivrājikā: Listen: while her father was still alive, she and I once went on a pilgrimage. A certain soothsayer told her that she would find a worthy husband only after living as a servant for a year. I thought that this destined prophecy was being fulfilled by her service to the Queen; and so I waited, and think I did well.

King: You were right to wait.[88]

Kañcukī (*entering*):
The minister begs leave to convey this information, which was overlooked in the press of the other news: the Vidarbhan operation has been successfully concluded in accordance with your previous directives. I await then an expression of your Majesty's wishes.

King: Maudgalya, I desire to establish a dyarchy for the two brothers, Yajñasena[89] and Mādhavasena.
Let them rule the northern and southern banks of the Varadā; dividing the kingdom as the sun and moon divide the night and day. (13)

Kancukī: My Lord, I will inform the assembly of ministers.
(*The King approves with a motion of his hand; the Kañcukī leaves.*)

First Girl (*to Mālavikā*):
Princess, your brother is lucky to win as fiefdom half the kingdom!

Mālavikā: I think he has already been rewarded, for the threat to his life is over.

Kancukī (*entering*):
Victory to the King! Your minister salutes the auspicious decision of Your Majesty. Which is also approved by the assembly:

The two kings will share each half the royal burden
Like two horses bearing the chariot's yoke
And at the charioteer's command, Your Majesty,
Will restrain each other's moves. (14)

King: Then tell the assembly to inform General Vīrasena and let it be done.

Kancukī: As the King commands. (*He leaves, then re-enters bearing a gift and a message.*) Your Majesty's command is accomplished. Meanwhile a message and a gift have been received from your royal father, General Puspamitra. May Your Highness be pleased to read it. (*The King accepts the gift, places it on his head,*[90] *then conveys it to his retinue. He unwraps the message.*)

Queen (*to herself*):
Oh, here is my heart's first interest! If they ever finish paying respects to one another, I'll hear some news of my son, Vasumitra. He was given such a heavy responsibility by the General.

King: (*Sitting, reads.*):
"Prosper! General Puspamitra, from the army of sacrifice, to his son Agnimitra, his own life, in Vidiśā. I embrace you affectionately and inform you that the sacrificial horse has been set free to roam for a year. As the officiant of the royal sacrifice, I appointed Vasumitra to the animal's protection, with one hundred subordinate princes. While roaming on the right bank of the Indus, the horse was set upon by a force of Greeks; a great battle ensued between the two armies"[91] (*The Queen shows despair.*) How did it happen such a thing came about? (*He reads the rest.*)

"The swift horse, stolen away at first, was rescued
By the great bowman Vasumitra, conqueror of his enemies." (15).

Queen: My heart is relieved.

King (*continuing*):
"And now my grandson and I, like Sagara and Aṁśumant,[92] will sacrifice the rescued horse. Let Your Excellency, and ladies of the court, bearing no ill will, proceed without delay to the celebration of the sacrifice."
I am delighted.

Parivrājikā: Fortunate are the parents who prosper by the victory of a son!
(*to the Queen*):
With your husband, you stand at the head of heroes' wives;
Because of your son, you merit the dignity, "mother of heroes." (16)

Queen:[93] Good lady, I am pleased: the son is like the father!

King: Maudgalya, does the young elephant not imitate the chief of the herd?

Kañcukī: The Prince does not amaze us with this display of valor;
His indomitable father stands too high,
Like Brahmanman, who cast the flame into the sea.[94] (17)

King: Maudgalya, in celebration of this victory, release all prisoners, including the brother-in-law of Yajñasena.

Kañcukī: As the King commands (*Leaves.*)

Queen: Jayasenā, go! Tell the ladies of the harem -- first of all Melakā -- the news of my son's victory.

Pratīhārī: I will. (*Begins to leave.*)

Queen: Wait a moment!

Pratīhārī: Yes?

Queen (*aside, to the Pratīhārī*):
And tell Irāvatī that I made a promise to Mālavikā that if the *aśoka* bloomed, and also tell her about Mālavikā's noble birth. I implore Irāvatī's permission so as not to be untrue to Mālavikā.

Pratīhārī: As the Queen commands. (*She leaves; then reenters.*) I have become as it were a jewel box for the ladies of the harem bearing their congratulations at your son's victory.

Queen: I am not surprised. Their nobility is not inferior to mine.

Pratīhārī (*aside, to the Queen*):
My Queen, Irāvatī replies, "Most seemly are the words of Your Highness, who in any case enjoys authority. Promises given must not be otherwise."

Queen (*to the Parivrājikā*):
With your approval, good lady, I wish to give Mālavikā in marriage to the King as was intended by the noble Sumati.

Parivrājikā: You are still her mistress, My Lady.

Queen (*taking Mālavikā by the hand*):
Will the royal Prince accept this token of my satisfaction, appropriate to our good fortune?[95]

(*The king remains silent, ashamed, or shy; with a smile.*) Does His Highness disdain me?

Vidūṣaka: Noble Lady, it is not unusual for the bridegroom to be a bit shy. (*The King looks askance at the Vidūṣaka.*) Or perhaps he will accept Mālavikā only after your Highness has given her the title "Queen."

Queen: That title is hers already by birth. Why repeat it?

Parivrājikā: Not so, not so!
Uncut jewels, fresh from the mine,
Are not worthy, my precious Lady, of a golden setting (18)

Queen (*remembering; to the Parivrājikā*):
Excuse me. With all this talk of nobility, the proprieties have been forgotten: Jayasenā! Go and bring a pair of fine silks for the bride.

Partīhārī: As the Queen commands. (*Leaves, reenters with the two garments.*) My Queen, here they are.

Queen (*embracing Mālavikā*):
Now will the King accept her?

King: My Queen, I find no words to respond to your command.

Parivrājikā: At last! He accepts her!

Vidūṣaka: Such is his respect for Queen Dhāriṇī. (*Queen looks to her attendants.*)

Attendant (*approaching Mālavikā*):
Victory to the Queen. (*Dhāriṇī regards the Parivrājikā.*)[96]

Parivrājikā (*to the Queen*):
In your behavior, Your Majesty, I find nothing remarkable.
The faithful wife, devoted to her husband, provides him even with a rival,
As the great rivers convey to the ocean the water of lesser streams (19)

Nipuṇikā (*entering*):
Victory to the King! Queen Irāvatī sends this message: "If my lapse of conduct gave some offense to the King, please understand that it was done out of my natural regard for him, and let me receive at least a pardon from His Majesty, whose desires have now been fulfilled."

Queen: Nipuṇikā, the King will certainly know how to reply to her message.

Nipuṇikā: As the Queen commands. (*Leaves.*)

Parivrājikā: My Lord, if you will give me leave, I will convey to Mādhavasena the joyful news; for his purposes are much furthered by alliance with you.

Queen: My Lady, must you leave us?

King: I will include in my letter to His Highness flattering mention of you.

Parivrājikā: This humble person has reached happiness in the warmth of your kindness.

Queen: Command me, King! How else may I serve your pleasure?

King: What else can be enjoyed? Just this alone I do request, my angry one:

While your auspicious glance remains upon me
No enemies will rise against us now or evermore.
The benefits of rule will ever be provided to all subjects;
Plenty and wealth, so long as Agnimitra reigns! (20)

(*All leave.*)

NOTES

BMP text followed except as noted.

1. *NSP*: *vivekagrastam*.

2. All read (Prakrit) *chaliam*, variously rendered in the *chāyās*: *chalikam*, *calitam*, *chalitam*. The term is mentioned in *Kāvyadarśa* 1.39 and *Sarasvatīkaṇṭhābharaṇa*, but one of its definitions is wholly unsuitable to the present context: *puṃṛtyaṃ chalikaṃ prāhuḥ*, "*chalika* is a dance for males."

3. Free translation; *chāyā* reads: *nanv ākṛtiviśeṣe ādaraḥ padaṃ karoti*, "respect for (her) distinctive visage makes a place (in his mind)."

4. *NSP*: *śāntam*.

5. *NSP*: *viśeṣa*.

6. *abhinaya*: the system of expressive gestures which in general constitutes the dancer's art of portrayal.

7. Agnimitra has apparently become involved in a dynastic quarrel within the Vaidarbha royal house, and has in effect taken sides by contracting a marriage alliance with Mādhavasena, Vaidarbha's paternal cousin. Mādhavasena and Vaidarbha, being sons of brothers, would be potential enemies in any division of the royal patrimony or power. Furthermore, Mādhavasena's alliance with Agnimitra, himself a powerful king, would considerably weaken Vaidarbha's position; hence, this latter's attempt on his cousin. But Agnimitra, by the same token, is now obliged to intervene to secure redress for his ally. Vaidarbha's "arrogance" is precisely that he ignores Agnimitra's obligatory involvement, and demands that he be a neutral. He also uses in reply Agnimitra's laconic term of address, *pūjya*, "honorable," which may also suggest condescension.

8. This declamation is attributed to Gaṇadāsa in most other editions and Gaṇadāsa's to Haradatta.

9. Literally: "He is not equalled even by the dust of my feet." A traditional expression of dutiful subservience is "to take the dust of (the master's) feet." The insult is here so gross that not even that form of service is considered proper.

10. The King is partial in the sense that Haradatta is in his retinue.

11. I.e., "How do you think it will come out" (from Commentary, *BMP* ed.).

12. *chāyā: pīṭhamardikā*, a feminine apparently intended ironically of *pīṭhamarda*, a companion of the king, usually a servant aiding the king's amorous ventures (*BR*, Vol. 4, p. 738).

13. The three older *saṃhitās* of the Veda (*Ṛg*, *Yajur* and *Sāma*) are often called the *trayī*, "triple," short for *trayī vidyā*, "triplex wisdom"; as the older "wisdom" in this sense is completed by the *adhyātmavidyā* ("knowledge of the supreme soul") in the *Upaniṣads*, so the Queen, worldly, is followed by the ascetic nun.

14. "Dhāriṇī," the Queen's name, means "earth."

15. *vastu*, deleted *NSP*.

16. Free translation; literally: "Why should we pay them to no purpose?"

17. *katham idānīm: NSP, Boll.; yathedānīm, BMP*, "Just as in the present case."

18. Commentary, *BMP* ed., takes *kāraṇakopāḥ* as predicate: "Wives, though they be imperious, express anger only when justified."

19. Taking *mama* as a direct quote, so Commentary, *BMP* ed., the sense would be conciliatory: "She is bearing up well under my affronts." Or, taking *mama* as self-referent, the meaning would be ironical: "And she's master of me, too!"

20. *NSP* only.

21. *catuṣpādam*: taken as referring to the usual classical metrical framework, where each stanza is built of four metrically similar sequences.

22. *notthāpayiṣyati: NSP*.

23. *NSP: sāmājikā*, also *Boll*.

24. So *Boll*.

25. The only stanza in the play not written in Sanskrit. According to the *BMP* Commentary, each quarter illustrates a different sentiment: despondency, joy (the fluttering of the left eye in a woman indicates attainment of her wishes), reflection, and piteousness. Each sentiment would doubtless have been made the subject of an *abhinaya*, as in the contemporary *bharatanāṭyam*.

26. *taṃ tāvat prakṣyāmi: NSP*; deleted *BMP*.

27. *paṅkacchid: strychnos potatorum*, the fruit of which is used for purifying foul water (*MW*, p. 574); a precipitating agent.

28. *śākhāyoni:* variously explained. We follow here the *BMP* commentary, which quotes Bharata: *āṅgikas tu bhavec chākhā; śākhā* is attested in the sense "limb of the body" or "body." *NSP* takes it as a hand-held device for keeping rhythm.

29. Doubtless said dryly.

30. *NSP: prāśnikaḥ.*

31. At this point *BMP* interjects a line of the Parivrājikā: *evam eva;* deleted *NSP.*

32. Said mockingly; is there a play on *parakīya,* intended, more or less in the spirit of the much later Bengali Vaiṣṇavas? -- a *woman* belonging to another.

33. *NSP: chāyā: anāturo bhūtvā.*

34. *NSP: chāyā: devī*

35. *chāyā: kaulīna*, "gossip, rumor" (most likely, pejorative).

36. *NSP: chāyā: ātmanaḥ prabhūtvaṃ darśayati.*

37. *chāyā: dohada (nimittam);* the mysterious cravings that affect a woman in pregancy are here attributed to the tree about to flower; a common conceit, apparently not compromised by the grammatical gender (masculine) of the tree! The *aśoka* ritual, which is the topic of this and the next act, is in its imagery clearly expressive of theme, springtime as rebirth. The Queen, representing perhaps the Earth-mother, and the notion of fructifying prosperity in the kingdom, gives the spring season a "kick." A charming symbolism, which Kālidāsa here has cleverly woven into his amorous intrigue.

38. *NSP, Boll: chāyā: kurabaka.*

39. *NSP, Boll: chāyā: pramadavanam* is subject.

40. The involved syntax of this stanza is difficult to represent. In the Sanskrit it is the God of Spring who is subject of both clauses; as the agent causing the wind to blow, and as the one asking, via the cries of the *koil*, about the hurts of love.

41. In Sanskrit, masculine; see Note 37.

42. *NSP: chāyā atibhūmilaṅghinas* added.

43. She fears perhaps that the tree will not bloom and the Queen be angry.

44. Mālavikā asks pardon for the indelicate act of offering her foot to another of similar rank; Bakulāvalikā replies that in touching Mālavikā's foot, she touches "her own body."

45. Irāvatī, the King's special favorite among his wives, has been displaced by the new passion for Mālavikā. While showing signs of jealousy over the King's affection, his wives of course do not expect constancy in the modern sense of the term; the present intrigue has as much to do with the question of rank in the harem. The King's chief Queen, his *dharmikapatnī*, Dhāriṇī, is supreme for all royal and official functions, and apparently considers as part of her responsibility to the King making some provision for the King's fanciful interests in lesser wives. But Mālavikā is a servant girl, and is, thus, not only a rival for Irāvatī, but an challenge to Dhāriṇī, her mistress.

46. *priyaṅgu*: a creeper putting forth blossoms at the touch of women; also, panic seed.

47. Conventional sign of unrequited love.

48. *NSP, Boll.: chāyā: na me hṛdayaṃ viśvasiti.*

49. *dūtī:* the female companion who serves as amorous go-between in arranging rendezvous, etc.

50. Literally, "in her own condition." In the translation of this stanza, we have reversed the order of the lines.

51. *NSP, Boll.: chāyā: kāritaṃ . . . padaṃ mālavikāyāḥ;* we presume and translate a pun on *padaṃ*, hard to avoid, though the Prakrit appears to use only *caraṇa (calaṇa)* in the sense of "foot"; in the girls' dialect, Sanskrit *pādaṃ* would likely be *pāaṃ*.

52. So *BMP; nirvikārasyāpi* by the Commentary refers to the "indifferent" tree -- ironic -- and *a fortiori* how much better has she succeeded in arousing the longing of the King!

53. I.e., he would have liked both to have given her the flower and to have been kicked.

54. Literally: "I am an expert in broken walls (*saṃdhicchede*)"; in other words, in the repair of broken walls. The Indian burglar, as evidenced in the famous scene from the *Mṛcchakaṭika*, was a specialist in entry via easily frangible, probably adobe, foundations.

55. *chāyā: mandabhāginyaivaṃ na kriyate*; literally: "I wouldn't have behaved so, foolish wretch that I am."

56. This stage direction in *NSP, Boll.* only.

57. A baleful portent.

58. What is meant is goose pimples.

59. This verse is attributed to the King by Bollensen (p. 54). The simple *śloka* form suggests that the verse may have been borrowed from a medical resume text. The editor of the *NSP* quotes this passage from the *Aṣṭāṅgahṛdaya: daṣṭamātro daśed āśu taṃ eva pavanāśinam / tena sarpaṃ viṣaṃ yāti yato nurdaśane ('nudarśane ?) visaṃ // prataptair hemalohādyair dahed āśūlyamukena vā karoti/ bhasmasāt sadyo vahniḥ kiṃ nāma na kṣaṇāt.*

60. Literally: "certain-success"

61. *BMP* Commentary: *enāṃ mālavikāṃ sambhāvayāmi upagamya sammānayāmi.*

62. A pun; *candrikā* means "moonbeam."

63. After this line, *BMP* attributes a line to Bakulāvalikā: *chāyā: dvāragatā bhūtvā pṛṣṭhato draksyasi*, "If you'll go to the door, you'll see him behind you"; deleted *NSP, Boll.*

64. *Seiz.*, still looking at the picture.

65. Kāmadeva, the Indian Cupid; his five-flowered arrows are the five senses.

66. The King generally addressed the Vidūṣaka with the term *vayasya*, "friend"; the lady of the harem and the servant girls use a variety of other endearments, *sakhi, halā, bhañjā*, which we have also translated "friend"; in contexts like this the distinction involved in the Sanskrit is needed to understand to whom the speech is addressed.

67. Gotama, a legendary sage, famed for his powers of intellect; the authorship of the *Nyāyasūtras* (logic) is attributed to him. "Gautama," the Vidūṣaka's name, does signify some presumed genealogical link, unlikely as that may seem.

68. Presumably, his own clan name; other editions have different readings.

69. Her having refused angrily his plea for forgiveness (Act 3, *fine*; Commentary)

70. Refers to the Vidūṣaka's usual role in arranging liaisons.

71. *Boll. chāyā: sarpadaśanam.*

72. Free translation; the Vidūṣaka's remark indicates he is fully aware he has been had.

73. The usual stage direction indicating great haste: *paṭākṣepa*, "throwing the curtain aside."

74. Referring, of course, to Irāvatī.

75. Refers to *Rgveda* 3.62.10, a verse used by every Brahmin in the course of his daily worship; hence the most familiar and generally known Vedic verse. The Vidūṣaka, not a distinguished Vedic scholar, is here making light of his own "wisdom."

76. See Note 7.

77. Agnimitra rules in Vidiśā, a town (the modern Bilsa) on the banks of a river of the same name. The district is in Madhya Pradesh, about 30 miles Northeast of Bhopal.

78. A river of Vidarbha.

79. Two ancient lineages or tribes associated with the region of Vidarbha. Cf. Mallinātha on *Raghuvaṃśa* 5.39.

80. The story is told in the *Harivaṃśa*, Chapters 117 18 (translation of D. N. Bose).

81. The Sanskrit verse is an *utprekṣā* of the form "It is as though this *aśoka* bears the flowers of all the other *aśoka* trees --so complete and early is its blooming." Commentary *BMP*.

82. In women, a good omen (in men, a bad omen).

83. *Boll.: laghubhih*; also, in the transition line deleted *ābharaṇālaṃkṛtām.*

84. *chāyā: taruṇījana*, literally,"young *ladies*."

85. A grammatical play on the unreferenced feminine pronoun *imām;* though he clearly intends Mālavikā, the Vidūṣaka neatly sidesteps by coming up with another "feminine" object, the noun *śobhā*, "beauty."

86. The Indian lovebird, thought to remain apart from its mate during the night and mourn (no pun intended).

87. Untranslatable: "(May) evil (be) appeased!" i.e., "Let not fault be seen (in my action)."

88. *NSP: yuktā pratīkṣā.*

89. *Sauf erreur,* this is the first mention of the Vaidarbha King's proper name; he and Mādhavasena are not "brothers", but cousins; however, the term "brother" has been loosely used in India to indicate male relatives of the same generation level, and this usage would not be out of place here. Bollensen (p. 250) rejects the reading on the ground that this sense is not found elsewhere in Kālidasa (!).

90. A gesture of respect and obeisance.

91. This subordinate military theme, introduced by Kālidāsa only to give Queen Dhāriṇī ample cause for rejoicing, and, thus, to remove whatever obstacle is left to Mālavikā's elevation, is taken by most scholars to establish in some sense our King Agnimitra's historicity. Cf. Vincent Smith, *Oxford History of India* (3rd ed.), pp. 138-9; E.J. Rapson, *Cambridge History of India*, Vol. 1, pp. 467-9; K.A.N. Shastri, *Comprehensive History of India* Vol. 2, 94-102. Puṣpamitra (Puṣyamitra), Agnimitra, and Vasumitra, are indeed the first, second, and fouth Śuṅga rulers, as recorded in Purāṇic lists.

92. The story is told in *Rāmāyaṇa* 1.40 (Crit. Ed.) and elsewhere. The horse, which is the symbol of royal authority, is sacrificed to consecrate that authority, after roaming safely for one year.

93. So *Boll., NSP.* Speech is given to the Viḍūṣaka in *BMP* Ed.

94. The story is told in *Mahābhārata* 1.169-71 (Crit. Ed.).

95. Viz., his victory, her son's life (Commentary, *BMP*).

96. To inquire whether anything remains undone (Commentary, *BMP*).

Wendy Doniger O'Flaherty

A NEW APPROACH TO SANSKRIT TRANSLATION

With an application to Kālidāsa's Kumārasambhava, Canto VIII

It has been said that a translation, like a woman, cannot be both beautiful and faithful. English translators of Sanskrit poetry, beset by all the usual problems of translation in addition to the special problems posed by the nature of the Sanskrit language and the artistic conventions of Sanskrit poetry, have ricochetted back and forth between the two extremes of "beauty" (which has usually been interpreted as translation into mannered, rhymed English verse "loosely" based upon the ideas expressed by the Sanskrit) and "faithfulness" (an almost mechanical, literal rendition of the Sanskrit words, rearranged to cope with the inflection and elaborate compound structure which give Sanskrit verse its particular character).

Sanskrit verse is compact, tightly packed with words of intense and often double meaning, further compressed by brief inflectional endings in place of bulky phrases and clauses which English requires. In this it combines the virtues of academic German and classical Greek. Yet English translation, particularly when rhymed, pads it with insignificant syllables which ruin the effect of the poetry. English poetic forms are particularly ill-adapted to accommodate Sanskrit conventions, and it is due to the nature of German, as well as to the brilliance of the German poet Rückert, that his translations from the Sanskrit have long been considered peerless. The use of English verse is sometimes justified as a means of conveying the atmosphere of the poem, with the admitted loss of some of the sense content. But it is as impossible to convey atmosphere without conveying sense as it is to build a brick wall without using bricks; to convey atmosphere, the translator must convey meaning *and* something else.

Scholars are a conservative lot, on the whole, and still tend to equate poetry with rhyme. Not only, however, is it well nigh impossible to produce good, accurate, rhymed translations from the Sanskrit; it is no longer a positive achievement. English readers of the twentieth century are quite well accustomed to consider unrhymed verse as poetry; indeed, the use of rhyme is generally frowned upon. This fortunate fashion of the times is greatly to the advantage of translators, who, nevertheless, with the notable exception of Daniel H. H. Ingalls, fail to take advantage of the one aid which present literary conventions offer.

When Greek and French were translated into English in previous centuries, the translator felt constrained to produce a beautiful poem in English because it was reasonable to assume that if the reader was educated to any significant degree, he would read the original. The main *raison d'etre* of the translation was, therefore, to create an English poem "inspired" by the original, a poem as good for the English reader as the Greek poem was for the Greek reader. Moreover, translation was the perfect medium for the scholar-poet to display his creativity and erudition. With Sanskrit, however, one can hardly expect even the educated reader to know the original, but one can expect a more serious interest in its own, exotic form. One is, therefore, released on the one hand from the obligation to make the translation "esthetic" in the English manner, in a recognizable English verse form; and, on the other hand, the translator owes his reader a more thorough preservation of the true content of the original.

In his introduction to *Poems from the Sanskrit* (Penguin, 1968), John Brough remarks that English must not

> strain to imitate structural features of the original which English cannot accommodate. The artificial use in English of long compounds, for example, would usually destroy more important poetical qualities of the original.

And Ingalls, in his introduction to *An Anthology of Sanskrit Court Poetry* (Harvard Oriental Series, 1965), remarks that the long compound typical of Sanskrit appears "even to some extent in English, where it usually produces a humorous or barbarous effect." Yet both Brough and Ingalls resort to these long compounds in their introductory explanations in order to show the reader the true nature of the raw material. Ingalls offers such a translation of *Kumārasambhava* 8.72 (" . . . these soft under-the-branches-fallen-flowers. . . .") though he regards it as "so literal that it is almost unintelligible."

Now, granted that such literal rendition of compounds is a highly unorthodox form of English *verse*, the English *language* can certainly strain to accommodate it; and, indeed, it is basically more straightforward and more easily intelligible than the widely accepted English verse of Ezra Pound, e. e. cummings, and others. The problems involved in unraveling the lines of causation within the compounds face the Sanskrit reader as they do the English reader; there is no reason to suppose that the English reader, once aware of the challenge, will be less able to solve the puzzle, which is half the fun of the Sanskrit verse, a pleasure which all other forms of translation automatically exclude.

Certain concessions must be made to enable even the most enthusiastic English reader to use some of the tools at the disposal of the Sanskritist. Grammatical clues of gender, number, and case must be supplied, though an unambiguous rearrangement of the word order may sometimes provide the necessary links. The omission of the articles, though more true to the compact cadence of the Sanskrit, results in verse disconcertingly close to Pidgin English, and so I have supplied them where necessary. Possessive compounds (*bahuvrīhi*) are always awkward; some have been introduced with possessive affixes such as "of" or "with"; others have been placed directly before the words they modify; in some cases I have changed the final noun to an adjective (i.e., formed a *tatpuruṣa*); others have been made intelligible by changing the word order within the compound or making passive verbal adjectives active.

In order to present both the details of content and the maximum preservation of compactness, I offer two translations. The first contains only the essential words, omitting all but the most necessary hyphens in compounds and eliminating double meanings and double readings. The second includes many double entendres, puns, and natural multiple meanings which are significant in the context of the verse. These are indicated with square brackets. This second version also offers notes to give the English reader as much as possible of the literary background of the Sanskritist; after reading the notes, the English reader should be able to unfold the elements of the Sanskrit in an undiluted form. Each verse should contain the reward of a pleasant surprise won by the sympathetic guesses of the informed reader rather than the spoon-feeding of the translator.

I have chosen the description of the sunset and evening from the eighth canto of Kālidāsa's *Kumārasambhava*. I have used two editions, those of M.R. Kale (Delhi, 1967), and Nārāyaṇa Rāma Ācārya (Bombay, 1955); where the readings differ significantly, I have included both interpretations. I have omitted the verses dealing with the conversation and activity of Śiva and Pārvatī as well as those of a non-descriptive, philosophical character (*arthāntaranyāsas*, etc.: 8.38,43,57,65,66). In 8.30-46, Śiva describes the sunset to his wife, Pārvatī, on the first night of their honeymoon; in 8.52-74, he describes the evening. After this, they drink a bowl of wine together and retire to bed.

I am greatly indebted to the late Dudley Fitts, who inspired and encouraged an early draft of this translation.

I. *Kumārasambhava*, Canto VIII

8.30 As if transferring a lotus beauty to your red-third-part eyes, the Sun ends the day as Brahmā the universe at doomsday.

8.31 As the Sun sinks, removing his rays' spray touch, your father's cascades become rainbow-halo-empty.

8.32 For the two moaning, lonely, neck-turning, bitten-lotus-filament-abandoning lovebirds on the lake, a small space has become not small.

8.33 Leaving their day place, the elephants take up *sallakī*-branch-fragment-perfumed water with lotus-captured-bees, for their until-dawn wandering.

8.34 See, quiet one, a golden bridge over the lake waters seems formed by the lengthening reflection of the Western-quarter-edge-hanging Sun.

8.35 Having passed the sun heat, leaving the thick mud pond, now the forest boar bulls emerge, tusked as if having bitten off curved lotus shoots.

8.36 O full-thighed one, this peacock, having made his place on the tree top, his tail a molten gold yellow circle, seems to drink the dwindling day-end sunlight.

8.37 The sky seems a lake partly remaining, its mud exposed on one side by the Eastern quarter darkness advances, its sunlight water stolen by the Sun.

8.39 The lotus, though with closed bud, stays a moment slightly open, as if it would keep a space to give a dwelling affectionately to the bee.

8.40 The Western quarter, with the red Sun with far-touching-separate rays, seems like a girl adorned by a filamented flower-diadem.

8.41 Thousands of companions, ray-heat-drinking, praise with hymns of chariot-horse-heart-reaching tones, the fire-transferred-brilliance Sun.

8.42 The Sun goes home, with his bay horses' necks bent, ear-plume-touched-eyes and yoke-parted-manes, placing day in the great ocean.

8.44 The revered form of the Sun placed on the Western mountain peak is still followed by Twilight; how would she not follow in setting him by whom she was placed in front in rising?

8.45 O curly haired one, these red yellow tawny edges of clouds shine as if well painted with brushes by Twilight thinking, "You will see."

8.46 See, the Twilight glow seems divided by the Sun himself among lion mane tangles, spray-blossom trees, and mountains' mineral peaks.

8.53 O mountain king's daughter, see the Twilight, now darkness-growth-oppressed, like a mineral liquid river one-side-bank-fir-garlanded.

8.54 The Western quarter bears the twilight Sun, a red streak, its remainder set, like an obliquely cast down, battle-ground-bloodied scimitar.

8.55 O long-eyed one, the night-day-union-born brilliance being hidden by Mount Meru, this blind darkness yawns in the quarters without check.

8.56 There is no eye-path above, nor below, nor sideways, nor forward, nor behind. This world seems darkness-membrane-enveloped like an embryo in the night womb.

8.58 Now the moon rises to obstruct the nocturnal darkness. O lotus-faced one, the Eastern quarter seems a face strewn with *ketaka* pollen.

8.59 The night, with stars, with Mount Mandara-hidden-moon, seems like you, with dear friends, with me behind, listening to your words.

8.60 The Eastern quarter, night-urged, with earlier seen slender moonlight smile, reveals like a secret this until-day-destruction-prevented-rising moon circle.

8.61 See, the remote-interval lovebird pair is deceived by the *phalinī*-fruit-bright, reflection-attached-sky-lake-water moon.

8.62 One might cut with tip nail curves the new rising, unripe-barley-shoot-tender moon rays for your ear ornament making.

8.63 The moon, grasping with rays like fingers the hair-mass-darkness, kisses the night face with closed lotus eyes.

8.64 See, Pārvatī, the sky surface with new-moon-rays-broken-dense-darkness, seems like Lake Mānasa, elephant-feast-dirtied, then clear.

8.67 With moon-beam-engendered-flowing moon stone water drops the mountain awakens at the wrong time the peacocks sleeping in slope trees.

8.68 See, O beautiful one, how the moon's curiosity is aroused for pearl necklace forming with throbbing rays in the wishing tree peaks.

8.69 From the high-low-portion-quality of the mountain, the moonlight with darkness seems like a rutting elephant with ashes applied in various streaks.

8.70 The water lily, as if unable to bear the sighing-swallowed moonlight liquid, suddenly, releasing a bee clamor, bursts to the stem.

8.71 See, angry one, the wishing-tree-hanging silk, its form confused with bright moonlight, only becomes distinct when fluttering in the moving wind.

8.72 With these below-trees-fallen-blossom-delicate, leaf-shattered moonlight fragments, raised in the fingers, one could deck your hair.

8.73 O dear-faced one, the moon joins with his own tremulous-haloed star like a groom with a newly-wed maiden trembling with fear.

8.74 The moonlight, moon-circle-placing in your eyes, seems to grow upon your ripe-blooming-reed-stalk-pale, flashing-reflection-illumined cheeks.

II. *Kumārasambhava*, Canto VIII, with Explication

8.30 "As if transferring a lotus-beauty to your red-third part eyes,

the [Sun / day-lord] ends the day as [Brahmā / creatures-lord] the universe at doomsday."

The universe is periodically destroyed and recreated by Brahmā. Lotuses close at night; the poet imagines that their beauty is then transferred to Pārvatī's eyes. The lower third of the sky at sunset, the inner third of a woman's eye, and the upper third of a lotus petal are red.

8.31 "As the Sun sinks, removing his rays' spray-touch, your father's

cascades become [rainbow / Indra-bow] -halo-empty."

The rainbow is the bow of Indra, the god of storms. Pārvatī's father is the mountain Himālaya, on which the cascades lose their rainbows when no longer in contact with the rays of the setting sun, which sinks behind the mountain.

8.32 "For the two moaning, lonely, neck-turning, bitten-lotus-filament-abandoning *cakravākas* on the lake, a small space has become not-small."

Cakravākas are a kind of love-bird who invariably become separated from their mates at evening, and spend the night crying for them. They turn their heads to try to see one another; they were sharing a piece of lotus-filament which they have dropped, and though they are still close together, they think that they are widely separated.

8.33 "Leaving their day-place, the [elephants / tusked] take up *sallakī*-branch-

fragment-perfumed water with [lotus / water-grown] -captured-bees, for their

until-dawn-wandering."

The *sallakī* plant's leaves and twigs are a favorite food of elephants; it has a strong smell, especially when broken off. Elephants rest during the hot day and forage by night; they take up in their trunks sufficient water to last them until morning. The lotuses in the water close at night, trapping in their buds the bees who live on their nectar.

8.34 "See, quiet one, a golden bridge over the lake waters seems formed by the lengthening reflection of the Western-quarter-edge-hanging Sun."

As the Sun is on the very edge of the lake, its reflection is elongated into a straight path across the waters.

8.35 "Having [passed / endured] the sun-heat, leaving the thick-mud pond, now

the forest-boar- [bulls / herd-leaders] emerge, tusked as if having-bitten-off

curved-lotus-shoots."

The curved white tusks are likened to curved white shoots, which the boars eat.

8.36 "O full-thighed one, this peacock, having made his place on the tree top, his tail a molten-gold-yellow-circle, seems to drink the dwindling day-end-sunlight."

The peacock's tail opens into a circle which reflects the sunset. The poet imagines that the sunset diminishes as the peacock drinks it, absorbing it up into his tail.

8.37 "The sky seems a lake partly remaining, its mud exposed on one side by the Eastern-quarter-darkness-advances, its sunlight-water stolen by the Sun."

The sky is likened to a lake whose water is being drained off; the water is the sunlight, giving way to the mud, the darkness, in the Eastern quarter as the Sun sets in the West. The Sun steals both the actual sunlight and the metaphorical water, which would evaporate under the Sun.

8.39 "The lotus, though with closed bud, stays a moment slightly open, as if it would keep a space to give a dwelling affectionately to the bee."

Cf. 8.33 and note for the bee trapped in the lotus.

8.40 "The Western quarter, with the red Sun with-far-touching-separate-rays, seems like a girl adorned by a filamented [flower / *bandujīva*] - [diadem / *tilaka*]."

The Western quarter of the sky (a feminine noun in Sanskrit) is likened to a girl wearing a *bandujīva* flower (red like the sun), its streaming filaments the Sun's rays. The *tilaka* is an ornament made of paint, a jewel, or a flower, which ladies would attach to their foreheads. The rays are so distant that they appear as distinct lines.

8.41 "Thousands of companions, ray-heat-drinking, praise with

hymns of chariot-horse- [heart-reaching / charming] -tones, the

fire-transferring-brilliance Sun."

60,000 divine sages, each the size of a thumb, precede the sun's chariot, horse-drawn like its Greek counterpart. The luster of the setting Sun is deposited in the sacred fires which are kindled at sunset.

8.42 "The Sun goes [home / to-Western-mountain], with his bay-horses' necks-bent, ear-plume-touched-eyes and yoke-parted-manes, placing day in the great-ocean."

The Sun sets by slipping behind the great Western Mountain that is its home, where it spends the night. The horses descend so steeply that the plumes which decorate their ears slip forward to touch their eyes, while the yoke comes forward onto their manes.

8.44 "The revered form of the Sun placed on the Western mountain peak is still followed by Twilight: how would she not follow in setting — [served / misfortune] — him by whom she was [placed-in-front / honored] in [rising / prosperity] ?"

This verse is an extended pun literally describing the Twilight which precedes the rising Sun and follows the setting Sun, but with secondary references to a virtuous wife (Twilight being feminine).

8.45 "O curly-haired one, these red-yellow-tawny edges of clouds shine as if well painted with brushes by Twilight thinking, 'You will see'."

8.46 "See, the Twilight glow seems divided by the Sun himself among lion-mane-tangles, spray-blossom trees, and mountains' mineral peaks."

The commentator, Mallinātha explains: "Because the manes, etc. are like him in color, and because of his friendship with them, the Sun at the time of setting gives his redness to them, like a dying man distributing his wealth."

The following verses describe the evening and night.

8.53 "O mountain-king-daughter, see the Twilight, now darkness-growth-oppressed, like a mineral-liquid-river one-side-bank-[fir / *tamāla*] -garlanded."

The *tamāla* tree has very dark bark. Minerals are bright red or yellow.

8.54 "The Western quarter bears the twilight Sun, a red-streak, its-remainder-set, like an obliquely-cast-down, battle-ground-bloodied scimitar circle-edge."

8.55 "O long-eyed one, the night-day-union-born brilliance being hidden by Mount Meru, this blind-darkness yawns in the quarters without goad check bolt .*"

Mount Meru is the golden mountain in the center of the earth, around which the sun revolves. One reading* depicts the darkness spreading without any bolt (as on a door); another as without the check of the *aṅkuśa*, the hook used upon elephants.

8.56 "There is no eye-path above, nor below, nor sideways, nor forward, nor behind. This world seems darkness-membrane-enveloped like an embryo in the night-womb."

8.58 "Now the moon rises to obstruct the nocturnal darkness. O lotus-faced one, the Eastern quarter seems a face strewn with *ketaka* pollen."

The pollen of the *ketaka* flower is white.

8.59 "The night, with stars, with-Mount-Mandara-hidden-moon, seems like you, with-dear-friends, with me behind, listening to your words."

Mandara is another mountain in the Himalayan range. The stars, feminine, are likened to Pārvatī's companions; the moon, masculine, is likened to Śiva, hiding as the moon is hidden by Mandara.

8.60 "The Eastern quarter, night-urged, with earlier East -seen-slender-moonlight- smile, reveals like a secret this until-day-destruction-prevented-rising moon-circle."

ALTERNATIVE READING:

"This moon-circle, night-urged, with- East earlier -seen-body, with-moonlight-smile, seems to reveal this until-day-destruction-prevented-rising Eastern-quarter-secret."

The first reading is favored by the logic of the simile: the Eastern quarter, a woman, urged by the night, another woman, first smiles (i.e., emits moonlight) and then reveals the moon as if revealing a secret she has been forced to keep until nightfall. The long compound about the smile may be taken adjectivally with the moon, or, more logically, adverbially with the Eastern quarter.

The second reading, favored by the commentator Mallinātha, is less awkward in Sanskrit, but less successful logically as a metaphor in terms of gender: here the moon (masculine), reveals the secrets of the Eastern sky, a satisfactory metaphor celestially, but not in its human aspect; for Mallinātha himself says: "As some angry woman tells her co-wife's secret by some means, so a woman in the form of the night displays the secret of a woman in the form of the quarter, by showing that part." Yet Kālidāsa, in this reading, makes the moon, not the night, the subject.

8.61 "See, the remote-interval *cakravāka* pair is [deceived / mocked] by the

phalinī-fruit-bright, reflection-attached-sky-lake-water moon."
circle

Phalinī fruit are round and golden like the moon. Mallinātha suggests that the *cakravākas* on the bank of the lake, going to grasp the reflection of the moon in the lake, with the mistaken idea that it is a *phalinī* fruit, are deceived. Another interpretation is that the orb in the sky and the orb in the lake are like the pair of *cakravākas* separated at night; thus the moon "mocks" the couple.

8.62 "One might cut with-tip-nail-curves, the new-rising, unripe-barley-shoot-tender moon-rays for your ear-ornament-making."

The moonbeams are tender as the sprouts of barley corn which women wore as ear ornaments.

8.63 "The moon, grasping with rays like fingers the hair-mass darkness,

kisses the night - face / mouth with closed / bud-made -lotus-eyes."
evening

The moon is the lover of the (feminine) night, whose darkness is a mass of black hair. The face or mouth of the night is also a term for the evening (i.e., the "opening" of the night); as the lotuses close at nightfall, so the woman's eyes close when she is kissed. Women's eyes are often likened to lotuses.

8.64 "See Pārvatī, the sky-surface with by-new-moon rays broken-dense-darkness, seems like Lake Mānasa, elephant-feast-dirtied, (then) clear."

Cf. the lake metaphor in 8.37. Mānasa is a sacred lake whose waters are dark blue. Here, therefore, the earlier metaphor may be reversed: the darkness would be the clear blue waters, the moonlight the churned up sand. But the time element is against this: the water was dirty (densely dark) but is now clear (full of moonlight).

8.67 "With moon-beam-engendered-flowing moon -[stone / beloved]- water-drops

the mountain awakens at the wrong time the peacocks sleeping in slope-trees."

The moon-stone, called "beloved of the moon" is Sanskrit as a magnet is called "beloved of iron," is said to ooze liquid when touched by the rays of the moon. The resulting drops awaken before dawn the peacocks who live in the tree tops (cf. 8.36).

8.68 "See, O beautiful one, how the moon's curiosity is aroused for

pearl-necklace- forming / counting with-throbbing-rays in the wishing

tree-peaks."

Wishing trees are magic trees which grow high in the mountains; precious jewels and cloths grow on them. According to one reading, the moon's rays are hands which try to count necklaces growing on the trees; according to one which Mallinātha prefers: "As someone might string a pearl necklace with a fine dark string, so the moon seems to be about to make a pearl necklace with 'pearls' formed by his own rays in between the leaves of the trees, the dark string being formed by the shadows of the leaves of the tree."

8.69 "From the high-low-portion-quality of the mountain, the moon-light with darkness seems like a rutting elephant with ashes applied in various streaks."

Indian elephants are decorated with designs made of brightly colored ashes on their dark skins.

8.70 "The water-lily, as if unable to bear the with- sighing / blooming / gulping -swallowed

moon-light-liquid, suddenly, releasing-bee-clamor, [bursts / blooms]

to-the-stem."

As the lotus closes at night, the water-lily opens at night, releasing the bees which had been trapped when the lily closed at morning. The flower drinks in the moonlight and opens wider and wider, right to the stem; the commentator likens it to a person gasping as he drinks with excessive thirst, and suddenly opening like a person whose stomach is bursting with excessive mango wine.

8.71 "See, angry-one (Caṇḍī), the wishing-tree-hanging silk, its form confused with bright moonlight, only becomes distinct when fluttering in the moving wind."

The white silken leaves of the wishing tree seem like part of the moonlight until they move in the breeze. Caṇḍī is both an epithet of Pārvatī in her fierce aspect and a reference to the fact that she is sulking.

8.72 "With these below-trees fallen-blossom-delicate, leaf-shattered-moon-light-fragments, raised in the fingers, one could deck your hair."

Cf. 8.62. The shattered bits of moonlight, fallen through the leaves onto the ground beneath the trees, are like white flowers which can be picked up.

8.73 "O dear-faced one, the moon joins with his own tremulous-haloed star like a groom with a newly-wed maiden trembling with fear."

8.74 "The moonlight, moon-circle-placing (O thou with) in your eye (eyes on the moon-circle), seems to grow upon your ripe-blooming-reed-stalk-pale, flashing-reflection-illumined cheeks."

Neither of the two readings is entirely satisfactory, though the general meaning is clear: the moon itself is reflected in her eyes, while the moonlight seems to grow upon her cheeks like white reeds, from the light reflected down upon her cheeks from her eyes.

Kālidāsa

SPRING - A SKETCH AFTER THE NINTH CANTO OF *RAGHUVAMŚA*

Translated by David Shapiro

First comes the Spring and the literal birth
Of Flowers; next bees dance on a horizontal plane;
And in this order Spring turns exhibitionist
On the floor of the forest, filled with trees;
The Sun with his horses reversed turns northward,
Scraping away the front -- Power too is adorable;
The Spring descends with the notes and the buzz;
And, as the poor petition the good King
Who has a good treasury, and only to help the good,
So do the bees and water-birds. Spring is advancing
And the Ashoka trees undergo reification; the eye is excited
And by the leaves women adjust to their ears,
Driving all crazy; and not so much the leaves alone,
But painted by someone liberal with spring dew,
I.e. whose sole feeling consists in thinking of You.
And the bees have become the cause of their own humming,
Flowers too being motiveless like the beautiful mouths
Of faces all waiting in long rows, burning for honey;
The buds and the scratches on breasts look equal;
(She was bashful until drunk on her boyfriend's body)
And the frost, the frost unbearable to the lower lip
Of lips already sore from love, the sun melts it a little,
But cannot completely, and cannot undress you entirely;
What Spring wears goes beyond the color red, the all-pervading
Presentiment is Love, net-like, fully-developed, and coming.
And the bees fly after the dust and the filaments of flowers,
All opening in the pleasure-garden, armed love with its flag of dust,
Raised by the rain, washed by the breeze,
"Goodbye anger, goodbye jealousy," words like these.

Carlo Coppola

SOME AFTERTHOUGHTS ON A PRODUCTION OF BAUDHĀYANA'S *THE HERMIT AND THE HARLOT*

Impressions of this farce as presented at Oakland University

During spring term, 1968, twenty students at Oakland University, Rochester, Michigan, chose to do "something creative" for their "term paper" in their Introduction to India course. The collective efforts of these students culminated in an "India Night" on Sunday evening, June 8, at Dodge Hall Auditorium, which was attended by the remaining sixty members of the class accompanied by dates and spouses, the mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers of the participants, other students and faculty who had recalled with pleasure the Tagore Birthday Celebration at Oakland a month earlier, and various curiosity- and exotica-seekers.

Several students presented an art exhibition in the lobby of the auditorium, including pieces of sculpture depicting love scenes in the style of Khajuraho, a model of the Sun Temple at Konarak made to scale, and a group of paintings and drawings representing scenes from *Śakuntalā*, *The Toy Cart* and lyrics by Bhartṛhari, all of which were part of the class reading list (four paintings were sold that evening).

Inside, a student, sari-clad and resting on massive orange and green pillows, read ancient and modern Indian poetry in English translation. Another student sang her settings of Sanskrit poems, accompanying herself on the guitar. The music was in a Western folk-music style; the student's well-trained, soprano voice and adept chording made this presentation perhaps the highlight of the evening. Works included selections from the poetry of Bhartṛhari translated by Barbara Stoler Miller, a section of the "Hymn to Dawn" from the *Ṛgveda* (I, 113), and a lament by Rāma for Sītā in the *Rāmāyaṇa*, drawn from the abridged version in Lin Yutang's *The Wisdom of India* volume.

Two Sanskrit farces were also presented: P. Lal's translation of Mahendravikramavarman's *The Drunken Monk* and Baudhāyana's *The Hermit and the Harlot* in J. A. B. van Buitenen's translation, which is presented in the following pages.

With a budget of about $25.00, the students executed the entire performance of this work, with only incidental assistance from their instructor. They secured a director, a senior drama student at the Oakland University Academy of Dramatic Arts, who, while knowing nothing about Sanskrit drama, had a particular penchant for comedy. The students, director and instructor held extended discussions about Indian drama, particularly the *prahasana* form, as well as about cultural material which they needed explicated: Holī woman, Yama, active self, Sākhya, etc. It was suggested during these talks that much of the humor connected with these terms, particularly these last two as good examples, would be lost to a Western audience, as, indeed, it was in this case. However, there was still enough broad humor in the piece to entertain. The instructor made a tape of the pronunciation of all names, both Sanskrit and Latin, which was passed among the students for memorization. Costuming was fairly straightforward: loincloths made of old pillow cases and sacred threads made from thick cord for the Hermit and Śāṇḍilya; dhotīs for the other two male actors, both of whom played two roles each (Clown-Physician; Director-Little Lover), which were differentiated by changing into different colored kurtās; a long, black flowing gown for the Servant of Death; a white sari and colt for the Mother and very bright, floral saris, bought at a remnants sale from a local department store, for the courtesans. Some debate arose as to how to costume the courtesans, for one young man insisted on "authenticity," and submitted that the courtesans should be naked to the waist as he had read was the style of dress for ancient Indian women. Animated discussion followed; on a dare, one young lady tentatively agreed. The instructor, however, pointed out that this question of women's dress was in serious scholarly dispute and that, in view of a recent controversy over nudity in plays on campus some months earlier, it would be more politick to side with the more conservative attitude in this question.

Props and scenery were simple: a large, raised platform in the middle of the stage and a small, higher one upstage right, next to the backstage curtain. Both platforms were covered with Indian floral-print covers, with another floral cover pinned to the backstage curtain. All other props were mimed.

The skillful blocking and directing by the drama student brought the entire play to fruition. The benediction was pronounced by the Director before closed curtains; the Clown entered through the parting and the prologue was acted in front of the curtain. When the Voice Backstage (that of the Hermit) was heard asking, "Śāṇḍilya, where are you?," the curtains parted and the Director, reciting his final verse, and the Clown exited stage right, with the Hermit entering stage left.

During the initial exchange between the Hermit and Śāṇḍilya, several very humorous moments emerged. Śāṇḍilya, played by a black student, was

depicted as cocky, a bit dumb and disrespectful to his guru. The line, "Sir, what is soul?" was delivered "in dialect" (to use the fashionable term), with heavy emphasis on "soul." The effect of the *celā* (a black) asking this of his guru (a white) was uproariously funny, even to the Hermit, for it had not been rehearsed that way. Similarly, the scene in which Śāṇḍilya recites the sesquipedalian botanical names of the flowers also brought an immediate response, particularly the last item enumerated, ". . . just plain Banana." In this scene, the floral covers were used to good effect, with the actor pointing to different flowers as he named them.

The courtesans, wearing colīs, provided a charming interlude shortly after their entry. The two songs, "Oh, Love himself is here!" and "Oh, Love is here again!," were "performed" by Vasantasenā alone, standing stage left before the curtain which jutted out about three feet. As she mouthed the words, the young lady who had earlier presented her settings of Sanskrit lyrics, sang these songs which she had set to music, accompanying herself on the guitar from behind the curtain. The co-ordination between words and lip movements were worked out fully; the results were as effective as any song presented by a playback singer in Indian films.

Several other incidents in the play were particularly well acted. First, as Vasantasenā is about to pluck a flower from the hanging floral cover on the backstage curtain, the Servant of Death, kneeling on the higher of the two platforms, delivered both the line, "How is the time to pinch her!" and a firm pinch on the courtesan's right buttock. Whether Bharata Muni would approve, one cannot be sure; the effect on the audience, in any case, was instantaneous.

Another scene, probably the most ingenious bit in the entire production, came when the Hermit injects his soul into Vasantasenā's body. She is lying down flat on the floral platform center stage; the Hermit is seated to the right. On the last word of his line, "With this Yoga, I shall inject myself into the body of this courtesan.," he fell back and simultaneously, she rose up, her voice much lower as she shouts for Śāṇḍilya as the Hermit had at the beginning of the play. Similarly, when the Servant of Death puts the courtesan's soul into the Hermit's body, he rose up, his voice an octave higher, mincing and feminine as the courtesan was. By this time, Little Lover, Vasantasenā's amour has come on stage. The student acting this part insisted that since he was playing a man-about-town (*nāgarikā*), he must be "high on bhaṅg or soma." When the Hermit, with Vasantasenā's voice and gestures, tries to kiss him, shouting "Little Lover, embrace me!," the courtier became doubly befuddled. The Hermit did succeed in embracing his right kneecap. Little Lover's complete confusion was carried through to the end of the play after everyone gets back his rightful soul. He announces, "Ah, she has come to her senses!," an ironical statement in view of his own state, and continues, "Sweetest

Vasantasenā, this way!," offering his hand to lead her off stage. At this point, Little Lover stumbled past her, missing her completely, and exited stage right; Vasantasenā at the same time was led off by her mother and Little Cuckoo, exiting stage left.

Certainly, the performance was not a professional one, nor even a polished amateur one. Still, no one dropped any lines, At especially hilarious points, everyone on stage broke up in laughter along with the audience; certain laughs were not anticipated, thus putting the pacing off in a few spots. However, these shortcoming aside, the play -- in fact, the entire evening -- did what it was intended to do: allow students to participate actively in "something Indian" during their first extended exposure to Indian civilization. What was lacking in artistic refinement was made up many times over by sheer enthusiasm and total involvement on the part of the students. The most telling effect of this brush with things Indian was that of the group of twenty, ten among them took part in other plays and went on to take additional courses in Indian Studies. None of them were Indian Studies majors, but rather pre-meds, mathematicians, engineers, education students and psychology majors. In this sense, then, the whole affair was a success.

THE HERMIT AND THE HARLOT

The Sanskrit farce Bhagavad-ajjukīyas attributed to Baudhāyana translated by J. A. B. van Buitenen

(*After the Benediction enter the Director.*)

Director: May Siva's foot protect thee!
Palmists think highly of it --
The sapphires on the diadems
Of eminent godlings rub it --
And its big toe has once been bent
By the dastardly Rāvaṇa --
May Siva's foot protect thee!

Here is my house, I am going inside. (*entering*) Clown, where are you?

Clown: Here I am, sir!

Director: As long as there is nobody, I'll tell you something nice.

Clown: All right, sir. (*Goes outside, re-enters.*) Nobody in the house, sir. Do tell me something nice, sir!

Director: Now hear this. Today I met this Brahman; he had come from out of town, an astrologer whose accuracy has sprung from untold successful predictions, and he made a prediction: "Sir," he said, "a week from today you'll have a show at the royal palace. The king is going to be greatly pleased by your performance and he'll give you a fortune." Now that prediction, which is sure to come true, has given me a lot of energy, so I'm going to put on a play.

Clown: What kind of a play are you going to put on?

Director: That is a good question. There are about ten different emotions that you can convey in any kind of play, and as far as I can see, good humor is the best. So I'll put on a farce.

Clown: Sir? I never find humor even in a farce.

Director: Then I must train you. The untrained mind finds nothing.

Clown: Sir, then you must train me!

Director: By all means.
If you have set your mind on wisdom
Follow the one who trods the good path --

Voice Backstage:
Śāṇḍilya, where are you?

Director (listening):
Follow me, the hermit, as his pupil
Follows the stalwart Yogīśvara!

(*Both exit.*)

End of the Prologue

(*Enter a Hermit.*)

Hermit: Śāṇḍilya, where are you! (*looking behind*) Still nowhere to be seen. Typical of the boy, covered with immorality. And why! The body is a treasure trove of sickness. Fevers sway it, a lurking death rules it, and it has as much scope as a tree standing on a river bank constantly hemmed in by jetsam and flotsam. So you get yourself a body by endlessly multiplied merits and you are *astounded*. And if you see its faults eclipsed by the virtues of strength, beauty, health and what not, you are a madman! So perhaps that miserable boy is not entirely to blame. I'll summon him once more. Śāṇḍilya, where are you!

(*Enter Śāṇḍilya.*)

Śāṇḍilya: So, for a start, I was born properly. My family thrived on what the jackals left, our tongues shrivelled from holding them, our Brahman's threads were glued to our necks, and weren't we utterly satisfied for being Brahmans! So there was nothing to eat in our house I was starved. I ran away to become a Buddhist, so I could have breakfast. So I had breakfast, but these bastards only eat once a day. So I starved. I flung away the ochre robe, broke my begging bowl to smithereens, and walked out with this loin-cloth on and only an umbrella up. And finally I wind up the beast of burden of this evil guru. Where art thou, Reverend Sir, whence wendest thou thy way? The evil-membered one! I am sure he went out begging by himself because he wanted breakfast. So I don't suppose he can be far out yet. (*He circles the stage and looks.*) There is the reverend himself! (*humbly*) Beg pardon, beg pardon, Reverend Sir!

Hermit: Have no fear, Śāṇḍilya, have no fear!

Śāṇḍilya: Reverend, in this world of man, with its constant brawls, where pleasure is the most, how do you do your begging?

Hermit: Listen. I crave no honor; threats must always follow me, and the alms I need to feed myself come from lean folk. I walk this vice-addicted world cautiously, like a lake filled with sharks.

Śāṇḍilya: But Reverend Sir, I have no family, no brother nor father; why are you so gracious to me? After all, I have grabbed the hermit's staff not because I hoped for merit, but because I died of hunger.

Hermit: Śāṇḍilya, what is the meaning of this?

Śāṇḍilya: What but the truth? You always tell me that a lie is a fetter.

Hermit: Of course, true enough. If one embraces falsehood, a fetter is wrought. Do you ask why? When an alert man does something good motivated by something good, the gods will forever protect the fruit of his goodness like a well-guarded trust.

Śāṇḍilya: But when does he get it back?

Hermit: Whenever his detachment makes him superior.

Śāṇḍilya: Sir, how does one get superior?

Hermit: By not wanting things.

Śāṇḍilya: Reverend, this raises the question how not to want things.

Hermit: By being indifferent to love or hate. Why? "This constant balance in happiness and sorrow, keeping good measure in fear of joy, facing friend and foe with equal equanimity, that is what the wise call detachment."

Śāṇḍilya: But what *is* it?

Hermit: There is no name for what does not exist yet.

Śāṇḍilya: But tell me, can it be *done*, sir?

Hermit: Is there any doubt?

Śāṇḍilya: A lie! A lie!

Hermit: You mean to say?

Śāṇḍilya Sir, why are you mad at me?

Hermit: Thou wilt not learn.

Śāṇḍilya: I learn, or I don't. What does it matter to you? You are free!

Hermit: Don't talk like that! There is a tradition that whipping is beneficial to a student. Therefore, in complete equanimity I shall whip you most beneficially.

Śāṇḍilya: O miracle! Thou castigatest in complete equanimity, O Reverend! Let's put an end to this dialogue; our time for begging is flying past.

Hermit: Fool, it is still morning, not noon. It has been written: Thou shalt beg when the pestles are put down, when the coals have died and everyone has eaten. Let's walk into a garden to while away the time.

Śāṇḍilya: Oh, oh! Your Reverence is betraying his promises!

Hermit: You mean to say?

Śāṇḍilya: Ain't Your Reverence the same, come good or bad?

Hermit: Of course! My soul is the same, come good or bad, but my active self needs rest.

Śāṇḍilya: Sir, what is soul? What is the active self?

Hermit: Listen! There is the *inner* soul which goes to heaven when we sleep. Then there is just soul, which does what it ought to do and travels from life to life. And then there is this soul we call the active self: "Man is his body," and this soul demands the happiness of rest.

Śāṇḍilya Sure, "that soul, unaging, undying, indestructible, imperishable, forsooth is the Soul. And the soul that laughs, makes laugh, sleeps and dies, that is the active self."

Hermit: Learnt as taught.

Śāṇḍilya: Oh, oh! Get going! You've been had!

Hermit: What do you mean to say?

Śāṇḍilya: Soul is what is *now*, right? There is nothing if there is no body.

Hermit: Spoken like the populace. Differentiated beings go through phases, you know. Therefore, we speak in those terms.

Śāṇḍilya: And what phase are you in?

Hermit: Listen. With a body augmented from particles of ether, wind, water and fire, and for the rest a pile of earth, conscious through ears, eyes, tongue, nose and touch, I am a breathing creature called man.

Śāṇḍilya: Oh, oh! This way you won't get to know yourself, let alone your Self! (*looking about*) Sir, here is a garden.

Hermit: You go first. We are sheltered by the woods which are the refuge of the lonely.

Śāṇḍilya: Sir, Your Reverence should go first, I shall follow after.

Hermit: To what purpose?

Śāṇḍilya: My ma once heard a *holī* woman say that a tiger dwells concealed in the blossoms of an *aśoka* tree. Therefore, you must go first, Sir!

Hermit: Certainly. (*They enter.*)

Śāṇḍilya: Ouch, I am bitten by a tiger! Save me from the tiger's maw! Unredeemed I am eaten by the tiger! My blood is oozing from my throat!

Hermit: Have no fear, Śāṇḍilya. It is only a peacock.

Śāṇḍilya: So it is a peacock!

Hermit: Of course, just a peacock.

Śāṇḍilya: Then I'll open my eyes.

Hermit: By all means.

Śāṇḍilya: Hey! That bastard tiger got scared of me, changed into a peacock, and now it is running away! (*looking at the garden*) O my! What a lovely garden! I see *michelia campaka, terminalia arjuna, nauclea cadamba, ixora bandhucca, barringtonia acutangala, clerodendrum phlomoides*, red *amaranthus, pterosperum acerifolium*, camphor, mango, *panicum italicum, shal, borassus flabelliformis, xanthochymus pictorius, calophyllum inophyllum, mesu roxburghii, mimusops elengi, pinus longifolia, vatica robusta, vitex negundo*, crab grass, *mimusops hexandra, alstonia scholaris*, oleander *wrightia antidysenterica*, citron, sandal, *aśoka, jasminum zambac, anandi, avarta, tabernaemontana coronaria*, and plain banana, all made pretty by spring! And I see sprouts, leaves, blossoms, berries,

flowers, and clusters, all in a garden adorned with pavilions of pearl shrubs and jasmine creepers, resonant with the sweet warblings of peacocks, cuckoos and madding bees. This is a garden that brings remorse to young women who suffer in the absence of their lovers and happiness to those who have theirs present!

Hermit: Fool! Day after day the senses crumble, so what is so lovely?

Look,

'Tis a child exclaims, Oh Spring has come
Wrapped in a cloak of blossoms!
And revels in new seasons: Fall has come
Floating in lily clusters!
But what is he rejoicing in but
That Life is growing shorter?

Śāṇḍilya: A question? Loveliness is when and where it happens.

Hermit: Once more, no educational background! People -- they pray for the future, mourn over the past and hate the present.

Śāṇḍilya: Here is the end of the road. Where shall we sit down?

Hermit: Right here we shall settle down.

Śāṇḍilya: Dirty, dirty!

Hermit: "The woods are clean, the earth is pure."

Śāṇḍilya: But if you want to sit down when you are tired, you always ask, is it clean or dirty?

Hermit: Revelation is the authority, not I. Why? There's no relying on people maddened by their self-esteem, who guarantee that good comes of evil -- their authority is strictly a matter of whim.

Śāṇḍilya: So there's no relying on your talking so much.

Hermit: Come, my son. Learn a little.

Śāṇḍilya: I won't learn any more.

Hermit: Why not?

Śāṇḍilya: What is the point of learning more?

Hermit: Students who have learnt their lessons eventually understand them. So learn a little.

Śāṇḍilya: And then what happens?

Hermit: Listen: from knowledge grows wisdom, from wisdom self-control, from self-control mortification, from mortification Yoga, from Yoga the insight into the realities of past, present and future; and from that insight one attains to Eightfold Mastery.

Śāṇḍilya: O Master, thou speakest while divining my thoughts at will; however, I may conceal them! It's possible then to get into other people's houses without sin?

Hermit: What do you mean?

Śāṇḍilya: What I mean is to eat the meals from the monastery that have been prepared deliciously for the Buddhist friars.

Hermit: Your gluttony watches no clock!

Śāṇḍilya: That's why you are all bald! I see no other reason for you.

Hermit: Don't speak like this!
Great is the fruit of superior Yoga,
Uncheckable, unshakable, unthinkable, imperishable,
Cherished and honored by highminded Brahmans,
Approved by the best minds of demons and gods.

Śāṇḍilya: Then you think devotedly of your Yoga, but stay by yourself. Me, I'll think devotedly of porridge. But Sir, hermits like you sure think a lot of this Yoga, don't you? What is it anyway?

Hermit: Listen:
Quintessence of austerity,
Root of all knowledge, test of truth,
Solving all contrasts, and devoid
Of love and hatred, that is Yoga!

Śāṇḍilya: Glory to the reverend Buddha, who preaches to neglect our meals, to neglect our all!

Hermit: Śāṇḍilya! What is the meaning of this?

Śāṇḍilya: Sir? Don't you remember? I first became a Buddhist to get some breakfast.

Hermit: But now you have learnt something?

Śāṇḍilya: Something? I know a lot now.

Hermit: So be it. Let us listen.

Śāṇḍilya: Listen, sir. "Eight are the causes, sixteen the products, but the soul is five-winded, the mind thrice-corded, and it roves and dissolves." That's what the holy Buddha said in the *Books of the Canon*.

Hermit: Śāṇḍilya! That is not Buddhism! That is *Sāṅkhya*.

Śāṇḍilya: Sorry, hunger made me concentrate on porridge, so I thought of one thing and said another. Now hear this, Sir. "Decree is that monk refuse ungiven gifts. Decree is that monk refuse to hurt life. Decree is that monk refuse to babble. Decree is that monk refuse sex. Decree is that monk refuse untimely meals. To the Buddha, to the Creed, to the Order I go for help!"

Hermit: Śāṇḍilya, don't go beyond your creed and embrace another!
Give up the dark, give up the red,
Abide by the white and remain alert.
Now swiftly do your meditations,
For they shall bring all wisdom on!

Śāṇḍilya: Now you devoutly comtemplate Yoga, Sir. I'll contemplate porridge with equal devotion.

Hermit: Let's stop this conversation.
For the bondage of the soul, suspend this world!
Harness the senses to the soul!
With the aid of knowledge, seek out the truth;
With all your soul, find the *whole* soul!

(*Enter a courtesan and two handmaidens.*)

Courtesan: Little Bee, dear, where did Little Lover go?

Maiden: Ma'am, "Here I come," he said, and there he went into the city, your Repeater!

Courtesan: O dear, now what?

Maiden: Hurry to the club, what else?

Courtesan: The club doesn't meet today.

Maiden: Ma'am, you are so right. But the club is a bar and the women, however modest, get drunk and laugh!

Courtesan: Then you better hurry!

Maiden: And so must you, ma'am! (*Exits.*)

Courtesan: Little Cuckoo, dear, where *shall* we sit down?

Maiden: Sit down on this stone bench for a little while. Look, it is adorned with a blossoming mango shoot, like a mouche on the face! And then, ma'am, you should sing a piece!

Courtesan: Little Cuckoo, my dear, I shall do exactly that.

(*They both sit down and sing.*)

Both:
Oh, Love himself is here!
I hear
With cuckoos and bees his bowstring sing
And mango shafts ring --
And sure enough a seer's
Mind leers!

Śāndilya: (*listening*) Ah, the call of a cuckoo! No, not quite the call of the cuckoo. No, it is a song. (*He surmises.*) A sweet song, sweet as butter rising in sugared milk. All right, I'll have a look. (*He walks a little and looks up.*) Oh, oh, oh! Who is this pristine beauty, graced by the grace of hiding in no harem? And who also sits down to grace our garden?

Maiden: Madame!

Śāṇḍilya: Oh, oh, oh! A courtesan! Blessed are the rich!

Maiden: *Do* sing another piece, madame!

Courtesan: I think I will. (*She sings again.*)
Oh, Love is here again!
And Spring has raised his pride
And the glances of mistresses go with him!
Ah, Love strikes love again!
And even the hearts of cherished brides
Are once more flower-struck by him!

Śāṇḍilya: How sweetly does the song rise from her throat! Listen, sir!

Hermit: No, the ear was made to hear. I won't go as far as to listen.

Śāṇḍilya: Make it as far, if you have money to spare, ha ha!

Hermit: Oh, go away, you. Behave yourself.

Śāṇḍilya: Now don't get mad. Hermits aren't supposed to, you know.

Hermit: I am observing silence.

Śāṇḍilya: Yeah, isn't it golden!

(*Enter a Servant of Death.*)

Servant: And here I come! I was
Sent by Him Who takes all creatures
Smote by fate, who Else but He Who sees
Right and evil acts, God Yama,
Pacifier, and now I'm charged
To bestow death upon them,
Their inalienable right.

Thus, surveying the earth will all her kingdoms, rivers, woods and mountains, shaded by clouds that bend under their load of rain, I have traversed the sky with its wind-tossed mists and atmospheric denizens, and now arrive where Yama sent me, the City of Tarkādivāha! Now where *is* she! (*looking about*) *There* she is! There she shines, concealed by those charming golden-colored *aśoka* clusters in full bloom, making her beautiful like the crescent moon amidst the ruddy clouds of dusk! All right, she has a tiny bit of *karma* left, so I'll wait a while before I take her life.

Maiden: Ma'am, isn't this *aśoka* blossom pretty? I'll pluck it.

Courtesan: No no no, I'll pluck it myself!

Servant: This is the time to pinch her. Now I'll become a snake, sit on the *aśoka* branch and take her life. Here I go, and upon this dark-skinned, pleasant-faced, gentle-spoken, well-imbibed, generously-curved, moistly-perfumed, red-lotus-eyed thievess of my eyes I now nimbly leap and take her to my master.

(*Courtesan plucks a flower.*)

Servant: Now is the time to pinch her!

Courtesan: Ouch, something bit me!

Maiden: (*looking at the branch*) Mistress! There's a snake on that branch!

Courtesan: A snake? Ooh! (*She falls down.*)

Śāṇḍilya: Now what is going on here?

Maiden: Sir, my mistress has been bitten by a cobra!

Śāṇḍilya: Oh, oh, oh! Master, here's a courtesan bitten by a cobra.

Hermit: Well, time must have a stop. Forsooth,
People are born only to fill out their time;
If time is through, so are they.

Maiden: What can stop time?

Courtesan: My body seems to collapse. I am out of breath. I must lie down.

Maiden: Lie peacefully, ma'am.

Courtesan: Bring my greetings to mother, my dear.

Maiden: Oh no! You will go and greet her yourself!

Courtesan: And embrace Little Lover for me. (*She loses consciousness and falls down.*)

Maiden: Aah! Mistress is dying!

Servant: All right, I have got her life and I should be on my way. There's still the Ganges to cross, and the Vindhya mountains, and the auspicious flow of the Nerbudda River, the Sahyā, the Goleyī, the Kṛṣṇaveṇā, and the well-theatred city of Conjeevaram, abode of God Śiva. And then of course the Kāverī, the Tāmraparṇī, the Malaya range and at last the ocean, until I, swift as the wind, fly over to Ceylon and reach Death's country. (*Exits.*)

Maiden: Aah! My mistress is dead!

Śāṇḍilya: Master! The courtesan has lost her life?

Hermit: People don't lose their lives, fool! Life is too precious to them. Better say that life has lost them!

Śāṇḍilya: Bah, you have no pity, no love at all. Hard-hearted, wicked profligate! Cruel crook with your tenuous tonsure!

Hermit: What is the meaning of this?

Śāṇḍilya: Wait, I am just starting your thousand names!

Hermit: Don't let me stop you.

Śāṇḍilya: Sir, I am in mourning.

Hermit: Whatever for?

Śāṇḍilya: She is a relative.

Hermit: A relative?

Śāṇḍilya: She is like any other hermit; she has no love.

Hermit: Yes, that is right! Slow to love, we love for ulterior purposes. Forsooth, we who unselfishly are given to Release and travel the path ordanined by Scripture, we turn away from mere affection and our hearts look but to virtues.

Śāṇḍilya: Sir, I cannot control myself, I'll crawl to her and weep!

Hermit: Oh no, you won't!

Śāṇḍilya: Don't get mad! Hermits aren't supposed to. (*approaching the Courtesan*) Oh my mistress! So well-endowed with lovers, so sweetly swaying!

Maiden: Sir, what is the matter with you?

Śāṇḍilya: Nothing but love.

Maiden: (*to herself*) That's right; saints have compassion for all.

Śāṇḍilya: My lady, let me touch her.

Maiden: You have the power, sir.

Śāṇḍilya: Oh dear! (*He touches her feet.*)

Maiden: Don't touch her feet!

Śāṇḍilya: Oh dear, I am thoroughly confused. I can't make head or tails of her. Ah, here they, firm like coconuts, anointed with saffron and sandal, briskly pointing upward, my lady's divine breasts which unfortunately were never available to me when she was alive.

Maiden: (*to herself*) That's what I shall do. (*aloud*) Sir, please wait a while, while I bring her mother.

Śāṇḍilya: Do not tarry. To the motherless I am a mother.

Maiden: (*to herself*) This compassionate Brahman won't desert my mistress; I'd better go. (*Exits.*)

Śāṇḍilya: She is gone. Now I can cry to my heart's content. O poor harlot that walked so sweetly! (*He weeps.*)

Hermit: Sāṇḍilya, don't *do* that!

Śāṇḍilya: Go away, man of no love. You think I am like you.

Hermit: Come, my son, learn a little.

Śāṇḍilya: Sir, how can this poor bereft woman be cured?

Hermit: You know any medicine?

Śāṇḍilya: Sir is the fruit of your Yoga!

Hermit: (*to himself*) The poor fellow does not yet know that to be a hermit is not to know what is to be done. There is a rule that has been revealed to the great Śaivite Masters of Yoga: "The compassion of pupils reinforces their attachments." Then I'll generate an insight in him. Right, this is the right Yoga. With this Yoga I shall inject myself into the body of this courtesan.

Courtesan: (*rising from the dead*) Śāṇḍilya, Śāṇḍilya!

Śāṇḍilya: (*happily*): Ha! Ma'am you are alive, you have been resurrected! Here I am, ma'am!

Courtesan: Don't you touch me with your unwashed hands!

Śāṇḍilya: But I am terribly clean!

Courtesan: Come, my son, learn a little.

Śāṇḍilya: Even here I must learn! All right, here I approach your reverence humbly. (*He draws near to the Hermit's corpse.*) Sir, too bad you're dead. Sorry, loquacious, all-too-yoga-minded master! Sorry, professor. Thus even geniuses die.

(*Enter the Courtesan's Mother and the Maiden.*)

Maiden: This way, mother.

Mother: Where is my darling?

Maiden: Here she is, in this garden, bitten by a cobra.

Mother: Aah, I am lost!

Maiden: Calm down, mother, calm down! This mistress is all right!

Mother: How can she be well? (*approaching*) Vasantasenā, my daughter! What is going on?

Courtesan: No touching please, old hag!

Mother: Well, I never! What is the meaning of this?

Maiden: The poison must have gone to her mind!

Mother: Hurry, get a physician!

Maiden: Yes, ma'am!

(*Enter Little Lover and Second Maiden.*)

Maiden: More power to you, Little Lover! My mistress suffers when she does not see her Repeater.

Litter Lover: And so do I wish to see that sweetly warbling, wide-eyed face. It is the honey bee's vow to drink the lovely lotus that is blooming. (*approaching*) What! She looks at me and turns away her face! (*He grabs the hem of her skirt.*) Turn, O curvaceous one, the lotus of thy face, like a lily turned slightly by a ripple in the pond. Thy seldom seen face is as pleasing as water cupped in the hand with plenty left.

Courtesan: Unregenerate! Let go of my hem!

Little Lover: What is this?

Maiden: Even since the snake bit her she has been incoherent.

Little Lover: Her mind is obviously gone. The poor woman is plunged in a void, violated in her own body by someone with a pure mind.

(*Enter the Physician and Maiden.*)

Maiden: This way, sir, please!

Physician: (*entering*) Where is she?

Maiden: There is madame.

Physician: She sure isn't herself. She must have been attacked and bitten by a cobra.

Maiden: How did you know?

Physician: As they say, "Poison makes a big difference." Bring her here. I have had quite a few stabs at the *Books of Poison.* *(He sits down and draws a magic circle.)* Little ring, thou that snakest like the Lady of the Earring, enter the magic ring, the magic ring! Stop, son of a snake, stop! Hush hush! I am going to bleed her. Where is my little hatchet?

Courtesan: Fool, stop your plodding!

Physician: Aha! Bile, too. Flatulence, bile or phlegm, I'll cure it.

Little Lover:
Do try, sir. You won't find us ungrateful.

Physician: I'll bring a poison charmer who has very pretty pills. (*Exits.*)

(*Enter the Servant of Death.*)

Servant: Wow, didn't Yama make ashes of me! "That is not Vasantasenā!" he roared. "Bring her back at once! Get the other Vasantasenā, the one whose life is up, and fast!" Well, as long as the body has not been cremated, I'll revive her. (*looking about*) Hey, she's already up and about! Up and about, while her life was in my hand, who has ever seen such a miracle! (*looking everywhere*) Oh oh! That is no one else but the great Yogī at his games. I'll put the harlot's soul in the hermit's body, and then inject her life in the right place. (*He does so.*)

Behold! The woman's vital force
Injected in this saintly frame
Shall make this Hermit change for worse
In morals, character and fame.

Hermit: (*rising*) Little Cuckoo!

Śāṇḍilya: Oh, oh, oh! His reverence is resurrected again! I have always thought the wretched never die.

Hermit: Little Lover, where are you, where are you?

Little Lover:
Little Lover, embrace me!

Śāṇḍilya: Go embrace this rose bush!

Hermit: Oh my Little Lover, aren't I silly! I am drunk!

Śāṇḍilya: No, you're just plain mad!

Little Lover:
Your Holiness, your speech is unbecoming to your station.

Hermit: Let's have another drink.

Śāṇḍilya: Go get yourself some poison. All right, I am beginning to know what a farce is. No hermit, no harlot, or you might call it the hermit-harlot. All right.

Hermit: Little Cuckoo, Little Cuckoo, embrace me!

Maiden: Go away!

Mother: Daughter Vasantasenā!

Hermit: Here I am, Mom. Hi, Mom!

Mother: But sir, what is going on?

Hermit: Mom, you are rejecting me! Little Lover, you are being very slow today.

Little Lover:
Sir, I am impotent!

Śāṇḍilya: All right now, all right!

(*Enter the Physician.*)

Physician: I got eight pills and some herbs. This much I know, it will be either instant life or instant death. Water somebody, water! (*He approaches the Maiden.*)

Maiden: Here is the water.

Physician: I'm grinding a pill. Hey, she hasn't been bitten; she's possessed.

Courtesan: You fool, you have grown old too late. You don't even know who is dying. Admit it, I haven't been bitten by a snake.

Physician: So what's all the fuss?

Courtesan: You have your text books, don't you?

Physician: Sure, a lot of them, at least half a thousand.

Courtesan: Then recite your books!

Physician: Ma'am, listen. "The flatulent, bilious and the phle -- phle -- " Oh oh! a book, a book!

Śāṇḍilya: Aho, a typical doctor. He has forgotten already. All right, colleague, here is the book.

Physician: Ma'am, listen. "The flatulent, bilious and phleghmatic diseases, derive all three from poison, the fourth one is unknown."

Courtesan: Poor language. You should say "all three derive." Always place the subject first.

Physician: Ouch, I have been bitten by a grammarian!

Courtesan: How many are the symptoms of snake bite?

Physician: A hundred.

Courtesan: No, there are seven, to wot: "Gooseflesh, dry mouth, tremors, pallor, hiccoughs, quick breathing and faints are the seven symptoms of snake bite." A man who is past these symptoms not even the Aśvins can cure. If you have anything to reply, speak up.

Physician: I am out of my depth. Good bye, Ma'am, I am going.

(*Enter the Servant of Death.*)

Servant: Hi, here I am again.
See how the mortals run
To visit me -- abortions,
Blisters, fever, earaches,
Gastric, cardiac, opthalmic
Ills and just plain headaches,
And other assorted disorders:
See the merry mortals run!

Now to my master's orders. (*approaching the Harlot*) Sir, doff that creature's body.

Courtesan: Gladly.

Servant: So I can exchange souls and do what I was supposed to do in the first place. (*He does so and exits.*)

Hermit: Śāṇḍilya, Śāṇḍilya!

Śāṇḍilya: My, His Reverence keeps being resurrected.

Courtesan: Little Cuckoo! Little Cuckoo!

Maiden: Finally she is talking sense again.

Mother: Daughter Vasantasenā!

Little Lover:
Ah, she has come to her senses! Sweetest Vasantasenā, this way!

(*Exit Courtesan, Little Lover, Maiden, retinue and Mother.*)

Śāṇḍilya: Sir, what has been going on?

Hermit: That's a long story, I'll tell it at home. (*looking at the sky*) The day has gone.
The sun has vanished from the hem of heaven,
A gold pile gone before a robber's eyes.
Its splendors redden the marching clouds,
The sky is pregnant with a womb of fire.

(*Both exit.*)

— *Final Benediction*

May bliss befall all moving creatures,
And may we love each other's luck.
May all the vices find their ruin.
And all the world be happy everywhere.

THREE LOVE POEMS

From the eleventh century anthology by Vidyākara
called *SUBHĀSITARATNAKOŚA*

Translations by P. Lal

Illustrations by K. K. Hebba

SLOWLY SHE UNDRESSED

Slowly she undressed.

He looked up, flushed with desire,

from her fragrant thighs to her breast.

As his gaze rose higher,

she took the lotus from her ear,

flung it at the lamp, quenching its fire.

In vain was her fear:

Her girdle's jewels shone, and showed her clear.

- BHAṬṬA ŚRĪ ŚIVASVĀMIN
Court poet of Avantivarman,
ruler of Kashmir (855-884 A.D.)

ऊरुगलन्मगलत्तर्षोत्कर्षे तरूत्पलगौरयोः
पटुविघटनादुर्वोः पूर्वं प्रिये परिपश्यति /
श्रुतिकुवलयं दीपोच्छित्त्यै निरास यदुज्झनः
ज्वलति रसनारोचिर्दीपे तदाप निरर्थताम् ॥

OILED WITH SAFFRON

Oiled with saffron
and beloved of the love god
this dark lady's opulent breast
makes the moon envious.

When she unties her garment
(blue, cloud-blue)
a tossing necklace of pearls circles her breast.

The nimbus of radiance
is more than lunar.

- MANOVINODA
Pāla court poet (9th c. A.D.)

बिसकवलनलीलामज्जनपूर्वार्धकायं कमलमिति गृहीतं हंसमाद्यु त्यजन्त्या: /
विरतचरिततारस्फारनेत्रं यदस्याश्चकितमिह न दृष्टं मूढ तद्भङ्गितोऽसि //

WHEN HE REMOVED MY GARMENTS

When he removed my garments,
because my arms could not cover my breasts,
I clung to him tightly to hide my shame.
But his hand explored below my hips,
what could I do except swoon, saved
thus in the drowning sea of my shame?

- VALLANA
Pāla poet (9th c. A.D.)

आत्ते वाससि रोद्धुमक्षमतया दोःकन्दलीभ्यां स्तनौ
तस्योरःस्थलमुत्तरीयविषये सद्यो मया सञ्चितम् ।
श्रोणीं तस्य करेऽधिरोहति पुनर्व्रीडाम्बुधौ मामयो
मज्जन्तीमुदतारयन्मनसिजो देवः स मूर्च्छागुरुः ॥

THE FIFTY STANZAS OF A THIEF

A translation of the Caura-pañcā-śikā, attributed to Bilhaṇa.
by Richard Gombrich

The Fifty Stanzas of a Thief are traditionally attributed to Bilhaṇa, who was active in the second half of the eleventh century A.D. A Kashmiri Brahman, he travelled to various Indian courts, and probably settled in Kalyāṇa (in modern Hyderabad), where he wrote a long historical poem celebrating his patron the Cālukya king Vikramāditya VI Tribhuvanamalla (1076-1127).

The thief has stolen the affections of a princess, and the poem in detached stanzas describes their clandestine love. Evidently extrapolated from the poem itself (especially stanzas 31, 28, 49, 27) is the legend surrounding its composition: the poet had fallen in love with the daughter of a royal patron; when her pregnancy was noticed he was caught, imprisoned, and condemned to death; but as he was led to execution in the king's presence, he recited these reminiscences of his happier days, and the king was so moved that he ordered his release and formally gave him his daughter in marriage.

The poem is a straightforward and unelaborate example of a major genre of Sanskrit literature called *kāvya*. *Kāvya* corresponds precisely to no English term; but the one-word English translation is "poetry." *Kāvya*, like poetry, is usually in verse but not coextensive with verse; not all verse is *kāvya*, nor is all *kāvya* in verse. The ancient Indians were prolific in theories of poetics and hence in definitions of *kāvya;* but perhaps the commonest definition is in terms of a quality called *rasa*. This word is a metaphor from tasting, and means "flavor." The English word used in corresponding context is probably "atmosphere," and the nearest approximation within our tradition is "mode." But both these lack the correct connotations, so I shall go on using "flavor." *Kāvya* then, or poetry, is any coherent speech or writing which is informed by flavor. A flavor is an emotion or sentiment, not experienced directly as in real life, but esthetically, so that it affords a calm enjoyment, a dispassionate pleasure in the passions. This esthetic transfirguration is described as the "universalization" of our passions so that we experience them without being involved in a real situation: a man who sees two lovers in real life, it was said, might undergo emotions of lust, repulsion, or envy; but in reacting to a work of art, he experiences their passion as the type of his own experience of love. There are usually held to be eight basic flavors: love, mirth, grief, anger, heroism, fear, loathing, amazement. Some of these are subdivided; our poem has both the subdivided flavors "love in separation" and "love in

enjoyment." Each work of literature will theoretically have one flavor dominant throughout; and there are rules stating which ancillary flavors may be used in a work dominated by each particular flavor without disrupting the total effect. The word *rasa* is used in a conceit at the end of stanza 24, and I owe the ingenious translation to Michael Coulson.

Poetic theory also recognizes the use of "ornaments," corresponding to our "figures." Ornaments can be of sense or of sound, and include simile, metaphor, zeugma, etc. In early theory *rasa* was merely one such ornament. According to another theory, which came to be held in conjunction with the *rasa* theory, true *kāvya* is literature in which that meaning which is suggested not directly expressed, is the more important.

I made this translation while studying Sanskrit literature under Professor Daniel H. H. Ingalls at Harvard in 1962-63, when there were hardly any readable translations of *kāvya* in print. At that time Professor Ingalls was putting the finishing touches to his monumental work of translation and exposition, *An Anthology of Sanskrit Court Poetry*,[1] which came out in 1965. Since then Dr. Barbara Stoler Miller has published her translation of Bhartṛhari's *Centuries*,[2] and Professor John Brough his *Poems from the Sanskrit*.[3] I can, therefore, refer the reader who is further interested in the theory and practice of *kāvya* to these excellent books; in particular, Professor Ingalls' introductory essay, "Sanskrit Poetry and Sanskrit Poetics" (pp. 2-29), makes it unnecessary for me to say more on this topic. Professor Ingalls and Dr. Miller present only the single-stanza genre of *kāvya*; Professor Brough, too, concentrates on isolated verses, though he also gives longer extracts from a play and from a major poem in many cantos (*mahākāvya*). The poem here translated is a specimen of the medium-length poem, or *khaṇḍa-kāvya*, of which Kālidāsa's *Meghadūta (cloud messenger)* is the most famous example.

Unfortunately no authoritative text of this poem exists* and I have had to edit my own. The poem has been published in three main recensions, but between these the choice was simple, for only one has just the fifty stanzas of the title, and these all beginning with the same word, plainly an original feature. However, even of this recension not all editions have the same fifty stanzas. Forty-eight of my stanzas are from one text which seemed to me the best; I have emended it where necessary. My stanzas 12 and 40 are from another text. Stanza 40 in the best text is corrupt beyond intelligibility or redemption; stanza 44 is hardly better; but my translation, numbered 44, combines all intelligible content from both main extant versions. My stanza 12 is introduced for another reason: stanzas 12 and 13 of the best text are so empty and repetitious, partly of notions difficult to render tasteful to a European, that I have combined them in my stanza 13. This is the only place where I have allowed myself such a liberty,

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*Editor's note: Barbara Stoler Miller's critical edition of the text, in two recensions, was published since the writing of this article, in April, 1971 (New York: Columbia University Press).

though even here I have omitted no idea which is in the Sanskrit. Otherwise, this translation is literal. It contains virtually every word of the original and adds almost nothing, though I have on occasion over-translated what in Sanskrit has become a cliché in order not to forfeit the exoticism of a foreign culture.

The original Sanskrit is in four-line stanzas, each line having fourteen syllables. My stanzas of six iambic pentameters are, thus, almost the same length as the Sanskrit. All Sanskrit meters are quantitative and most are composed of a fixed pattern of long and short syllables without division into feet. (In recitation, the voice dwells on the long syllables.) This poem is in a common lyric meter called *vasanta-tilaka*, which means "ornament of spring." It scans -- v- vvv- vv- v--, four times. Like other meters of its type, it has no alternative forms (though the last syllable of each line is common, as in all Indo-European meters). I have attempted to convey something of this formal strictness by adopting a rather exacting rhyming scheme and rigid meter. In this I differ from my colleagues, especially my American colleagues. Partly it is a question of national and individual taste. In translating Sanskrit, the "elaborated" language, I do not think it necessary to eschew poetic diction, even to the extent (*pace*, Professor Brough) of calling a wild goose a swan. The difference is also one of material: I have chosen a poem which depends hardly at all on punning, alliteration, or other "ornaments of sound," and little on suggestions which might elude a non-Indianist. This has allowed me to try to make an impression on the readers of this translation at least analogous to the impression made on its Indian audience by the recitation of the Sanskrit. I hope that my translation, which is likewise designed to be read aloud, portrays both the matter and the manner of the original as nearly as may be.

Most of the allusions which need explanation are mythological. The Indian god of love (1, 2, 20, 29, 32, 42), equivalent in function to Cupid, is called Kāma, which means "passion" or "sexual love"; any synonym can also be used as his name. He shoots people with flower arrows (20) which inflict the fire of love (2,42); he is married to Rati (Pleasure; 29,32). The trinity of gods mentioned in 30 are Brahmā, Viṣṇu and Śiva. They bear no resemblance or relation to the Christian Trinity; any one of them can be seen as supreme. Brahmā is the Creator in 39. Viṣṇu had several incarnations; one was as a tortoise (50); the most famous was as Krishna. His wife Lakṣmī or Śrī (both words mean "good fortune"; 3,39) is also the goddess of beauty, and was born at the churning of the ocean (see below). At birth she either held a lotus in her hand or floated on the expanded petals of a lotus. Śiva (39,50; the name means "kindly" and is euphemistic) is married to Pārvatī (39), daughter of Mount Himālaya. His wild *tāṇḍava* dance, which he dances at the periodic dissolution of the world, is compared in 7 to the motions of love-making. Indra (39) was in very ancient times an extremely important god, but later became merely the god of sky and storm, lord of the

also ancient groups of thirty (or thirty-three) gods who typify heaven (27) -- a condition after death which the Indians consider inferior to liberation from the cycle of re-birth. Stanzas 27, 33, 41 and 42 suggest the doctrine that one's last living thought determines one's fate after death.

I hope the complex allusion of 50 is tolerably clear in my translation. The story is that the gods churned the ocean for the nectar of immortality within it. They used Mount Mandara as their churning stick and a giant serpent as the rope; Viṣṇu as a tortoise made his back the pivot. Thirteen treasures, including Laksmī, wine, and the moon, came out of the ocean, but so did a deadly poison which would have destroyed the world had not Śiva drunk it, thus staining his throat blue. The ocean prevented the equally dangerous submarine fire from emerging. Incidentally, Ocean's retention of the submarine fire is also alluded to in the last verse of the eighth canto of Kālidāsa's great poem the *Kumārasambhava*, and its occurence in the last verse of our poem sounds to me like an echo, which would support the traditional view that the eighth is the last canto which is really by Kālidāsa.

A few Sanskrit literary conventions about nature also require explanation. The *michelia campaka* (1) is a tree with a fragrant yellow flower. The *aśoka* tree (14) (*saraca indica*) is said to bloom when touched by the foot of a beautiful woman; this makes the metaphor doubly apt. I hope other conceits common in Sanskrit poetry can be understood from the translation; for example, in stanza 2 he shivers because the rays of the moon are cold as the sun's are hot. Moonbeams are the alleged diet of the *cakora* bird (12), a kind of partridge (*perdix rufa*).

Finally, to give an example of how the original sounds and how I treat it, here is the first stanza in Sanskrit with a word-for-word literal translation. Sanskrit and English are so different in structure that by itself this would be unintelligible, but my verse translation clarifies the construction. Sanskrit compounds I indicate in the English by hyphens, and what is one word in Sanskrit is run together as one in English.

Adyāpi	*tāṃ kanaka-campaka-*	*dāma -*	*gaurīṃ*	
Now even	her gold	*-campaka-* garland-	yellow	
Phullāravinda-vadanām		*tanu -*	*roma -*	*rājīṃ*
(having-a-) blown- lotus - face		(having-a-) slender-	body	hair-line
Suptotthitām	*madana -*	*vihvala*	*-sālasāngīṃ*	
Slept-upstood (having-)	god of love - love	perturbed-	with langor-limbs	
Vidyāṃ	*pramāda -*	*galitām*	*iva*	*cintayāmi.*
Learning	carelessness-	slipped	like	I think of.

THE FIFTY STANZAS OF A THIEF

Still I recall her, golden as a wreath
Of *campak* flowers, her full-blown lotus face,
Her slender line of down, her limbs confused
By Passion, faint from passionate embrace;
I recollect her as she rose from sleep
Like knowledge carelessness has failed to keep.

Still when I see the richness of her youth,
The moon her face, the swelling of her breast,
Her beauty's pallor, and her every limb
By Kāma's fire-bearing darts distressed,
Even today as I recall that sight
My limbs grow cold and shiver with delight.

Still when her eyes, as lotus petals long,
Like Fortune's, goddess lotus-born, I see,
And see her wearied by her bosom's load,
With both my arms clasping her close to me
As honey bee his darling lotus sips,
I would grow drunk on mead within her lips.

Still I remember how her body lay
Exhausted by our love, her pale cheeks lined
With tumbled locks of hair, and round my neck
The tendrils of her arms she tightly twined;
Held me so close as if she bore within
Her heart concealed some secret deed of sin.

Still I remember sleepless nights we passed
In pleasure; her long eyes at break of day,
Tremulous roving stars, threw sidelong looks
Towards me, as in shame she turned away.
A swan princess into a lotus bed
Upon a lake of love inclined her head.

Still, could I once again behold my love,
Her eyes so long they seemed to touch her ears,
Could I behold my darling's slender form,
Long racked by parted lovers' tender fears,
I'd clasp that body wasted by love's fever
And close my eyes, and never more would leave her.

Still I recall that lovely full-moon face,
The disarray of her dishevelled tresses,
The weight of ample hips and bosom, which
Her dainty, passion-weary limbs depresses;
These attributes her leading role enhance
In love's ecstatic, earth-dissolving dance.

Still I recall the grace of her repose
As she reclined, with perfume all around
Arising from the fragrant musk of deer
Blended with smoothest sandal finely ground.
Her eyes in lovely fluttering imitate
A curve-beaked wagtail billing with his mate.

Still I recall her flushed with love and wine,
Great eyes in which the darting pupils swim,
Her slender body and her sportive lips;
On a ground of Kashmir saffron every limb
With figures in black deer-musk ornamented;
Her mouth with camphor and with betel scented.

10. Still I remember my beloved's face
Gleaming with pearls of sweat and saffron's gold;
The abundant moisture and her wandering eyes
All the fatigue of love's fulfillment told.
No brighter does the full-faced moon appear
When from Eclipse's jaws she frees her sphere.

Still I remember how one night, offended,
The princess would not speak, and so refrained
When I had sneezed from the auspicious words
"Long life," by which such omens are restrained,
But wordlessly upon her ear reset
The golden leaf which was her amulet.

Still I remember, ringed with curls, her face,
A rotund moon on whose cool rays were fed
Two swift *cakora* birds, her restless eyes;
Her lips as the *bandhūka* bloom were red;
She bowed with heavy breasts as prominent
As temples of a rutting elephant.

Still I recall the graceful coquetry
Of those curved limbs, the loving sidelong look,
The golden earrings beating on her cheeks
As sweat-pearl glistening her body shook.
Her slipping garment showed her lovely breast;
Her lip was dented where my teeth had pressed.

Still I recall my darling's hands, as red
As when the *aśoka* tree new buds unfurls.
Her gait was gentle, stately as a swan's;
Her nipples kissed by necklaces of pearls.
Her pallid cheeks my memory beguile:
They blossomed into dimples with her smile.

15. Still I recall the gold-anointed thigh
On which her gold-embroidered garment glinted.
As she got up I tugged it to reveal
The marks which my love-frenzied nails had printed.
Then in embarrassment she would not stay
But hid them with her hand and ran away.

Still I remember when I am alone
The jet-black eyes collyrium had kissed;
Her braided hair, one mass of full-blown flowers;
And golden bangles dangling from each wrist.
Sweet betel juice had tinged her teeth with red --
A string of pearls smeared with vermilion lead.

Still when alone I recollect the smile
Which tasted nectar-sweet upon her lip;
I see the fastenings of her braided hair
Slip from their place, and see the garlands slip;
The wandering gaze, the string of pearls which rests
Kissing a pair of full uplifted breasts.

Still I recall how wreaths of jewel lamps
Garlanded round us in that palace white,
Fragmented darkness with their mass of rays;
Her eyes were pained in modesty and fright
When I surprised her bending over me
To spy her sleeping lover secretly.

Still I remember in her slenderness
The only vessel of my tender pleasure,
Her limbs on fire with separation's flame,
Her teeth as lovely as the various treasure
Of ornaments with which her body shone;
Eyes of a deer, and movements of a swan.

Still I recall my darling as she came,
Lent by her bosom's weight, to pleasure's bower,
House of the god who wounds with fiery darts,
Herself a beautiful and full-blown flower.
Her smile at me was radiance to bedeck
The clustered pearls which gleamed upon her neck.

Still I recall how my beloved spoke
When weary with our play; her tongue, confused,
Wished to assure me of her wild delight
But stumbled on the flatteries she used.
With timid murmurings and accents blurred
How charmingly she jumbled every word.

Still in another life I shall recall
What I recall at this my hour of dying:
The slender body of my royal swan
Amid love's lotus clusters languid lying;
Her eyes were closed in pleasure as we revelled,
Her garment loosened and her hair dishevelled.

Still, could I see once more, as day declines,
My loving mistress of the fawn-like eyes,
Carrying like two nectar-laden jars
Her swelling breasts, I would for such a prize
Renounce the joys of royalty on earth,
Heavenly bliss, and freedom from rebirth.

Still I recall my darling, whom the shafts
Of love, the flower-arrowed god, distress;
Above the choicest beauties of the earth
She shines with rays of flawless loveliness
As the new moon, the cup from which I savor
Where love is played the play's essential flavor.

Still I recall her, clinging close to me
As a wet garment, while the furious flame
Of passion seared her body, a mere girl
Who more to me than life itself became.
No moment fails the piteous recollection
Of her distress, who lacks her lord's protection.

Still when I think of those of lovely form
My thoughts turn first of all to the princess
Whose tender limbs were surely formed to be
The sole recipients of my tenderness.
My fellow men, this absence from my fair
Burns me with fiercer flame than I can bear.

Still, though I know this is my final hour,
O my bewilderer - what can I do? -
My thoughts are ever and again constrained
To leave the thirty gods and fly to you.
My constant one, I think of you alone
As dearest, as beloved, as my own.

Still I recall her in whose eyes I saw
The shy mobility of a gazelle.
When she had heard that I must go from her
Her tongue would falter on the word "Farewell";
From brimming eyes water of tears would flow,
And with the weight of grief her head hung low.

Still, though my eye may diligently search
This world, which is so full of every kind
Of comely woman, yet the counterpart
Of my beloved's face I cannot find.
She conquers by the beauty of that face
Both Love's beloved and the moon in grace.

30. Still I recall the white-toothed girl, from whom
It was poison for a moment to be parted;
Then in renewed embrace anointing me
With copious nectar, she new life imparted,
Herself fatigued by love; if she is mine,
Why do I need the trinity divine?

Still my mind flinches at the memory
How from the royal palace I was led
By fearsome men, who, ineluctable,
Seemed envoys from the ruler of the dead.
In grief I cannot tell how for my sake
There was no effort that she did not make.

Still does it pain my heart by night and day
That I before me may no longer see
At every step I take my darling's face
In full-moon beauty shining upon me.
The god of love is wounded in his pride,
For she is far more charming than his bride.

Still I keep all my wavering thoughts on her,
That in my next life she may be my lot,
The essence of whose youth no other man
Has tasted, maiden pure without a spot,
My only hope in this life, and my sum
Of aspirations for the life to come.

Still I recall how when a swarm of bees,
Allured by perfume from her lotus face,
Paused in their wanderings to kiss her cheeks,
In self-defence with agitated grace
She waved her bud-like hands, whose bracelets swinging
Distract my mind, for still I hear their ringing.

35. Still I recall how when I had grown drunk
Upon the wine with which her mouth was filled
Into her rounded breast I pressed my nails
And left a mark at which her body thrilled,
But she would try to watch and be alert,
Seeking to guard herself from further hurt.

Still I remember when in angry mood
She turned her face away and made to go.
I spoke to her, but she would not reply;
I kissed her, and her tears began to flow.
Freely she wept; then at her feet I fell:
"I am your slave, my dearest; love me well."

Still does my mind run on - what can I do? -
To well-loved rooms in which my darling lay,
Rooms to which lovely women gave their charm
With song and laughter, dance and mime and play.
Where my own love lives with her maiden friends,
There would I pass my time till my time ends.

Still there is no one in the whole wide world
Able to give the picture of my wife,
For on this earth her like has not been seen
Nor shall be seen in this or any life,
And he alone, if even he, could catch
Her likeness, who had seen her beauty's match.

Still I am doubtful: is she Pārvatī,
Lord Śiva's consort? Sacī, Indra's bride?
Or Laksmī, Lady Fortune, Krishna's wife?
Did the Creator form her to misguide
The triple world, or with a whim to see
The purest jewel of virginity?

Still when I think, as I have often thought,
To make comparison between the luster
Of timid glances from her fawn-like eyes
And a wreath woven from a jasmine cluster
Which honey-drinking bees have agitated,
Drowned in the blooms, my mind is captivated.

Still now that face of golden loveliness,
A spotless moon upon an autumn night,
That mouth of nectar which absolves from death
Would steal the senses of an anchorite;
So what of me? Could I those lips regain
I'd kiss them, and no more feel parting's pain.

Still, could I but attain once more that mouth,
Passion's one consecrated bathing place,
Watered by her affection to assuage
Love's scorching heat, and by her lotus face
Scented with pollen, surely I'd resign
My life in forfeit to preserve it mine.

Still is my heart despondent, for I see
The world, alas, so crowded to excess
With beauties and their noble qualities;
Yet even in this myriad loveliness
Not one to serve me for comparison
To her perfection whom I dote upon.

Still now my dear princess, a royal swan,
Causing my tender lotus heart to quiver,
Stirs from the mud of our separation
As in my mind she flows on like a river;
Her slender body coruscates with thrills,
Like sand banks glittering beneath the rills.

Still I recall that wanton rolling eye
Intoxicated by the prime of youth;
Her father is a very diadem
To crown the kings of men, but she in truth
More like a princess of celestial might
Fallen from heaven to grace our earthly sight.

Still neither night nor day may I forget
My loving mistress as she rose from sleep,
Her varied show of brilliant ornament,
Her breasts so close together, tall and steep,
As if above her altar-slender waist
Twin jars of milky nectar had been placed.

Still I recall the physic of my life,
That languid body in its golden charm;
She was uneasy for her modesty
And passion made her tremble with alarm,
Till gradually as I pressed limb to limb
My fervent kisses male her senses swim.

Still I recall her sweet tenacity
In pleasure's sport, the battle without arms,
In which we varied our embraces as
We rose and fell, and struck with open palms,
Till teeth pressed into lips, and raking nails
Left drops of blood to mark out scarlet trails.

Still in no other fashion can I live,
Nor other profit in this life can find
Than in enjoyment of love's ecstasies
Shared with the dearest of her gentle kind.
Death only, brother, can my pain allay,
So cut me off, I plead, without delay.

Still Viṣṇu's tortoise back upholds the earth
As when the gods for nectar churned the seas;
Poison and fire then threatened all the world;
One Śiva drank and still will not release,
One Ocean still retains within his deep;
For what the noble have made theirs, they keep.

Jayadeva

SONGS FROM THE *GĪTAGOVINDA*

Translated by
Barbara Stoler
Miller

Jayadeva sings the final song of his *Gītagovinda* with the promise that memory of Krishna's dancing feet has the power to cool the fever of living in the dark time that is Kali Yuga. Jayadeva's expressed purpose in composing his songs is to recall Krishna's dancing feet.

Within the *Gītagovinda* signature verses, or *bhaṇitās*, we find clues to the poet's history. His parents, his birthplace, his inspiring muse, and his literary contemporaries are named. Although actual names vary in manuscripts, a strong tradition makes him the son of Bhojadeva and Rāmādevī, born in Kindubilva (a village near Puri, or maybe Birbhum district, Bengal). He was inspired by his wife, the dancer Padmāvatī. He compares himself with the poets Umapatidhara, Govardhana, and Dhoyī, all of whom are associated with the Bengal court of Lakṣmaṇasena (ca. 1185-1205). Traditional accounts also place Jayadeva at Lakṣmaṇasena's court.

The *Gītagovinda* is dedicated in devotion to Krishna. Intensely sensual passion is the experience Jayadeva uses to express the complex relationship of love between Krishna and his devotee. The poem is set in luxuriant spring (*sarasavasante*), fertile and lush with emotion. The emotional drama unfolds in twelve movements of songs, sung by Rādhā, Krishna and her friend, who acts as the go-between. It begins when Krishna's stepfather, the cowherd Nanda, sends the boy home through dark woods with the beautiful cowmaid Rādhā. Krishna's love is graceful and restless; Rādhā soon suffers the pain of longing for him, while Krishna plays elsewhere. Her longing makes Krishna suffer too. The major part of the poem elaborates variations on the theme of the separated lovers' passion. The drama finally culminates in the ecstatic reunion of Rādhā and Krishna. Interpretations of the *Gītagovinda* are numerous and varied, but none can convincingly divorce the meaning of the poem from the context of its songs.

The twenty-four *padavalīs*. (verse-series), or *aṣṭapadīs* (eight-verse songs) as they are also know, sustain the emotional atmosphere of the poem. They are composed in rhymed, alliterative, moric meters. They are true lyrics, meant to be sung with appropriate *rāgas* (melodic patterns) and *tālas* (rhythmic cycles). Much of the power of the songs is in the hypnotic sonorities of the refrains. These have inspired the present attempt to intensify the sense of the

poem in English through rich rhythmical sounds, in imitation of Jayadeva's Sanskrit.*

jaya jaya deva hare

The Overture

The sky was thick with clouds,
the forest was dark with black-barked *tamāla* trees.
"Night frightens him.
Rādhā, you take him home!"

She followed Nanda's orders --
and as they strayed through a lush wayside grove
the play of Rādhā and Krishna's love
began in secret on the Jamnā river bank.

Jayadeva is the king of wandering singers --
watching his wife Padmāvatī's dancing feet
his deep thoughts quickened
to his muse's fluid motions
and he made this poem
composed from tales of Krishna's passionate play.

If thinking of Krishna
fills your heart with emotion,
if the arts of passion arouse you --
Listen to Jayadeva's muse
singing these sweet soft love songs.

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*The translations are based on three editions of the *Gītagovinda:*
Lassen, Christianus. *Gīta Govinda: Jayadevae Poetae Indici Drama Lyricum* (Bonn: 1836).
Telang, M.R. and W.L. Panshikar. *Gītagovinda, with Rasikapriyā of Kumbha and Rasamanjarī of Śaṃkara Miśra* (Bombay: NSP, 1899).
Vasudeva Sastri, K. *Gītagovinda with Abhinaya.* Tanjore Saraswati Mahal Series, No. 6 (Tanjore: 1950).

An account of the considerations involved in my translations of Sanskrit poetry are published in an article entitled "Camels in the Pleasure-Garden" in *Mahfil*, VI, 1 (1970): 33-41.

From the opening movement, entitled JOYFUL KRISHNA

Krishna is a wayward lover. As Rādhā roams in the forest longing
for him, her friend sings to console her. The song is sung with
vasanta rāga and *yāti tāla*.

Soft sandalwood mountain breezes caress the quivering vines of clove.
Thickets and huts hum with sounds of droning bees and cooing cuckoos.
In luxuriant spring Krishna dallies here, dancing with youthful women.
My friend, it is endless for anyone parted from him.

Travellers' wives moan from their fantasies of abandoned love.
Bees swarm over flowers clustered on spare mimosa branches.
In luxuriant spring Krishna dallies here, dancing with youthful women.
My friend, it is endless for anyone parted from him.

Black-barked *tamāla* trees' fresh leaves are limp from the scent of deer musk.
Flame-tree buds, like love's sharp nails, tear at tender hearts.
In luxuriant spring Krishna dallies here, dancing with youthful women.
My friend, it is endless for anyone parted from him.

Blossoming *keśara* flowers gleam like golden staffs of love.
Trumpet flowers swarming with bees are quivers of love full of arrows.
In luxuriant spring Krishna dallies here, dancing with youthful women.
My friend, it is endless for anyone parted from him.

Tender *karuṇa* buds mock at the world's abandoned modesty.
Spikes of *ketakī* pierce the sky like spears, wounding lonely women.
In luxuriant spring Krishna dallies here, dancing with youthful women.
My friend, it is endless for anyone parted from him.

Scents of twining creepers mingle with the perfume of new jasmine.
Nature's young ways win over even an anchorite's heart.
In luxuriant spring Krishna dallies here, dancing with youthful women.
My friend, it is endless for anyone parted from him.

Budding mango trees tingle to the touch of trembling vine tendrils.
Vṛndāvana forest is washed by meandering waters of the Jamnā river.
In luxuriant spring Krishna dallies here, dancing with youthful women.
My friend, it is endless for anyone parted from him.

Jayadeva's song recalls Krishna's dancing feet --
Scenes of the woods in luxuriant spring, laced with love's extravagance.
In luxuriant spring Krishna dallies here, dancing with youthful women.
My friend, it is endless for anyone parted from him.

From the second movement, entitled CARELESS KRISHNA

Rādhā, overwhelmed by her loneliness and her longing, pleads with her friend to find Krishna. The song is sung with *mālavagauḍa rāga* and *ekatālī tāla*.

I go to the deserted forest hut;
He waits there hidden by night.
My trembling glance looks everywhere;
He laughs with lusty passion.
  Friend, find the proud demon-killer!
  Make wayward Krishna revel in me --
  I'm caught in the fantasy of his love.

I'm shy when we first meet;
He coaxes me with his flatteries.
I answer in soft sweet smiles;
He pulls the skirt from my thighs.
  Friend, find the proud demon-killer!
  Make wayward Krishna revel in me --
  I'm caught in the fantasy of his love.

I rest on a bed of fern shoots;
He lies on my breast at last.
I embrace him, kiss him;
He clings to me drinking my lips.
  Friend, find the proud demon-killer!
  Make wayward Krishna revel in me --
  I'm caught in the fantasy of his love.

My eyes close languidly;
His cheeks are tense with desire.
My body is moist with sweat;
He is high on the lust of passion.
  Friend, find the proud demon-killer!
  Make wayward Krishna revel in me --
  I'm caught in the fantasy of his love.

I murmur to him like a cooing cuckoo;
He conquers the subtle secrets of love.
My hair is heavy with wilted flowers;
His thick chest is marked from my nails.
  Friend, find the proud demon-killer!
  Make wayward Krishna revel in me --
  I'm caught in the fantasy of his love.

The jeweled anklets on my feet jingle;
He comes to the height of his passion.
My loosened girdle seductively rings;
He draws back my hair to kiss me.
  Friend, find the proud demon-killer!
  Make wayward Krishna revel in me --
  I'm caught in the fantasy of his love.

I grow limp with the flood of passion;
His lotus eyes barely open.
My body bends like a fallen vine;
The demons' foe delights in love.
  Friend, find the proud demon-killer!
  Make wayward Krishna revel in me --
  I'm caught in the fantasy of his love.

Jayadeva sings here
Of prodigal Krishna's ways in love.
Let the pleasure that longing Rādhā feels
Unfold in her graceful song.
  Friend, find the proud demon-killer!
  Make wayward Krishna revel in me --
  I'm caught in the fantasy of his love.

From the third movement, entitled BEWILDERED KRISHNA

Krishna, attached to Rādhā despite his escapades, looks for her and laments his loss. The song is sung with *gurjarī rāga* and *yāti tāla*.

She was startled when she found me
Circled in the crowd of women.
My guilt, and my cowardice,
Kept me from stopping her.
  Krishna, Krishna, she is gone --
  angered by your careless way of love.

What will she do, what will she say --
We've been parted so long!
Riches, friends, my life, my forest home
Are worthless now without her.
  Krishna, Krishna, she is gone --
  angered by your careless way of love.

I think of her face,
Her frowning brow thick with anger --
A crimson lotus
Shadowed by hovering bees.
  Krishna, Krishna, she is gone --
  angered by your careless way of love.

In my heart I wildly enjoy her
Coming to me for love.
Why do I search here in the woods?
Why do I cry out in vain?
  Krishna, Krishna, she is gone --
  angered by your careless way of love.

Fragile Rādhā, I suspect that anger
Is wasting your heart.
I don't know where you are --
How can I help you now?
  Krishna, Krishna, she is gone --
  angered by your careless way of love.

Your fleeting vision
Haunts me.
Why not embrace me --
Where is the passion you gave me once?
  Krishna, Krishna, she is gone --
  angered by your careless way of love.

Pardon me now.
I'll never desert you again.
Show yourself, Rādhā.
I burn with passion.
  rishna, Krishna, she is gone --
  angered by your careless way of love.

Krishna's pain is described with devotion
By Jayadeva,
Who rests like the ocean-born moon
In the village of Kindubilva.
  Krishna, Krishna, she is gone --
  angered by your careless way of love.

From the fifth movement, entitled DESIROUS KRISHNA

Rādhā's friend has told Krishna of Rādhā's pining love for him and upbraided him. He sends the friend back to conciliate her. The song is sung with *deśīvarāḍī rāga* and *rūpaka tāla*.

Winds from the sandalwood mountain blow, spreading passion abroad.
Flowers bloom in profusion, tearing parted lovers' hearts.
  Krishna waits in forest garlands,
  longing for you, my friend.

The moon's cool rays scorch him -- he seems to die in torture.
Love's loosed arrow falls and he laments -- impotent.
  Krishna waits in forest garlands,
  longing for you, my friend.

Bees swarm buzzing lovers' sounds -- he covers his ears.
Your parting fills his heart -- every night he feels its pain.
  Krishna waits in forest garlands,
  longing for you, my friend.

He stays in the dense wild of the woods, giving up his life of ease.
He tosses restlessly on his earthen bed, frantically calling your name.
  Krishna waits in forest garlands,
  longing for you, my friend.

Poet Jayadeva sings of the parted lover's pain.
While this poignancy stirs you to passion, let Krishna grow in your heart.
  Krishna waits in forest garlands,
  longing for you, my friend.

From the sixth movement, entitled PROFLIGATE KRISHNA

Rādhā's grief at separation is described to Krishna. The song is sung with *gondakirī rāga* and *rūpaka tāla*.

She sees you everywhere in secret,
Drinking honeyed wine from someone else's lips.
Lord Krishna,
Rādhā pines in your place of love.

She rushes in her haste to meet your love.
Her footsteps waver, she falls faint.
Lord Krishna,
Rādhā pines in your place of love.

Wearing bracelets she weaves from tender lotus shoots,
She lives to enjoy the art of your love.
Lord Krishna,
Rādhā pines in your place of love.

Caught by the grace of her own ornaments,
She fancies, "I am Krishna, the demon's foe."
Lord Krishna,
Rādhā pines in your place of love.

"Why won't Krishna come quickly to meet my love?"
She asks her friend.
Lord Krishna,
Rādhā pines in your place of love.

She embraces, she kisses the cloud-like forms
Of the vast dark night. "Krishna has come," she says.
Lord Krishna,
Rādhā pines in your place of love.

While you idle here, she forgets her shame --
She laments, lies sobbing, dressed for her night of love.
Lord Krishna,
Rādhā pines in your place of love.

Let Jayadeva's song
Bring joy to men who relish pure emotion.
Lord Krishna,
Rādhā pines in your place of love.

From the twelfth and final movement, entitled DELIGHTED KRISHNA

Rādhā's triumph is Krishna's passionate response. Lying with him in the disarray that follows love, she asks Krishna to help her dress. The song is sung with *rāmagirī rāga* and *yāti tāla.*

Krishna, ornament my breast with cool sandalwood on your hand.
Paint a leaf design with musk here to make a vessel for the feast of love.
She asked Krishna,
dallying there, delighting her heart.

Lover, your lips smudged the bee-black kohl on my eye.
Redraw the bow that shoots love's dart.
She asked Krishna,
dallying there, delighting her heart.

Krishna, hand these earrings on my ears --
Snares of love to hold the flashing brilliance of your antelope eyes.
She asked Krishna,
dallying there, delighting her heart.

Comb the loose lock playing on my white lotus face,
Like a glossy line of black bees across my brow.
She asked Krishna,
dallying there, delighting her heart.

Krishna, mark my brow with a soft moon spot of musk --
The sweat of love is dried now on my forehead.
She asked Krishna,
dallying there, delighting her heart.

Krishna, fix flowers in the silky hair your passion loosened --
Flowing now like the fly-whisk on love's banner, outshining the peacock's train.
She asked Krishna,
dallying there, delighting her heart.

Krishna, cover my full firm hips in a jewelled girdle and rich garments --
A beautiful cavern for capturing love.
She asked Krishna,
dallying there, delighting her heart.

Open your heart to Jayadeva's triumphant singing --
Memory of Krishna's dancing feet cools the fever of living in this dark time.
She asked Krishna,
dallying there, delighting her heart.

J. Masson-Moussaieff

OBSCENITY IN SANSKRIT LITERATURE

A definition of the term in the ancient Indian context

In Western literary criticism, the adjective "obscene" generally means only that the person using the word happens to find a particular passage personally distasteful. Sanskrit critics seem to me more professional in their attitude. The notion of pornography was known to early Indian critics as *grāmyatva, aślīlatva, asabhyatva*, all considered literary faults.[1] But the great literary critic of the eleventh century, Abhinavagupta, tells us that they are not *nityadoṣas*, faults in all circumstances, for there are cases of vulgarity that serve a purpose. What is important is the intention of the author. This seems fair. For example, if one intends to sexually excite the reader, then obviously (or is it?), the more explicit the description, the more successful. Danish pornography, with photographs of three-way sex, recognizes this fact. So did the early Indian critics. Mammaṭa (twelfth century) in his *Kāvyaprakāśa* says that the following verse is perfectly justified in a situation where one wants to arouse a woman sexually:

> When the woman's tight cunt is softened by a man's fingers, his cock moves in and out shining gloriously.[2]

In Sanskrit it is not difficult to distinguish "pornography" from "literature" if one agrees to be formal. (What is not so simple is to distinguish good pornography from bad literature. Some of the "obscene" verses I quote later in this article seem to me better than many verses from Māgha and Bhāravi.) The reason for this is the existence of an important principle of Sanskrit literature which states that one ought not to state directly an emotion one wishes to convey.[3] Daṇḍin (seventh century) is the first critic to state this explicitly. The example he provides is:

> Virgin girl, I want to fuck you, why don't you want to fuck me?[4]

Abhinavagupta,[5] followed by Mammaṭa,[6] says that the breasts of a young girl excite us all the more if they are only half revealed. And it is true that the verses in the sections on *viparītarati* (where the woman sits on top of the man), are rarely explicit and are, thus, not pornography. The *Kāvyaprakāśa* V. 137 quotes a lovely Prakrit stanza:

> Lakṣmī, astride Viṣṇu, is making love to him. Suddenly she sees Brahmā sitting on the lotus that grows out of Viṣṇu's navel. Overcome with sexual passion

> as she is, she quickly puts her hand over Viṣṇu's right eye.[7]

Since Viṣṇu is often represented as the cosmos, his right eye is the sun. When the sun sets, lotuses close their petals and Brahmā will, thereby, disappear.

Needless to say, the many verses devoted to travellers and the veiled invitations offered to them by horny women are not considered "obscene." Many of them are good poems; e.g., the following verse from the *Śārṅgadharapaddhati*, an anthology from the fourteenth century:

> "Traveller, look how beautiful it is here in this bamboo forest and thicket of reeds. Come sleep for a while." This is what a young girl tending the cows told the handsome young wanderer as he sat down on the road unexpectedly.[8] As she spoke she could not keep her body still.

And of course the many fine verses where sexual love is the main theme were in no sense censored by the orthodox tradition. I think of such verses as the following from, of all places, Hemacandra's *Prākṛtavyākaraṇa* IV. 397 (a grammar!):

> When my lover comes to me I shall do things to him never seen before. Like water that vanishes into the clay of a new earthen pot, I will dissolve all my body into his body.[9]

What then did the Sanskrit literary critics consider to be clear cases of pornography? The question is not easy to answer, for we will see the ambiguities that exist in the most famous statement of this matter, that found in the *Dhvanyāloka* of Ānandavardhana (Kashmir, ninth century). There is, however, a passage in the *Locana*, Abhinavagupta's eleventh century commentary on the above text and a work of unique importance in Sanskrit literary criticism, where Abhinava explicity calls a verse "obscene":

> As for what someone has given as an example of *vyājastuti* (apparent blame that is really praise), namely:
>
> "O Lord, the earth was your grandmother, and then became your mother. Now, girdled with the ocean, she has become your wife for the glory of your family. And when a full hundred years are over, she will become your daughter-in-law, free from all reproach. Tell me, is this the proper (behavior) for a family of kings, who know all the rules of morality?"
>
> This strikes me as vulgar, and makes one think of extremely pornographic things. Moreover, what king of praise is this anyway? For all the verse says is

> this: "You have become king in succession," and what is so special about that? Such a case of *vyājastuti* would be laughed out of any gathering of sensitive critics. So it only deserves to be ignored.[10]

It is interesting that the one example Abhinava provides is a very bad poem, quite apart from its theme. Other examples of obscene verses come to mind -- the famous *yonir dravati nārīṇām* of the *Mahabhārata* (Nīlakantha on III. 116.8). Less well-known, but even more interesting, are certain sections of the Prakrit anthology, the *Vajjālagga* (11). One or two of the verses, in sections that are meant to be sexually exciting, strike me as very fine. I think in particular of:

> The passionate woman, not having been fulfilled in her love-making, says upon seeing a cart in the middle of the village: Blessed, indeed, is the hub of the wheel in which is always stuck the axle.[12]

No debate existed in Sanskrit about these two categories; they were simply different. But there is an aspect to verses belonging to the first category over which controversy did exist. Not only in the anthologies,[13] but also in the great poems, verses describing the love-making of Śiva and Pārvatī, or Viṣṇu and Lakṣmī[14] are commonly found. One thinks in particular of the eighth chapter of the great *Kumārasambhava* (fifth century A.D.), where Kālidāsa describes the sexual scenes between Śiva and Pārvatī:

> Attached to his beloved, Śiva made love both day and night. One hundred and fifty seasons passed like a single night. He never tired of sexual pleasures, as the fire hidden deep in the ocean never tires of its pouring waters.[15]

Or of the *Jānakīharaṇa* of Kumāradāsa, which contains a similar description, no doubt inspired by Kālidāsa:

> They quarrelled. She pretended to be asleep. Then, as he carefully began to remove her dress, she laughed, called him a thief, and boldly bit his lower lip.[16]

Now Śiva and Pārvatī are said to be the mother and father of the universe (cf. *Raghuvaṃśa* I.1), and one naturally questions the "propriety" of describing one's parents' love life. The matter has been discussed some detail with great perception by Ānandavardhana in the third *uddyota* of his *Dhvanyāloka* (17). Here is my translation of this important section:

> Should you then ask how it is that sensitive readers nonetheless find beauty in such instances (i.e., where there are obvious stylistic faults), our reply is that this is because (the fault) is overshadowed (*tirohita*) by the imaginative genius of the poet (*kaviśakti*). For a poetic fault can be of two kinds: it can either be

due to the poet's insufficient culture or training (*avyutpatti*), or it can be due to a lack of imaginative genius (*śakti*). A fault in a poem that is due to insufficient culture may well be overshadowed by the poet's imaginative genius and not be noticed at all. But a fault in a poem that is due to the poet's lack of genius will stand out immediately. Here is a supplementary verse on this:

Should a poet commit a fault out of insufficient culture, it can be covered over by his imaginative genius. But if the fault is due to a lack of this genius, then it will immediately shine forth.

This is why there are times when great poets will write about love-making among the highest gods along the lines of love-making (common to mortals). Though this is improper (*anaucitya*)[18] because it is overshadowed by imaginative genius,[19] it does not strike us as vulgar (*grāmya*). An example is the description of Śiva's love-making with Pārvatī in the *Kumārasaṃbhava*. In this and other similar situations, it has been explained later how impropriety can be avoided. By means of positive and negative examples, the power of imaginative genius to overshadow (other faults) in a poem is apparent. That is why if a poet devoid of this imaginative genius were to describe love-making in such a case, his work clearly appear faulty.

Later in the third *uddyota*,[20] Ānanda says:

Objection: In describing the emotion of "energy" (*utsāha*, the primary emotion of *vīrarasa*, an esthetic experience dealing with heroism) etc., it might well be a good idea to be cautious in regard to the propriety of human and heavenly deeds. But what is the purpose of (making these distinctions) in the case of love, etc.? For it is a fact that love among the gods must be described according to the way it takes place among mortals in India. (Response): This is not true. For in the case of (love also) it is a great fault to transgress the rules of propriety. For example, would it not be ridiculous to (describe) the love of a high character in terms of what is (only) proper to a high character in terms of what is (only) proper to a low character? In the case of love, in India as well, there are three types of propriety[21] determined by high, middle and low characters (each regulated by rules of propriety). Now the opponent might claim that the distinction we made in relation to the propriety that effects the *utsāha* of gods and the *utsāha* for humans is an invalid distinction in the case of love. We reply to this by saying that we do not claim that (earthly standards) in love are (in any important sense) different from heavenly standards. What we do claim however is this: the love

> that is described among high-born heroes, such as kings, etc., in India, is equally valid (*śobhate*) among gods. On the other hand, we believe that it is not commendable[22] to describe the commonly-met-with vulgar sexual love in the case of kings, etc., in plays and similar works. Likewise, (such vulgar descriptions) should be avoided in the case of gods. Should one object that one must avoid (such vulgar scenes) of love-making (only) in the different kinds of plays because it would be uncivilized (to present actual sexual intercourse) when these actions must actually be staged (but this is not necessarily a bad think in poetry where there are no problems of staging), we reply: No, (this is not the case). For if such a subject is uncivilized in drama, who can say that this is not equally true for poetry? Therefore, be it drama or poetry, wherever in the case of a noble character such as a king, etc., there is a portrayal of vulgar sexual intercourse with a high-born heroine, that is as highly outrageous as would be a description of the love-making of one's parents. The same is true of (such descriptions) in the case of the highest gods. In any case, there is not only one type of love, i.e. sexual intercourse. There are also other possible varieties, such as love-glances, etc.[23] Why shouldn't they be described in the case of higher characters? Therefore, just as in *utsāha*, so also in love, one should obey what is proper to the character.

Ānanda therefore seems to be taking a stand in favor of entirely avoiding such sexually overt scenes in literature. He says there must be no double standard for drama and for poetry, which is fair, though non-dramatic literature has always been subjected to less prejudice than has the drama. But he then goes on to say that the description of sexual intercourse among high-born heroes is disturbing. The gods, seemingly, have only noble characters, and so vulgar sexual love should not be portrayed either among them or among high-born men. The opponent thus seems to have the more liberal view, namely, that such descriptions should be allowed in poems, but not on the stage. It is clear, then, that Ānanda does consider the scenes from the eighth chapter of the *Kumārasambhava* to be objectionable. "It is a fault" (*doṣa eva*), he says. But he goes on to make the rather odd remark that although there really is a literary blunder in such cases, we do not perceive it! The point seems to be that we theoretically postulate its existence, for, otherwise, it seems difficult to understand how we can consider something to be a flaw if we cannot perceive it. Perhaps Ānanda is trying to give advice to would-be poets in this passage, excusing Kālidāsa, but warning them away from such attempts. The late (sixteenth century) *Alaṅkāraśekhara* of

Keśavamiśra, no doubt inspired by this passage, puts it very well:

> Although (the love-making of Śiva and Pārvatī) has been described by Kālidāsa in the *Kumārasambhava*, still, it should not be indulged in by modern poets. For the fact that elephants are able to digest, with their inner fire, stones and bits of fig-trees, does not mean that the inner fire of man is able to do so.[24]

But it is not clear just how Ānanda would react to the same passages translated into drama. The "fault" would, of course, remain, but it should be "unperceived." Does this then mean that it could or could not be staged: if, due to poetic genius, it was overshadowed once, presumably it should be so again. Of course, Kālidāsa did not write such scenes into his plays; therefore, Ānanda did not really have to face the issue. Once again, we must fall back on the annoying truth (annoying, that is, for later scholars) that Ānanda simply did not need to confront the problem of censorship. Whether this means that it did not even occur to him to censor any work, or whether he assumed this would naturally be the case, we cannot say with certainty. As for the liberal opponent, the greatest difficulty is that we do not really know whether he represents a real position, or whether Ānanda has merely invented him in order to defend his own position from possible attacks.

In conclusion, we should note the important fact that for Indian literary critics, the "problem" of obscenity was an intellectual one, not a practical one. Literary critics argued, but did not presume to prescribe. I cannot conceive of Simone de Beauvoir's famous question "Must we burn de Sade?" in Sanskrit criticism; even less could one imagine the quip of Alvarez: "Now that you mention it, why not?"

I suspect that critics like Ānandavardhana and Abhinavagupta recognized that what we happen to find personally offensive ought not to be elevated into a universal principle, for it is certain that imagination is not limited to what any given society finds tolerable. Sexual sadism may not be pleasant, nor incest "elevating," but they do not on this account cease to belong to the realm of literature. On the other hand, we must not expect early Indian literary criticism to illumine modern works. There is no sense in which we can apply the standards of *grāmyatva* to such authors as Genet, Burrow, or Céline. They can hardly be accused of "vulgarity." I do believe, however, that had these authors written in the second century A.D. in India, their works would have come down to us today, and this is one of the greatest compliments one can pay a literary tradition.

NOTES

1. *See* Vāmana II. 1. 15, 19. (Nirnaya Sagar Press, Bombay: 1953.) *See also* Bhāmaha I. 52 *and* Daṇḍin II. 263.

2. *Kāvyaprakāśa* VII. 303 (Jhalkikar ed., Poona: 1957, p. 421.):
   karihastena saṃbādhe praviśyāntar vilodite
   upasarpan dhvajaḥ puṃsaḥ sādhanāntar virājate.

   The literal translation of this would be: "When the opposing array is dispersed by the bull-elephant's trunk, the banner of the general enters the enemy's ranks and shines gloriously."

3. *See* J. Masson and M.V. Patwardhan, *Śantarasa and Abhinavagupta's Philosophy of Aesthetics* (Poona: Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute, 1969), p. 7. We have gone into more detail on this subject in our book *Aesthetic Rapture: The Rasādhyāya of the Natyaśāstra* (Poona: Deccan College, 1970). See the forthcoming article by J. Masson, "Telling, not Conveying," *Journal of Indian Philosophy* (Leiden).

4. *Kāvyādarśa* I. 63 (ed. by Raddi Shastri, Poona: B.O.R.I., 1938):
   kanye kāmayamānaṃ māṃ na tvaṃ kāmayase katham

5. *Dhvanyālokalocana*, ed. with *Bālapriyā*. (Benares: 1940), p. 138:
   . . . gopyamānaṃ sannāyīkākucakalaśayugalam iva
   mi[illegible]ghatām upayad dhvanyate.

6. *Kāvyaprakāśa* V. 45, p. 191.

7. *viparīare lacchī bamhaṃ daṭṭhūṇa ṇāhikamalaṭṭhaṃ*
   hariṇo dhīṇaṇaṇaṃ rasāulā jhatti ḍakkei.

   See also Sridhara's Commentary on the *KP*. ed. Sivaprasad Bhattachasya (Calcutta:1959), 170. The verse comes from Hāla's *Sattasaī* (Weber's ed., p. 451, verse 816 of the Telinga recension).

8. *ŚP*. 3918 (Petersen's ed.; Bombay: 1888):
   iha niculanikuñje vaṃśasaṃbhārabhāji
   svapiṣi yadi muhūrtaṃ paśyasi kṣetram etat
   iti pathikam akasmāt mārga evopaviṣṭam
   vadati taruṇakāntaṃ gopikā sāṅgabhaṅgam.

9. *jaī kevaiṃ pāvīsu akiā kuḍḍu karīsu*
   pāṇiu navai sarāvi jivaṃ savvaṅgeṃ paisīsu.

10. *Dhvanyālokalocana*, p. 129: *yat tūdāhṛtam kenacit -*
āsīn nātha pitāmahī tava mahī jātā tato 'nantaram
mātā samprati sāmburāśiraśanā jāyā kulodbhūtaye
pūrṇe varṣaśate bhaviṣyati punaḥ saivānavadyā snuṣā
yaktaṃ nāma samagranītividusām kiṃ bhūpatīnāṃ kūle
iti, tad asmākaṃ grāmyaṃ pratibhāty atyantāsabhya-
smṛtihetutvāt. kā cānena stutiḥ kṛtā? tvaṃ vaṃśakrameṇa
rājeti hi kiyad idam? ityevamprāyā vyājastutiḥ sahṛdaya-
goṣṭhīṣu ninditety upekṣyaiva.

11. Jayavallabha's *Vajjālaggaṃ*. ed. by M.V. Patwardhan, Prakrit Text Series XIV (Ahmedabad:1969). The date is ca. 700.

12. 496.2., p. 298:
asaī assamattarayā sayoḍaṃ datthūnā gāmamajjhammi
dhannā hu cakkaṇāhī niccaṃ akkho hio jissā

13. E.g. Section IV of the *Subhāṣitaratnakośa*. See the translation by D.H.H. Ingalls, *An Anthology of Sanskrit Court Poetry*. (Harvard Oriental Series, 1965).

14. See, for example, the fine verse from the *Padyaveṇī* of Veṇīdatta. ed. by J.B. Chaudhuri (Calcutta, 1944), p. 10:
ativipulaṃ kucayugalaṃ rahasi karair āmṛśan muhur lakṣmyāḥ
tadapahṛtaṃ nijahṛdayaṃ jayati harir mṛgayamāṇa iva.
"Glory to Viṣṇu
With his hands he fondles
In secret
The large breasts of Lakṣmī
As if searching there for his own lost heart."

See also the fine verse from the *Kṛṣṇakarṇāmṛta* II. 105. J. Masson is bringing out an anthology of classical Sanskrit love poems for UNESCO in collaboration with various American and Canadian poets in which many of these verses will be found.

15. *Kumārasambhava* VIII. 91.
samadivasaniśītham sahginas tatra śambhoḥ
śatam agamad ṛtūnām sārdham ekā niśeva
na sa suratasukhebhyaś chinnatṛṣṇo babhūva
jvalana iva samudrāntargatas tajjalaughaiḥ.

See also VIII. 84 and the verse quoted in the *Vakroktijīvita*, I. 81, p. 53 (De's ed.).

16. VIII. 52.

kaitavena kalaheṣu suptayā
sa kṣipan vasanam āttasādhvasaḥ
cora ity uditcheṣavibhramam
sapragalbham avakhaṇḍito 'dhare.

I regret that I was unable to consult the new Sinhalese ed. by Goddakumbura and Paranivatana.

17. *Dhvanyāloka*, p. 316: *katham acarutvam tadṛse viṣaye sahṛdayanam navabhatiticed; kavisaktitirohitatvat. dvividho hi dosah - kaver avyutpattikṛto śaktikṛtas ca. tatravyutpattikṛto dosah saktitiraskṛtatvat kadacin na lakṣyate. yas tv asaktikṛto dosah sa jhatiti pratiyate. parikaraslokas catra -*

avyutpattikṛto dosah saktya samvriyate kaveh
yas tv asaktikṛtas tasya sa jhatity avabhasate

tathā hi - mahākavīnām apy uttamadevatāviṣayaprasiddha-sambhogaśṛṅgāranibandhanādy anaucityam śaktitiraskṛtatvāt grāmyatvena na pratibhāsate. yathā kumārasambhave devī-sambhogavarṇanam. evam ādau ca viṣaye yathaucityātyāgas tathā darśitam evāgre. śaktitiraskṛtatvaṃ cānvayavyatirekābhyām avasīyate. tathā hi śaktirahitena kavinā evaṃvidhe viṣaye śṛṅgara upanibadhyamānaḥ sphutam eva doṣatvena pratibhāsate.

18. It is tempting to interpret *anaucityam* here to mean "apparent impropriety," since the second positive conclusion (*grāmyatvena na pratibhāsate*) would seem to cancel out the reality of *anaucityam*. But I do not think this is what Ānanda means. For what might give support to this admittedly attractive interpretation, namely, the phrase *evam ādau ca viṣaye yathaucityātyāgas tathā darśitam evāgre*, should be interpreted as a reference to *Kārikās* X-XIV, where the discussion concerns means of avoiding *anaucitya*. I do not think that the passage can mean that the future discussion will show how it is that such examples do not lose their propriety.

19. The question will naturally occur to us that if the impropriety is not perceived, how do we come to apply a stricture to something that we do not in fact apprehend? Abhinava responds to this in an interesting comment in the *Locana*, p. 317: *āsvādayitṛṇāṃ yaḥ camatkārāvighātas tad eva rasasarvasvaṃ [rasasya] āsvādāyattatvāt. uttamadevtā-sambhogaparāmarśe ca pitṛsambhoga iva lajjātaṅkādinā kaś camatkārāvakāśa ity arthaḥ. śaktitiraskṛtatvād iti. sambhoge 'pi hy asau varṇitas tathā pratibhānavatā kavinā yathā tatraiva viśrāntaṃ hṛdayaṃ paurvāparyaparāmarśaṃ kartuṃ na dadāti yathā nirvyājaparākramasya purusasyāviṣaye 'pi yudhyamānasya tāvat tasminn avasare sādhuvādo vitīryate na tu paurvāparyaparāmarśe tathātrāpīti bhāvaḥ.* "Impropriety means that which obstructs the delight of those who experience *rasa*, because this experience is the all-in-all

of *rasa*. What pleasure can there be in a reference to the love-making of the highest god, which can only produce shame and horror in the mind of the reader, just as would a description of the love-making of one's own parents? Saktitiraskṛtatvāt means: although the love-making has been described, nonetheless, because of the genius of the poet, the heart is so engrossed in the poetry that it does not consider whether it is proper or improper. Just as when a man is genuinely courageous but happens to be fighting an improper battle, we might well laud him at the time, but would cease to do so if we consider (later) the correctness or incorrectness of his behavior." This important passage brings up the whole question of *rasābhāsa*. For further discussion, see the section on this concept in my *Aesthetic Rapture* (Poona: Deccan College Silver Jubilee Series).

20. *Dhvanyāloka*, p. 332: *nanu yady utsāhādibhāva amṛtasvādakathāsv iva divyamānuṣyādy aucityaparīkṣā kriyate tat kriyatāṃ, ratyadau tu kiṃ tayā prayojanam? rasatir hi bhāratavarṣocitenaiva vyavahāreṇa divyānām api varṇanīyeti sthitiḥ. naivam; tatraucityātikrameṇa sutarāṃ doṣaḥ. tathā hy adhamaprakṛtyaucityenottamaprakṛteḥ śṛṅgāropanibandhane kā bhaven nopahāsyatā. trividhaṃ prakṛtyaucityaṃ bhārate varṣe 'py asti śṛṅgāraviṣayam. yat tu divyam aucityaṃ tat tatrānupakārakam eveti cet - na vayaṃ divyam aucityaṃ śṛṅgāraviṣayam anyatkiṃcid brumaḥ. kiṃ tarhi? bharatavarṣaviṣaye yathottamanāyakeṣu rājādiṣu śṛṅgāropanibandhas tathā divyāśrayo 'pi śobhate. na ca rājādiṣu prasiddhagrāmyaśṛṅgāropanibandhanam prasiddhaṃ nāṭakādau, tathaiva deveṣu tat parihartavyam. nāṭakāder abhineyārthatvād abhinayasya ca sambhogaśṛṅgāraviṣayasyāś bhigatvāt tatra parihāra iti cet na; yady abhinayasyaivaṃviṣayasyāsabhyatā tat kāvyasyaivaṃviṣayasya sā kena nivāryate? tasmād abhineyārthe 'nabhineyārthe vā kāvye yad uttamaprakṛte rājāder uttamaprakṛtibhir nāyikābhiḥ saha grāmyasambhogavarṇanaṃ tat pitroḥ sambhogavarṇanam iva sutarāṃ asabhyam. tathaivottamadevatādiviṣayam. na ca sambhogaśṛṅgārasya suratalakṣaṇa evaikaḥ prakāraḥ, yāvad anye 'pi prabhedāḥ parasparapremadarśanādayaḥ sambhavanti, te kasmād uttamaprakṛtiviṣaye na varṇyante? tasmād utsāhavad ratāv api prakṛtyaucityaṃ anusartavyam.*

21. The phrase *trividhaṃ prakṛtyaucityaṃ bhārate varṣe 'py asti śṛṅgāraviṣayam* is troublesome only if we attempt to account for the word *api*. If we ignore this word, then the sentence makes sense, and belongs, not to the opponent, but to Ānanda. The next phrase, *yat tu divyaṃ aucityaṃ tat tatrānupakārakam eveti cet*, is of course the opponent, and his point is this: You, Ānandarvardhana, have earlier claimed that there are two different standards in the case of *utsāha*; namely, a human one, and a divine one (since Ānanda claims elsewhere in the *Dhvanyāloka* that to describe superhuman feats in the case of a human hero is ill-advised). Should you also claim that there are different standards so far as the portrayal of love is considered, I am afraid that I cannot find this distinction credible. Surely divine love should be described precisely as is human love. Ānanda replies by saying that he never

claimed that there were two different standards in the case of divine and human love. He accepts only one standard. But that is the standard that applies to noble characters like kings, etc. The opponent seems to feel that there is nothing wrong with descriptions of sexual intercourse in the case of gods. But Ānanda says that it is not a question of double standards, but only of applying the proper standard; such descriptions may be proper in the case of low characters (Ānanda only implies this); however, in the case of kings, etc., such descriptions should certainly be avoided as inelegant. And it is this standard that will apply to descriptions of love among the gods. Following this interpretation, the *tatra* in the phrase tat *tatrānupakārakam eveti* will have to mean "in the case of love." Perhaps *atra* is a better reading. This could also give the sense of *bhāratavarṣe 'pi*.

22. The word *prasiddham* in this phrase is used in two different meanings: the first time it will have to mean "commonly met with"; the second time,"not practical," i.e., "not commended."

23. *Parasparapremadarśana* can be interpreted in two ways: mutual love glances, or display (*darśanam*) of mutual love. The *ādi* refers to exchanging presents, etc.

24. *AS.* VIII, 2 (p. 88 of the 1927 Benares ed):
yady api kumārasambhave kālidāsena vāmitam, tathāpy arvācīnair na kartavyam. na hi gajādīnām audaryam tejo vaṭakāṣṭham aśitam pacatīty asmadādīnām apy audaryeṇa tejasā tathā bhavitavyam iti nyāyāt.

Alex Wayman

A JOTTING ON THE MIRROR: THOSE OF LADIES

A note on the mirror in ancient Indian literature and art

As I look through my growing data on the mirror simile and mirror practices, there are enough references to the mirror of ladies to suggest some interest in collecting them to survey the possibilities. So far, mainly using Buddhist sources, I find five types:

1. Mirror in hand, finishing their toilet, getting ready to meet their lover.
2. Mirror in hand, musing, presumably of their lover.
3. Mirror in someone else's hand; she being bewitched.
4. Requited for a dream by a mirror reflection.
5. Seeing prognostics in a mirror.

The first two cases must be taken together, because in the many examples of Indian sculpture that depict the lady and her mirror, it is difficult to decide whether she is looking in the mirror or simply holding it and musing. An elegant example is at Belūr in Mysore State. In a book on Konarak by Chowdury and Gangoly,[1] there is Plate 35, "Torso of a *nāyikā* with mirror," and Plate 43 "*Nāyikā* with a mirror." Gangoly says of the former, "This is one of several representations of lovers (*nāyikās*) finishing their toilets with the aid of the mirror, getting ready to meet her beloved." Of the latter he states, "Another figure of a *nāyikā* standing with a mirror in her hand, in a mood of reverie, perhaps thinking of her beloved who has not yet come to meet her." But since the *nāyikā* is prevalently the wanton lady, Gangoly should have justified himself more to make this identification. Śivarāmamūrti is worth citing:[2]

> Not without reason Rati holds a mirror: there is great charm in a lady reviewing her features in a *mukura* or mirror. So fascinating a study is the lady, mirror in hand, that it has become a special motif; and in Mathurā sculpture Bhūteśar supplies an excellent example of a yakṣī in that attitude. Amarāvatī has also lovely sculptures to illustrate this feminine self-appraisement, and pl. ix, fig. 17 shows a lady carefully arranging her curls and *sīmanta* (central line over forehead), mirror in hand (*Jātaka* v. No. 526, p. 105). This almost corresponds to Kālidāsa's description of Pārvatī with a mirror in her hand (*Kumārasambhava* vii, 26), that later develops into an iconographic form of the Goddess as described in the *Viṣnudharmottara*, *Rūpamandana* and other texts in the *Umāmaheśvara*

and other groups. And Rati is similarly described (Gravely and Ramachandran, pp. 16, 73, 137). From the *Jātakas* (v. No. 531, p. 158) we learn that the mirror had a handle and frame made of ivory. No wonder that such an exquisite instrument to test beauty is called by Kālidāsa *vibhramadarpaṇa*, i.e. mirror for reflecting feminine grace or toilet mirror (*Raghuvaṁśa* x, 10).

Śivarāmamūrti, in his charming booklet, *Sculpture Inspired by Kālidāsa*, refers to the line of *Meghadūta* I, 61 (also in another edition, I, 58) "be the guest of Kailāsa, mirror for divine nymphs" (*kailāsasya tridaśavanitādarpaṇasyātithiḥ syāḥ*): "The gay life of the Siddhas and other divine beings on the Kailāsa mountain and the purpose of the mirror served by the glassy slopes as the *tridaśavanitā* -- heavenly damsels -- attended to their toilet are portrayed at Sānci (fig. 24) and the sculptor has given a second life to the line of Kālidāsa."[3]

The third case, that of the bewitching mirror, is described by Bhattacharyya[4] under the Vajrānaṅga form of the Bodhisattva Manjuśrī, with six hands. The two main ones hold the taut bow made of flowers, primed with the arrow of a lotus bud. Of the four remaining hands, the two right ones hold the sword and the mirror, and the two left ones carry the lotus and the *aśoka* bough with red flowers. Manjuśrī has here the role of the Hindu Kāmadeva, who is called Ananga ("bodiless"), but with some extra weapons. Bhattacharyya explains the procedure:

> It is said in the *Sādhanamālā* that in the act of bewitching a woman, the worshipper should imagine himself as piercing her bosom with the arrow of the lotus bud. The woman falls flat on the ground in a swoon, whereupon the worshipper should visualise her legs as being tied by the chain which is the bow. Then he should imagine that the noose of the lotus stalk is flung round her neck, and she is drawn to his side. Thereupon, he should think that he is striking her with the Aśoka bough, is frightening her with the sword, and subsequently he has only to confront her with the mirror by which she is completely subjugated.

The next case is the requital of a dream, in the Buddhist work, *Mahāvastu*, within the *Puṇyavanta Jātaka*:[5]

> Prajnāvanta then left his lodging and went down to a stall in the market-place. There he saw a merchant's son wrangling with a leading courtesan in the midst of a large crowd. The merchant's son was saying to her, "Come and entertain me tonight, and I will give you a hundred thousand pieces." The leading courtesan replied, "Sir, I have no time tonight; I have been hired by another. Tonight I shall entertain him, and tomorrow I will come to you, sir." So she went and entertained the other man that night.

> The merchant's son for his part had an impure dream of the leading courtesan as he lay in bed. In his dream he diverted, enjoyed and amused himself with the courtesan the whole night long to his heart's content. And she, after diverting, enjoying and amusing herself with the other man all night long, in the morning went to the merchant's son, saying, "Here I am come to entertain you, sir." The merchant's son replied, "I diverted, enjoyed and amused myself with you in my dream to my heart's content the whole night long. Go away, I do not want you." She said, "If, sir, you diverted, enjoyed and amused yourself with me in your dream to your heart's content the whole night long, you should give me a hundred thousand pieces." The merchant's son said, "Seeing that you lay with another man the whole night, why should I give you one hundred thousand pieces?" She replied, "Sir, you said yourself that you diverted, enjoyed and amused yourself with me in your dream to your heart's content the whole night long; you should, therefore, pay me the fee of a hundred thousand pieces." And hence rose the dispute between them, and though a great crowd had gathered, none of them was able to settle the dispute.
>
> Standing there was Prajnāvanta, the counsellor's son. The townspeople of Kampilla appealed to him, saying, "Young man, what seems to you the proper thing? Should this leading courtesan be given the hundred thousand pieces by the merchant's son, or should she not?" Prajnāvanta replied, "The fee should be paid by the merchant's son to the leading courtesan in just the same fashion as he consorted with her." They said to him, "Explain then, young man, how it should be paid." Prajnāvanta ordered that a large mirror and a hundred thousand pieces should be brought. He told the merchant's son, "Take the box containing the hundred thousand pieces and set it in front of the mirror." He then said, "Come, lady, take this reflection of the box containing the hundred thousand pieces which is in the mirror. That is your fee."
>
> The crowd roared their approval of the solution found by Prajnāvanta, the counsellor's son, . . .

Thus, the reflection in a mirror, being as unreal as a dream, can serve to pay in full for a dream.

The last case, that of prognostics in the mirror, stems from some literature of the Buddhist *Tantras*, namely as found in Nāro-pā's *Sekoddeśaṭīkā*,[6] a commentary on the initiation section of the *Kālacakratantra* and also in the same author's *Vajrapādasārasangrahapañjikā*,[7] a commentary on the chief words of the *Hevajratantra*. The word for "prognostic" is *pratisenā*, but I should explain that according to the modern Sanskrit dictionaries, this word means "opposing army," and the meaning "prognostic" is determined from the Tibetan translation as well as the context. In the course of commenting on the word *pratyāhāra* ("withdrawal"), the first member of the six-membered yoga of this system, the *Sekoddeśaṭīkā* states:[8]

> / *bāhyarūpādiviṣayeṣv apravṛttir māṃsacakṣurādīndriyair māṃsacakṣurvijñānādīnāṃ adhyātmani śūnyatāvalambanenākalpitaṃ sarvabhāvadarśanaṃ śūnyapratisenādarśanaṃ kumārikayā eveti* / . . . .
> The non-engagement in the sense objects of external form, etc., by way of the sense bases of fleshly eye, etc., belongs inwardly to the perceptions based on the fleshly eye, etc. The non-discursive looking at all natures by depending on voidness is like the looking at the void prognostic by a young lady. Thus . . . .

Some pages later, Nāro-pā explains his term *pratisenā*:[9]

> / *pratisenāśabdena sādhakacintito darpaṇādiṣu pratibhāsamāno 'rtho 'bhidhīyate* / *taṃ ādarśe darpaṇe 'vastujāṃ tu caurādijaḍadharmatāṃ paśyet* / *pratisenāvatāratantre kila darpaṇakhaḍgāṅguṣṭhapradīpacandra-sūryodakakuṇḍanetreṣv avastuṣu pratisenāvatāra uktaḥ* /
> The expression *pratisenā* is defined as the entity imagined by the performer being reflected in the mirror, etc. (She) sees that in the mirror, (but) does not see the unreal, unconscious nature of the thief, and so on, in the mirror. In the *Pratisenāvatāratantra* -- so they say[10] -- the entrance of the prognostic (*pratisenā*) is said to be in the unreal mirror, sword, thumb, lamp, moon, sun, water, pot, or eye.

Further down on the same page, the reference to a young lady is partially explained:

> / *anena pratisenādṛṣṭāntena yogipratyakṣaṃ sarvathā svabhāvabhāvād ajātaṃ* / *svapne kumārikā putropalambhavat siddhaṃ* / *sarvajña jñānaṃ uktaṃ cātra samādhirājasūtre* / *yathā kumārī śayanāntare 'smin sā putrajātaṃ ca paśyet* / *jāte 'tituṣṭā mṛte durmanaḥsthitā tathopamāj jāna[n]taḥ sarvadharmān* /
> By that example of *pratisenā*, it is indicated that direct perception by a yogin is not engendered at all from a self-existent nature; and that omniscient knowledge is proven in the manner that a young lady in dream has resort to a son. That is stated in the *Samādhirājasūtra* as follows: "Just as a young lady sees in sleep the birth of a son; and, when it is born, she is overjoyed; and, when it dies, she is plunged in grief, so also by that illustration, those who know (see) all natures (*dharma*)."

The implication of those passages is that the performer (*sādhaka*), while deeply involved in a yogin's perception, manifests onto the mirror the vision which the young lady sees and verbalizes while believing in the reality of the entity in the mirror just as in dream the birth of a son. That a young lady was employed for such a role is made clear in Nāro-pā's other work, the *Vajrapādasārasaṅgrahapañjikā*, in which I found four mentions of the Tibetan equivalent for the *pratisenā*, in each case associated with a maiden. In particular, there is the verse:[11]

> It fulfills the hopes of all sentient beings
> like the wish-granting jewel (*cintāmaṇi*), just
> as the young lady of prognostics renders visible
> the invisible substance.

These examples taken as a whole present a fairly wide range of possibilities available to ladies, especially the young ones, of looking in mirrors.

NOTES

1. *Konarak*. Photographs by Sudhanshu Chowdhury; Introduction and Annotation by Prof. O. C. Gangoly (Calcutta: 1956).

2. C. Śivarāmamūrti *Amaravati Sculptures in the Madras Government Museum*. (Madras: 1956), p. 120.

3. C. Śivarāmamūrti. *Sculpture Inspired by Kālidāsa*. (Madras: 1942), pp. 27-28.

4. Benoytosh Bhattacharyya. *The Indian Buddhist Iconography*. (Calcutta: 1958), pp. 114-5; the *Sādhanamālā* reference is to p. 123.

5. J. J. Jones (tr.). *The Mahāvastu*. Vol. III (London: 1956), 35-6.

6. Mario E. Carelli (ed.). *Sekoddeśaṭīkā of Naḍapāda (Nāropā)*. (Baroda: 1941).

7. As found in the Japanese photographic edition of the Peking Tibetan *Tripiṭaka*, Vol. 54.

8. Carelli, op. cit., p. 31.

9. Ibid., p. 49.

10. For this translation of *kila*, cf. M. B. Emeneau, "Sanskrit Syntactic Particles -- *Kila, Khalu, Nūnam*," *Indo-Iranian Journal*, XI, 4 (1969).

11. In the volume cited in note 7, above, p. 29.4: */ yid bžin nor ltar mthaḥ yas paḥi / sems can re ba yoṅs gaṅ byed / pra phab pa yi gźon mu mas / ma mthoṅ ba yi rdzas mthoṅ byed /.*

Adele M. Fiske

NOTES ON *RASA* IN VEDIC AND BUDDHIST TEXTS

These notes are excerpted from a longer unpublished paper entitled "The Cosmic Tree in the *Chāndogya Upaniṣad* and the *Saddharma-puṇḍarīka*." The significance of *rasa* in these texts adds dimension to its use as a central concept in Sanskrit esthetics.

In the *Ṛgveda*, *rasa* means that which streams, flows, especially the sap of plants (RV 9. 76.8; 67.15; 74.9; 113.3). It is also Soma, sacrificial libation and essence (Grassmann). It has three aspects: concrete power, form and formlessness. It flows like rain from heaven with a thousand currents, "sunk in the wood," as tree-sap or life-stream (9.89.1). It is Indra's juice, the juice he loves and that shines clear (9.47.3; 86.10; 8.3.20). It is light and gladness, auspicious (9.61.17; 96.21), sending out rays of light to all (9.61.18), bright and glittering (5.43.4), "intelligent, possessing sap and mighty strength" (9.23.5). It is the drink of the gods, full of power and exhilaration, shining forth in brightness, youthful, looking down from heaven (9.64.24; 97.12; 38.5). It is potent (9.65.16), giving power to Indra, sustaining heaven, the active, powerful juice of heaven, an efficacious juice that wins wealth (10.9.2; 9.97.57; 6.44.21; 9.76.1; 77.5; 84.5). It is the essence of wealth (7.104.10; 1.187.4; 9.113.5; 1.187. 5;9.67.31-32).

In the Upaniṣad, *rasa* means sap of trees, flavor, medicine, but predominately "essence," what is "extracted" and made. This sometimes means an absolute essence, transcending form. The flowing sap of a tree, (*Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣad* 3.9.28.) although not like the *ekarasa* of Buddhist texts, (*Saddharmapuṇḍarīka* V) is non-differentiated: "And as these (juices) possess no discrimination (by which they might say) 'I am the essence of this tree, I am the essence of that tree,' even so . . . all these creatures, though they reach Being, do not know that they have reached the Being" (*Chāndogya Upaniṣad* 6.9.2.). The bees prepare honey by gathering the essences (*rasa*) of different trees and reducing them to one essence (*CU* 6.9.1.). So do the verses of the *Ṛgveda* have an essence, *rasa*, that binds together in one, as do the other Vedas (*CU* 4.17.4-6.).

On the other hand, *rasa* can simply mean taste or flavor and as such signify differentiation of form. This can be in knowledge, as by the tongue we know and distinguish taste and form. Or it can be ontological (*BU* 2.4.11; 3.2.4; *Kaṭhopaniṣad* 4.3.). Chains of essences are described in two texts: the earth is the essence of all these beings, water is the essence of earth, plants of water, fruits of flowers, man of fruits, semen of man (*puruṣa*) (*BU* 6.4.1; *CU* 1.1.2). Or again: food is born of Viṣṇu, the all-supporting, life is the essence, *rasa*, of earth, atmosphere and sky, extracted by the brooding of Prajāpati over the worlds (*CU* 4. 17. 1-4.). The essence, *rasa*, of the syllable *aum*

is its greatness as "fulfiller of desires" (*CU* 1. 1. 9). The "essence of essences," *rasānāṃ rasaḥ*, a Vedic term, is applied to the Supreme, the *udgītha*, and to the "upper honey cells," i.e., the hidden teachings (*upaniṣads*) that produce nectar (*amṛtānām amṛtāni*) from the Brahman (*CU* 3.5.4). There are two forms of Brahman, the formed and the formless, mortal and immortal, the actual (*sat*) and the yonder (*tya*). The essence, *rasa*, of the formed, mortal, actual Brahman is the sun which gives forth heat, the essence of the actual. The essence of the unformed, immortal, true Brahman is the *puruṣa* in the right eye, the essence of the true (*BU* 2.3.1-5). The sun, again, is the honey of the gods distilled by the bees who are the Seers that brood over the flower of the *Ṛgveda*: its essence, *rasa*, issues forth as fame, splendor, the senses, virility, food and health--a strange assortment, but all forms of manifestation (*CU* 3.1.3). The "moisture" of our text, then, is manifest being; in its relation to the cosmic tree it expresses both form and formlessness. For the tree is a power-bearer, ever defeating death, sustaining the life force of individual, community and cosmos - a world-tree.[1]

Whereas in the Vedic and Upanisadic texts *rasa* is connected with radiance and manifested being, in the *Saddharmapuṇḍarīka* it is associated with darkness and deliverance from being. The Tathāgata is like a dark rain cloud that overshadows the earth and pours out its water without distinction, "equally" (5. 5-8), giving life to all beings (cf. Aśvaghoṣa's *Buddhacarita* 1. 76-78; 5. 9-14). This water which they drink (*pibanti*, in the *Chāndogya* texts: *pepīyamāno*) is of one essence, *ekarasa* (5.12). So does the Lord enter the world and preach his *dharma* to all without distinction (5. 16, 29). It is *ekarasa*, of one essence, one "taste," an absolute and basic unity (5. 15), the essence of deliverance (*muktirasa*, in the prose only).

Rasa is used in this text only as a compound with *eka*, translated by Kern as "one essence": "Grasses and shrubs absorb the water of one essence . . ." (12): "the water emitted (from the cloud) is of but one essence" (15). This term according to Monier-Williams, appears in the *Rāmāyaṇa* meaning "the only pleasure, the only object of affection"; in the *Uttararāmacarita* as "unchangeable."[2] Jacob lists four possible occurrences in late *Upaniṣads*. In the *Suttanipata*, *ekarasa* occurs in one passage (*Paviveka rasaṃ pītvā rasaṃ upasamas sacca*, given by Chalmers as "But he who, in aloofness, tastes true peace," *Suttanipata* 2.3.5 *HOS* 37, 64). *Vimuttirasa*, taste of deliverance, is found in the *Petakopadesa*[3] as one of the ten ideas belonging to Arhantship and the path of the adept. Soothill and Hodous[4] give no Chinese character for the specific term, *ekarasa*, but give one for *rasa*, first taken as a general term for taste, flavor, sensation; "taste-dust," one of the six particles that form the medium or material of sensation, and finally, "taste of Buddha-truth," "tasting the doctrine." The other usage (*ba wei*) refers specifically to the eight *rasas* or characteristics of *nirvāṇa*: permanence, peace, no growing old, no death, purity, transcendence, imperturbability, joy. *Eka* in fact means not "one among many" but "one without a second." It is the Absolute pervading all things, yet wholly other. It is the "ground of Being."

In the *Chāndogya* text, *rasa* is both the source of the tree's life and also derived from the tree as *soma*, a divine drink by which beings participate in divinity and fullness of existence.[5] In the *Saddharma* text, *ekarasa* is only the source of the tree's growth; the tree does not produce it. It is the non-discriminating Water, the revelation of the Buddha doctrine, in which beings participate to different degrees, while it is itself wholly undifferentiated. The Chinese translation of the word *Sangha*, the Buddhist community, is *I-wei-ho-ho* "one-rasa (taste) harmony." The "Greatest trees" are those beings that achieve final enlightenment and "destory existence." The power of enlightenment is miraculous, "magical" (*SP* 5.33,41). This perhpas leads to a late development of the concept of *rasa* as magical source of enlightenment in certain cults, part Buddhist and part Shaivite, which illustrate its final severance from the cosmic tree and its identification with moon-nectar.

This is found in the teaching of Nātha Siddhas of Northeast India, derived from the Rasāyana school in which Hinduism, Buddhism and the popular Taoism meet. To the early Sahajiyās, *rasa* was a spontaneous bliss of pure consciousness rising in the mind when by yoga techniques *rajas* and *tamas* subside and *sattva* emerges. All limitation of the mind is removed, and it expands to a limitless extent.[6] In later Rasāyana teaching *rasa* becomes a chemical substance, mercury, which, as it transforms base metal into gold, so it makes all creatures immortal. In the teaching of the Nātha Siddhas, however, it becomes *soma* again; it is called *amṛta*, the quintessence of "the visible" nectar oozing from the moon.[7] To check its flow is to deceive *kalā*, time, and become immortal. It is called not *ekarasa*, but *mahārasa*. The yogic regulation of the *mahārasa* is the center of yogic practice in this cult. Its aim is to "transubstantiate" the body, making it eternal.

NOTES

1. G. Van Der Leeuv, *Religion in Essence and Manifestation* (New York: 1963), I:55-58

2. M. Monier-Williams, *Sanskrit English Dictionary* (Oxford: 1960), p. 299; also the Petersburg *Lexicon*, I:1079.

3. Prakrit Text Society 25 (London: 1964), p. 258.

4. W. E. Soothill and L. Hodous, *Chinese Dictionary of Buddhist Terms* (London: 1937), pp. 252b, 328b.

5. Cf. *RV* 1. 164 20: "the two birds on the same tree, one eating the fruit, the other watching it eat." This fruit is *soma*, according to Viennot, pp. 26-27.

6. Bhikshu Sangharakshita, *A Survey of Buddhism.* (Bangalore: 1957), p. 116; Shashibhusan Dasgupta, *Obscure Religious Cults* (Calcutta: 1946), p. 175.

7. See a curious passage in the *buddhacarita:* "The moon, the best of officers, begot Buddha of divine nature on the spouse of Bṛhaspati as she was offering a libation" (4.75).

John T. Roberts

SOME SANSKRIT POETIC MOTIFS IN THE PRAKRIT *SATTASAI*

Prakrit poetry is based for the most part upon the Sanskrit poetic tradition in outline, meter, theme and idiom. A few *ślokas* drawn from the *Sattasai* (attributed to Hāla, tenth century) have here been chosen as representative.

The collection begins with a salutation:

> Give greeting to Paśupati's evening sacrifice
> In which is floating the anger-red moon face of Gauri
> Like a plucked offering-lotus. (1.1)[1]

As in the Sanskrit, many are the poems of love, jealousy, and longing, often mingled with images of nature. The themes sometimes seem a bit more homey and less refined than their Sanskrit counterparts, as one might expect from a more folk-oriented tradition.

> The husband smiled when his moon-like face
> was touched by his wife's hand,
> Though that hand was smeared with black
> which clung there from work in the kitchen. (1.13)

> Who is more stubborn than a couple angered by love,
> Who lie in bed feigning sleep
> Filled with pride, motionless, restrained,
> With baited breath and cocked ear? (1.27)

> When the pair of deer face the blow to protect each other,
> The hunter releases the bow, wet with emotion-drawn tears. (7.1)

The themes of *viraha*, or longing in separation, are some of the most beloved:

> Her face, in separation from you,
> Is like a house without wealth,
> Like a cave stream without water,
> And like a barn without cattle. (7.9)

The first day of the rainy season traditionally heralds the return of the husband who has left home for seasonal work elsewhere. He is not always on time:

> The woman, with the palm of her hand,
> Protects the date of his return written on the wall,
> From the streams of water rolling around the hole
> in the house
> Which has been de-strawed by the monsoon wind. (2.70)

Nor is the wife always anxious for his return:

Today, with my remembrance of pleasures
experienced without him,
The sound of fresh clouds is heard
like an execution drum. (1.29)

And so:

Oh God, make an affair with another woman
for my husband,
For men do not know good from bad
Who have tasted a single wine. (1.48)

But women are still the backbone of the household, and the Prakrit poets paint them with love and devotion.

Oh son, those are truly women
Who know the good and the bad,
The sorrows and pleasures of the household.
The rest are but the old ones of their menfolk. (6.12)

When her husband's brother is of improper mind,
And when her husband is of crooked character,
A daughter-in-law of pure mind does not tell
For fear of breaking up the family.
She just wastes away. (1.59)

The housewife, pursuing the child
Who is running from fear of the barber,
Catches him, and, with hair and clothes disheveled,
She restrains the returned child with her hand. (3.91)

Animal imagery is often used to set off human feelings, but just as often for its own beauty.

Look! The buffalo cows, being led away by the butchers,
With bent and bleeding heads turned,
Say farewell to the groves for the last time. (7.80)

In a grove by the Godāvarī,
A monkey, tasting the leaves of a mustard plant,
Jumps up, shrieks, and beats his stomach. (2.71)

Throughout the collection, the good man is sung of, in terms often philosophical, sometimes deep and always with insight.

A good person does not get angry;
Or if he is angry, he does not think unpleasant thoughts;
Or if he so thinks, he does not tell it abroad;
And if he does tell it, he becomes ashamed. (3.50)

In its last condition, the mind of a great one
becomes lofty indeed,
As at sunset the rays of the sun throb upwards. (3.84)

NOTES

1. Numbers refer to sections and verses in *Hindī Gāthā Saptaśati*, edited by Narmadeshvara Caturvedi (Varanasi: Chowkhamba Vidya Bhavan, 1961).

Ernest Bender

AN OLD GUJARATI DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

For over half a milennium the tradition of the *gāgarīa bhaṭ*, or *māṇ bhaṭ*,[1] flourished in Gujarāt, yielding in recent years to the stronger attraction of the product of the printing press, the movies, the radio and the theater. A counterpart to the *paurāṇik*, who narrated *ākhyāns* (or tales from the *Purāṇas*) in the original Sanskrit in his home or in the home of a patron, the *gāgarīya bhaṭ* was the answer, in the early part of the fifteenth century, to the desire to hear the classics in Gujarāti verse on the part of an affluent class, ill-tutored in or ignorant of Sanskrit. These *bhaṭs* would wander about the villages and towns reciting the tales, altered in language, structure and content in their transmission from teacher to apprentice, as each tailored them to suit his talent or the taste of his varying audiences and the occasion.

Accompanied by his several assistants, the *bhaṭ* would station himself at sundown in a public square before the door of a temple or some verandah and, after assembling his audience by drumming on his *gāgar* or *māṇ*, would begin an *ākhyān*.

The traditional *ākhyān* is in the form of a *rās* or *rāso*, a versed narrative broken into *kaḍvũs*,[2] each of which ends in a *valaṇ*, or choral stanza, indicating a change in the *ḍhāl* or mode of singing of the *kaḍvũ* following. The meters employed in versification in the vernaculars were *deśī*, as contrasted with the classical meters of Sanskrit; the term *deśī* being applied both to the meters as well as the *rāgs*, the melodies to which the meters were sung.[3]

We turn, now, to an Old Gujarātī work which was composed in the early part of the seventeenth century by a Jain monk, Matisāra (or Matisāgara), the theme of whose tale is directed to the virtues and rewards of almsgiving. The manuscripts examined bear varying titles, viz., *Śālibhadrarāsa, Dhannaśālibhadrarāsa, Śālibhadracaritra, Śālibhadracaritrarāsa*. Composed of roughly two-hundred two-lined stanzas, the work falls into twenty-nine *ḍhāls* (or *kaḍvũs*; see above and footnote 2), each *ḍhāl* in *copāi* meter, the last four to eight stanzas of each *ḍhāl* being in *dūhā* (or *dohā*) meter. Excepting seven, each *ḍhāl*-heading is accompanied by a *rāg*-caption. In all, fourteen different *rāgs* are used. The edited text, resulting from the collating of thirteen manuscripts, along with the examination of seven others, demonstrates that, rather than a straightforward verse-narrative, it is to be viewed as cast in the form of a theatrical presentation. The differing moods and emotions to be elicited from the audience are indicated in the text by *rāy*-captions, and the melodies to which specific segments are to be recited or sung are illustrated with the beginnings of stanzas excerpted from other poetical works not related to the story,[4] but which are known to the audience. The stanzas, indicated to be repeated by the narrator's assistants or the audience, serve to sustain the mood of that specific segment.

The work, therefore, continues the tradition of the *gāgarīa bhaṭ*, with its content turned to the didactic purpose of its Jain author.

The principal character of this story is Śālibhadra, a contemporary, according to tradition, of Mahāvīra, founder of the Jain faith. Śālibhadra, a merchant-prince whose wealth was beyond accounting, was wont to pass the time in blissful dalliance with his thirty-two wives, ignorant of the life beyond the walls of his palace, until the day when a visit by the king, Śreṇika, made him aware of his subordinate status. He decided, thereupon, to set aside his thirty-two wives and his wealth and become a monk.

The excerpt, following, comprises the *dūhā*-segment of *ḍhāl* 17, *ḍhāl* 18, and, of *ḍhāl* 19, all but the last stanza of the *dūhā* segment.

> Dhanya, who lived in that city, favored among his wives Subhadrā, (Śālibhadra's) sister.
>
> Once, when she was giving Dhanya his bath, she thought of her brother. Distress at separation from him tormented every part of her body. Her heart was on the point of breaking and she could not stem the tears in her eyes.
>
> (Dhanya) remarked, "You seem very sad and upset today. What scoundrel has harmed you? Why are tears streaming from your eyes? In Śālibhadra you have a brother of spotless reputation. You, among my eight wives, are the breath of my life."

Ḍhāl 18:

> (Subhadrā:) "After King Śreṇika visited his house, Śālibhadra began to hold (this existence) in doubt. Every day he gives up one of his wives. He insists on taking the Vow. My own brother has become indifferent to the world. I began to cry when I thought of this.*[5] When she is happy and content in her father-in-law's household, then a wife's thoughts turn to her father's house. What is a father's house without a brother -- like a friend who bears no love.* Separated from her brother, a sister is dejected day and night. When she is scolded by her husband, to whom does she express her innermost feelings?"*
>
> (Dhanya:) "No disrespect to her father's house can trouble her. The sister of a man who has undertaken the Vow is ever young."*
>
> (Subhadrā:) "Who will call me 'sister'? Whom will I call 'brother'? Who will send me divers silken garments on the festival days?* —May you, in the *Kali-yuga*, be free of old age and death, my lord. But whom will I stand before and bless?* Now for whom shall I prepare and make fruitful

the *bhāi-bīj*?[6] Whose breast shall I wash? Will I ever see a nephew?* On whom will I bind the protective amulet?[7] For whom will I sing songs? Who will give me the *moṣāḷū*?[8] This is why I am so distressed.* I, for whom separation of only one *ghaḍī*[9] from him is a cruel sword, -- how can I live on without my brother?"*

Screwing up his face, Dhanya, that bold one, that crest-jewel, that stalwart fellow, made these pointed remarks: "It is difficult to get another brother and your sorrow is proper. But your brother, Śālibhadra, wears the crown of timidity. His undertaking will bear fruit if he carries it out to the end; however, an appraisal of his ability yields something quite different. Why does he continue to enjoy love after he has dismissed it from his mind? Why does he hesitate to give it up completely?"

Ḍhāl 19:

(Subhadrā:) "A sister cannot bear to hear her husband talk like this. Why do you insult and mock my brother in this fashion?*[10]† My dearest, how is Śāli timid? Listen to me; think this over.† Who thinks twenty times before throwing away a defective cowrie, yet gives up present wealth (counting it as nothing), he should be praised!† The courtyard of his house is studded with gems. The doors of his house are golden. Estimate, accordingly, the extent of his riches.† A man who has lived his span and whose wife is bald, even he hesitates two or three years before taking the Vow.† A man who is young, with young wives in his house, his body golden-hued and tender, who devotes himself to pleasure, that one maintains his good repute.† A man will think twenty times about giving up his fine house, his wealth and his thirty-two wives who are in beauty like Rambhā.[11]† Tell me, who, faint-hearted, would give up his wives like that? Blood flows where the skin is scratched.[12]† He who undertakes it knows that abandonment is a hard task. A barren woman does not know the joy of giving birth."[13]†

(Dhanya:) "If, in this *Kali-yuga* saying and doing were the same, then surely Śivasukha[14] would be here now, with no one remaining below."†

(Subhadrā:) "Action, not big words, obtains the object. Put the gift in the hand.[15] He is the rare, superior man, who, himself, does what he preaches.†

"You point out the way of the Sādhu,[16] but you do not go that way. You give other people advice, but you yourself do not go to the father-in-law's house.[17] In thirty-two days my brother will give up thirty-two wives. You have eight wives. Give them up at one time!"†

(Dhanya:) "What sort of advice do good women give in this fashion? If one thinks it over deep in his heart, it contains not the slightest deceit."

The mind is king, the body minister and self-restraint the highest order. When they all have a single purpose the task is done to perfection. If we enjoy carnal passion and slander, then we will learn the consequences of sensual enjoyment. When he experienced enlightenment his infatuation with the eight wives was dissipated.

(Dhanya to his wives:) "This relationship which was joined in the presence of the five men (of each marriage party) is now dissolved. Now I am your brother and you are my sisters. This relationship cannot be changed. Keep away from me! Do not pull me back and forth! I have purified my mind. Your advice has become my goal!"

NOTES

1. Guj. *gāgar, gāger, gāgar, gāgrī* "water pot"; Guj. *maṇ* "a large metal vessel used as a musical accompaniment by certain class of preachers" (Belsare, *An Etymological Gujarati-English Dictionary* (3rd. ed.) (Ahmedabad: 1940); Guj. *bhaṭ* "bard."

2. Guj. *kaḍvũ* "a portion of a Prakrit poem ending with a choral stanza," (cf. Skt. *kaḍavaka* "section of a great poem written in Apabhraṃśa dialect" (*Sāhityadarpaṇa*)

3. See N. B. Divatia, *Gujarati Language and Literature*, Vol. II (Bombay: 1932), 286; K. M. Munshi, *Gujarāta and Its Literature*, Appendix, (1st ed.) (Calcutta: 1935) p. 382. (Subsequent editions do not contain Appendix.)

4. See *valaṇ*, above.

5. The asterisk (*) indicates that the refrain to be repeated is: "Every day he gives up one of his wives. He insists on taking the Vow. My brother has become indifferent to the world."

6. The second day of the bright half of the month Kartik when the brother is invited to dinner by the sister and honored by her. See also, Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson, *The Heart of Jainism* (London: 1915), p. 263.

7. Refers to sister-in-law's functions in pre-natal ceremonies for brother's wife, where she ties the *rākhḍī*, "protective amulet", to the wrist of her brother's wife. See op. cit., p. 200ff.

8. Gifts to expectant mother.

9. A period of 24 minutes.

10. The dagger (†) indicates that the refrain to be repeated is: "My dearest, how is Śāli timid? Listen to me; think this over. Who thinks twenty times before throwing away a defective cowrie, yet gives up present wealth (counting it as nothing), he should be praised!"

11. The most beautiful woman in Indra's heaven.

12. "He is made of flesh and blood."

13. "Don't talk about something of which you are ignorant."

14. "Supreme bliss." "Put up or shut up."

15. "Muni, monk, holy man."

16. "Why don't you go to Śāli and tell him yourself."

Debi Prasanna Pattanayak

SANSKRIT LITERARY FORMS AND ORIYA LITERATURE

A note with examples

Sanskrit in ancient India was the cultural gold currency against which the general worth of literatures in the regional languages was measured. The early phase of the developmental history of all the Indo-Aryan languages present the same phenomena. There was an abundance of artistic creation in Sanskrit under the benign patronage of kings and feudal chiefs, but the distribution of the esthetic product was limited. Supported by the esthetic tenets of the time, the writers as well as the critics took it for granted that the apprehension of beauty is a rare phenomenon, the writer is endowed with the unique talents of the "creator" and the esthetic product is meant for the chosen few. This scarcity in abundance increased the hunger of the masses and, thus, new literature geared to satisfy the mass needs emerged in the regional languages.

The new efflorescence flowed in two directions eventually to merge in one theme - love. One direction is to break the barriers of "privatization" of literary texts by the privileged castes and present even the most abstruse discourses on religion and philosophy contained in the scriptures. The second direction is the depiction of sensuality and passion for nature. The phase of merger depicts the intense anguish and ecstasy of love, be it of the mundane prince and the princess or eternal Krishna and Rādhā.

The early phase of literary activity is one of transcreation of the epics and the scriptural literature. The various *purānas*, *gītās*, *samhitās*, besides the *Sāralā*, *Mahābhārata*, *Dāndi Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Bhāgavata* in Oriya bear testimony to the omnipresence of Sanskritic form and metamorphosed content. Even the earliest popular songs - *koili* and *cautisā* - which continued to flourish until the end of the eighteenth century can be traced to Sanskrit influences. The Sanskritic *webi* and *loti* types of musical compositions provided the refrain, whereas the Sanskrit *dūtakāvyas* provided the general background to the *koili* poems in Oriya.

Addressing *koili*, the cuckoo, the poet gives expression to his emotion and passion, whether it is for filial love, sensuous love for nature or sensual rapture of the lover and beloved caught in separation and longing for reunion. Even serious, abstruse discourses are presented for the layman in a very simple and forthright language with *koili* as the *sākshin*. *The cautisā* and *soḍasā* provide variations of the *varnāksara* composition, where the letters of the alphabet begin a whole poem, a

stanza, or part of a stanza. The *cautisā* is so named because of the thirty-four consonant letters and the *sodasā* because of the sixteen vowel letters. It may be recalled that irrespective of the phonemic system of all the Indo-Aryan languages, the Sanskrit alphabet was borrowed and adopted in its entirety and this made possible the *varṇākṣara* type of composition in Oriya and the allied languages.

The seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries saw the evolution of a type of Oriya literature which claimed recognition as being in no way inferior in excellence to the Sanskrit literature. In his *Rasikahāravalikāvya*, Upendra prayed to God as follows:

> Be propitious, O Lord Sriram,
> That this book of mine
> May fall in the hands of the wise
> And its strains not enter
> The earholes of stupid ignoramuses;
> And it may stand the havoc
> Done to palm leaf books by mice, fire and white ants,
> And get propagated in all countries of the globe
> Without being run down anywhere in the company of the good.
>
> (translated by Bichhanda Charan Patnaik)

Upendra Bhanja, the poet laureate of Orissa who is credited to have written sixty-two *kāvyas* besides a number of other poetic tracts, and a dictionary in verse for those who intended to use his literary products, was the unrivalled literary wizard of this period in Orissa. Through his magic of works, he built up a tradition which was followed for 100 years. After breaking the barriers of "privatization" and freeing literature from all constraints of formal ornateness during the past 300 years, now literature was moving towards a new peak of literary artistry where literature was again meant for the hands of the wise, as if Upendra wanted to challenge the Sanskrit pundits by saying that anything capable of being written in Sanskrit could also be written in Oriya, both in terms of form and content.

Upendra was well versed in the tradition of Sanskrit poetics. He was one of the foremost musicologists of his time. In Sanskrit literature the literary luminaries from the fifth to the twelfth centuries were Kālidāsa, Bhāravi, Bāṇa, Māgha and the Naisadhakāra. Sanskrit literature moved from one peak of difficulty to another during this period. Upendra Bhañja, in his anxiety to get his regional literature accepted by pundits, took the Sanskrit *kāvya* model and created unparalleled literary masterpieces based on the traditional culture of Orissa.

Upendra Bhanja accepted the tenet of *śriṅgāricet kaviḥ* and depicted an enchanted universe of love, where the voluptuous bodies of the beloved like the life-size stone images of Konarak, and the raw experiences of love-possessed, youthful pair are shaded from the common man's glare by the esthetic effect created by word magic, dictional tapestry and subtle rhythm of his poems. He used alliterations, assonances, puns, metaphors and almost all difficult figures of speech used in Sanskrit so that Oriya poetry can command the attention of the Sanskrit-loving pundits.

He wrote whole *kāvyas* with *ba* as the initial letter or *ka* as the initial as well as the final letter in each stanza; he wrote entire cantos where removal of the first letter of each stanza will give a different musical composition and description of a different season, removal of the second letter will give yet another metrical composition and description of yet another season. The dexterity with which he weaves his words and creates music can be seen from the following lines:

dekhi naba kāḷikā bakāḷika mālikā āli kāḷika kānta smari
rakṣā kemante kari kari bā mattakari gatiki re sahacari.

The dexterity in the art of formal execution of the poets of this period may also be viewed from another angle. Kālidāsa depicted Pārvatī as *Sañcāriṇī pallavinī lataiva* and in the *Bhattikāvya Sītā* is depicted as *hiraṇmayī sālalateva jaṅgamā.* Upendra Bhañja in depicting his heroine not only calls her *mahījāta hemamañjari* ("golden creeper born on this earth"), but contends that *sapata jāti phula phala bihanga latāke thiba suṇā nāhi* ("it is not even heard that seven kinds of flowers, fruits and birds are in one creeper"), which obviously is to be found in the heroine imagined as a golden creeper. The poets of this century are sometimes accused of "stupid pedantry" and "guilty of errors of taste." But through their grand music and immense metrical success, not to speak of their verbal filigree, they dominated the Oriya literary scene for nearly two hundred years.

The subsequent Vaiṣṇava song makers tried to free literature from the excessive ornateness and bring it nearer people. Yet the Sanskrit domination was there. Whether in following the Vaiṣṇava *rasa* theory or in depicting the amorous sports of Rādhā and Krishna, they followed the dictates of Sanskrit poetics and esthetics. Many of them followed the *kāvya* tradition and the ornate genre. Even their depiction of the supra-physical love of the Divine hero and the heroine has an earthy smell.

The soul gifts itself away to one it finds worthy

And the more unapproachable he is, the greater
becomes the attraction,

The greater the secrecy, the more violent the tide
of infatuation,

And the greater the impediment, the more the
determination;

But love looks really beauteous

In the measure of its decency and modesty.

(*Ridagdha-cintāmaṇi*, XXXII; translated by M. Mansingh)

It is in this depiction of love that the mundane and the divine merge together. Beneath the external shell of verbal exquisiteness, allegorical and spiritual romance, the intensity of emotion, sensitivity of the soul, the warmth of human passion is clearly discernible. For instance, in the following lines of Gopālakṛṣṇa, one can hear the throb and the fervor of a pasionate heart:

Rādhā to Her Lady-Friend

I am now like the tongs of the blacksmith, my darling,
plunged now in water and now in fire; but both are the
same to Him!

People hope for happiness through Love, but it has
made me most miserable, darling. I remain unsatisfied
however long I gaze upon Him, and my eyes nearly burst
if I do not see Him at all.

This also is another characteristic of this sinful love,
that the more you defame Him, the gladder it makes my
heart, and it sinks the moment you praise Him.

When we meet, my vision adheres to His personality.
A year's looking passes like a moment's and a moment
of non-seeing appears an endless eon.

Happiness there is none in Love. I am dying each
moment thinking and thinking of Him only.

This reminds one of Vidyāpati and the earlier Sanskrit poets describing the pain and ecstasy of Rādhā.

In the lyrical grace of poems and depiction of elemental human feelings, the mundane reaches divine heights and the divine descends to the earthy level.

During this period *Kiśora Chandrānanda Campū* of Kaviśūrya Baladeva Rath deserves special mention. This was the time when Orissa had evolved its own musical pattern through the fusion of the Hindustani and Karnatak classical music. Written though in a *cautisā* form and depicting the drama of romance between Rādhā and Krishna, each individual poem is a lyric by its own right. Each poem followed by a stanza and a prose passage in Sanskrit fulfils not only the requirements of Sanskrit poetics of *campū* as a combination of prose and poetry, but also passes the test of musical composition as a *campū prabandha*. The dexterity with which musical diction is manipulated in this text to create an atmosphere in the high drama remains unsurpassed even today.

The dawn of modernity in Oriya literature was with the advent of Rādhānāth Rāy (1848-1908). The early dawn of modernity marks literature with secularism, love of nature, new urbanity and new form. Although there is perceptive Western influence during this period, Sanskrit continued to provide stimulus to writers of this period in selecting as well as depicting specific themes. From this time on the impact of Sanskrit began to

wane. In the modern times when there was an emphasis on *vāk chanda* and *dṛṣṭi chanda* and a conscious effort to bring literature nearer to the spoken word, the traditional tenet have very little to offer by way of model. Sanskrit for the modern writer in search of an identity is a bright star in the distant horizon from which he is at the best eager to draw sustenance in relating his immediate present with the tradition.

Oriya language through the ages has been indebted to Sanskrit in style, content, mode, taste, syntax, meter, diction and other components. Sanskrit opened up the vast cultural treasure of ancient Indian to the Oriya poets, who freely drew upon its generous bounty to enrich indigenous literature. The large bulk of *tatsama* and *tadbhava* vocabulary cannot be understood without reference to Sanskrit. The contributions of Oriya scholars to Sanskrit literature and scholarship is a subject of special discourse. But scholarship in Sanskrit and creativity in Oriya had gone hand in hand for almost seven hundred years, whether it has been for purposes of bringing the language closer to Sanskrit or establish it on its own away from Sanskrit.

Margaret B. Riccardi

THE BRAHMAN'S UNSUCCESSFUL SACRIFICE

A Braj version of the Sanskirt tale

The story translated herein is the second story in a Braj manuscript of the *Simhāsana Battīsī*.[1] It is dated 1876 Bikram Sambat, or A.D. 1819. Śrī Bhavānī Saṃkara Pāṭhaka is both the author and copyist and is cited at the end of each story. The manuscript is written in verse and consists of eighty-eight folios of 6.9 inches by 8.9 inches. There are twenty-one lines per folio and the manuscript is complete. The second story extends from line 7 of folio 16b to line 18 of folio 18a.

The story corresponds to "The Brahman's Unsuccessful Sacrifice" as translated by Franklin Edgerton from five Sanskrit recensions of the *Thirty-two Tales of the Throne*.[2] While it contains elements common to all, the Braj story follows the Jain recension most closely. This is not to suggest that the author of the Braj work either copied or was influenced specifically by this or another Jain version. Of the five recensions studied by Edgerton, the Jain is one of the two recensions characteristic of North India and is, of the two, the more common.[3]

It is noteworthy that, while the Jain recension of the story avoids the mention of Brahmanical gods and prefers to describe the Brahman devotee simply as *sādhaka*, the Braj story is dedicated to Krishna, concerns itself with a temple specifically dedicated to Śiva, mentions offerings rendered to his consort, and clearly identifies the worshiper as a Brahman.[4]

There are, in the Sanskrit, six *ślokas* which are very similar in meaning and word choice to the Braj.[5] There are, in addition, a large number of key words which occur in both texts. The *ślokas* are, however, in the nature of maxims and occur as well in the other four recensions studied by Edgerton. The words shared by the two texts appear more often than not in slightly different contexts as though the Braj author associated them with general sequences, though not with specific statements. One particularly striking example is the use of the word *kautuka*. The Sanskrit reads, *"tad ākarṇya vikramanṛpaḥ*

kautukāt tatra gataḥ,"[6] as compared with the Braj, "*[illegible] suni nṛpati bilaṃba na lāvā // turita-him citrakūṭa-maha āvā // dūta-ka bacana satya saba dekhā // maṃdira-maha saba kautuka pekhā //*"[7]

The story is written in the poetic form called *mātrāvṛtta* and is intended for recitation.[8] It is metrically annotated with the abbreviations *soḥ* for *soraṭhā*, *cauḥ* for *caupāī*, and *doḥ* for *dohā*. The initial verse of dedication is the sole example of *soraṭhā* and is entirely regular in form. The text follows with groups of five, four, four, and four and a half *caupāīs* separated by single *dohās* and followed by a final group of three *dohās* and the identification in Sanskrit of the author and story number.

The *caupāīs* are regular with the exception of the fourth *caraṇa* of the ninth *caupāī*. It reads, "*kahahu bipra nija kathā bakhānī*," but in order to scan it in feet having the proper six, four, four, and two instants (*mātrā*), it is necessary to render the first *a* of *kathā* as long and the second short, hence *kātha*.

The first and third *caraṇas* of the second *dohā* are also irregular in that the order of syllables in the final foot of three instants is long (with a count of two) followed by short (with a count of one), rather than the permissible reverse or the more common and equally permissible series of three short syllables.

The dipthong *e* is counted as short as often as long throughout the story, and *o* is seven times reckoned short rather than long.[9] With one exception,[10] short syllables followed by all conjunct consonants are read as long whether or not the second member of the conjunct is *r* or *h*. Nasals as well consistently render preceding syllables long.

The translation follows

O compassionate Śrī HariKrishna, as you know me to be your devotee, be merciful unto me. Reverently I bow at your feet and at the feet of Rādhā, before you who are kind to the lowly.

King Bhoja came the next day, for the pundit had said that the moment was auspicious. Just as he began to mount the lion-throne, the statuette Bijayā said, "He who is worthy to sit on this lion-throne is that king who is most magnanimous." "How magnanimous?" asked the King, "please explain this to me." "Listen, O King, I shall tell you the story. With my own mouth I shall sing of the glory of Bikrama:

"One day he summoned his servants and despatched them forthwith to many countries. 'When you have seen marvelous things,' said he, 'return with haste, and when you have come, O messengers, tell me what you have seen.' Upon hearing these words, all of them departed and saw many mountains, forests, and cities. One messenger, having seen something

unusual, returned. He related this story to King Bikrama:

"'On Mount Citrakūṭa there is a temple of Śiva. I have not seen many places like it. Near it flows a sparkling river of pure water. If a sinner bathes there, the water becomes like lamp-black; if a virtuous man bathes there, the water instantly becomes like milk. I saw something extraordinary there, and that, O King, I shall tell you straightaway. There is, in the temple of Śiva, a worshiper, and although he practices austerities, he obtains no results, for the goddess is not satisfied with his offerings. "To whom," he laments, "shall I describe my misery?" He offers sacrifice and prays daily. With great humility he utters praises.'

"When the king heard this, he did not delay. He went forthwith to Mount Citrakūṭa. He saw that all the words of the messenger were true, for he saw the entire spectacle in the temple. The King said to the devotee, 'Speak, Brahman, tell me your story. For how many days have you sacrificed and prayed, O Brahman? Whose fault is it that the goddess is not pleased with you?'

"'O Wise King, hear my words. For one hundred years I have been making offerings and prayers without (so much as) touching rice, and still the goddess is not pleased with my worship.'

"King Bikrama reflected thus: 'By doing good for others, I have always gained happiness. There is no merit equal to that gained by dying for the sake of another.' Drawing his sword, he put it to his throat (and said), 'I offer my head to the goddess.'"

The goddess appeared and stayed his hand. She said to King Bikrama, 'Choose a boon which is difficult for you to obtain. You have propitiated me now.'

"When he heard these pleasing words, the King said, 'Why have I obtained happiness so quickly when this worshiper has practised austerities for many days? If you hear the words of a king, tell me why you have not given *darśan* to him?'

"'Hear me, O King, this is the reason. I will explain it to you. If a person prays with his finger tips, and if, in praying, he properly turns his rosary, even so, if he prays with a distracted mind, all his prayers will be in vain. If one uses charms or goes to a place of pilgrimage, to a Brahman, a god, a *swāmī*, a preceptor, a soothsayer, or an Ayurvedic doctor, as one believes in these, so one obtains the fruit of one's action.'

"The King realized that this was true, and he spoke according to the *śāstras*: 'God is not found in wood, in stone, or in clay. Where the mind is, there god shines forth. The mind, therefore, is the cause of all things.'

"The King said, 'Hear me, O Goddess Bhavānī, if you are pleased with me, O Queen of Śiva, give a gift of a boon to this Brahman for whom so many days have passed.' Requesting this boon, the King said, 'I have no other desire.'

"Then the goddess gave to the Brahman the boon that he desired. Having caused the boon to be given to the Brahman, the King went home.

"Who else in the world is so magnanimous a king that he would not desire such a boon for himself. Having offered his own head as though it were a blade of grass, his joy was untouched by remorse."

Thus ends the second tale written by Śrī Bhavānī Saṃkara Pāṭhaka.

NOTES

1. H. Poleman, *A Census of the Indic Manuscripts in the United States and Canada*. American Oriental Series, Vol. 12, edited by W. Norman Brown, John K. Shyrock, and E.A. Speiser (New Haven: American Oriental Society, 1938), p. 297. It is part of the collection of Indian manuscripts at the Houghton Library at Harvard University (number H 1970).

2. Franklin Edgerton, *Vikrama's Adventures or The Thirty-two Tales of the Throne*. Harvard Oriental Series, Vol. 26, edited by Charles Rockwell Lanman (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1926), 53-58; Vol. 27, 48-53.

3. Ibid., Vol. 26, Introduction, xxix.

4. Ibid., Introduction, p. xlv and compare Sanskrit of Vol. 27, 52-53.

5. Compare lines 15-21, Edgerton, Vol. 27, 53 with the Braj story, from the second half of the fourteenth *caupāī* through the first half of the sixteenth *caupāī*.

6. Edgerton, op. cit., Vol. 27, 53, line 3.

7. *Braj*, second half of *caupāī* 8 and first half of *caupāī* 9.

8. A good discussion of prosody with particular application to Braj Bhāṣā may be found in Edwin Greaves, *A Grammar of Modern Hindi* (Benares: E.J. Lazarus and Co., 1896), pp. 214-224.

9. *Hoi*, first *dohā*; *modi*, tenth *caupāī*; *sohāvā*, thirteenth *caupāī*; *tohi*, fifteenth *caupāī*; *hoi*, sixteenth *caupāī*; *jotiṣī*, sixteenth *caupāī*; *hoi*, seventeenth *caupāī*.

10. *Bikrama*, fifth *caupāī*.

11. The form used here is *kīnhā*, the third person singular present perfect of *karanau*. The past tense is used in a present context at this point to convey the thought of a deed "as good as done."

Theodore Riccardi, Jr.

THE BRAHMAN AND THE SNAKE

A Nepali version of the Sanskrit tale

Until the conquest of the Nepal Valley by Pṛthivī Nārāyan Śāh of Gorkha in 1768-69, the literary languages of Nepal had been mainly Sanskrit and Newārī.[1] Sanskrit had attained an honored place in the earliest history of the country and had maintained its unrivalled position for many centuries. During the Malla period, however, the use of Newārī increased, and, while it never fully supplanted Sanskrit, by the middle of the eighteenth century it had established itself as the most popular literary language.[2] With the defeat of the Newār kings by Pṛthivī Nārāyan, the Newārī language went into serious decline, and Nepali, or Gorkhālī as it was then called, the language of the new Śāh dynasty, quickly became the most important language in the new kingdom. By 1800 the Śāh dynasty had consolidated the victories of Pṛthivī Nārāyaṇ and continued the territorial expansion and unification of the country until the Anglo-Nepalese War of 1814.[3] During this time and the two decades immediately following the war, the Nepali language received great encouragement from the leaders of the country.[4] Many of the works produced at this time were translations of Sanskrit works in philosophy, law, and literature. Among the works of literature translated were the *Ādi*, *Udyoga*, and *Sabhā Parvans* of the *Mahābhārata*, the *Hitopadeśa*, the *Siṃhāsanadvatriṃśatika*, various Purāṇic tales, and at least two versions of the *Vetālapancaviṃśati*.

The short selection which follows gives a sample of the literature of this period. It is the thirteenth tale, the story of the Brahman and the Snake, of the *Vetālapancaviṃśati*, translated anonymously into Nepali from the Sanskrit of Kṣemendra.[5] The text is drawn from the Nepali commentary of an incomplete manuscript of Kṣemendra's *Bṛhatkathāmanjarī*.[6]

Translation:

Again the Vetāla said: "King Vikramasena, because there is some doubt in my mind, I shall tell you a story. Listen:

"In the city of salvation called Vārāṇasī, there lived a Brahman named Devasvāmin who was as rich as Kubera and as wise as Bṛhaspati. He has a son called Harisvāmin. His wife was named Lāvaṇyavatī and she was as beautiful as Rati. One day during the month of Jyaiṣṭha, because of the heat, Harisvāmin sprinkled himself with perfumed water to cool himself and, taking with him his beautiful wife Lāvaṇyavatī,

went to sleep on the veranda. Exhausted by the exertions of love, his wife also fell asleep. Because of the great heat, all her limbs, including her thighs, were exposed. The moon had risen also. At that time, Madanavega, king of the Vidyādharas, was traveling through the sky in his flying chariot and saw her. Seeing Lāvaṇyavatī, her long limbs shining like plantains of pure gold, her large breasts and deep navel, the infatuated Madanavega made himself invisible, snatched her up, placed her in his chariot, and went with the speed of the wind to his own country. On the way she awoke and seeing that another man was taking her away, she began to lament greatly. In the early morning, Harisvāmin also awoke and, not seeing his beloved, he almost fainted from the pain of his loss.[7] He began to lament without cease. He searched everywhere, but could not find her. 'O beautiful one, whose smile would illuminate a temple; O beloved, what wrong have I committed that your face, as beautiful as the full moon, should hide itself from me?' he cried. Hearing such unceasing laments, his mother, father, and relatives were distressed for they thought that he had become insane. He became weaker and weaker like the moon in the dark half of the month.

No longer able to endure his misfortune, like a soul (leaving the body), he left the city of Vārāṇasī and went to another country. Men who suffer the pain of separation consider their food to be disease, their homes to be poison, their relatives to be snakes, and the whole world to be an impenetrable jungle. And so Harisvāmin left everything behind and went off. Like a goat pulled by a goatherd, he was pulled by a rope of love and wandered afar. He made many pilgrimages.

One day, during the month of Jyaiṣṭha, he had walked until midday without having eaten. He was very tired, hungry, and thirsty. By and by, he arrived at the house of a wealthy Brahman by the name of Padmanābha. Considering him to be a guest, the householder Brahman welcomed him and gave him lodging. Padmanābha's wife prepared some *khīr* for him to eat. Happily, he took the *khīr* to a lake near the house of Padmanābha and, placing it under the thick shade of a banyan tree, he began to perform his daily worship.

At that time, a poisonous snake that lived there was caught by an eagle and carried up into the sky. By chance, the snake fell from the eagle's beak and landed in that very banyan tree. Its body wounded by the eagle's beak, the snake dropped poison from its mouth. Because he was (acting) against fate, the man lost his common sense. Therefore, without thinking, the Brahman ate the *khīr*. He lay down in the shade of the tree, the poison took effect, and he died. Then Padmanābha chased his wife out for he thought that she had killed a Brahman."

Having told this tale, the Vetāla said: "O King, who is guilty of the Brahman's death -- the eagle, the snake, the Brahman woman who gave him to eat, or the Brahman himself who ate the *khīr*?" King Vikramasena replied: "Vetāla, the eagle is not guilty for the snake he carried was his appropriate food and was provided him by fate. The poison fell from the snake's mouth because it was wounded by the eagle. It did not drop the poison with the intention of killing the Brahman. Therefore, the snake is not guilty. Neither the householder Brahman nor his wife is guilty for they only fed their guest. The Brahman

ate the *khīr* without knowing that poison had fallen into it. Therefore, he is not guilty of suicide. He died when his alloted time was up. Therefore, he who does not understand the *śāstras* and says that one of these people is guilty, he, I say, is the guilty one.[8] I know that it is so. What do you think?"[9]

When the king had spoken the Vetāla once again reached the same tree.

Thus ends the thirteenth Vetāla.

NOTES

1. In the valley, Maithilī was also used and compositions exist in Bengali, Braj, and Bhojpurī. In Western Nepal, the language of inscriptions is predominantly Sanskrit, though there are some in Nepali. G. Tucci, *Preliminary Report on Two Scientific Expeditions in Nepal* (Rome: Istituto Italiano per il Medio ed Estremo Oriente, 1956), pp. 25-39. For a general discussion of the literature of the valley before the conquest of Pṛthivī Nārāyaṇ, see Surya Bikram Gyevali, *Nepāl upatyakāko madhyakālin itihās* (Kathmandu: Royal Nepal Academy, 2019 B.S.), pp. 211-41. For an early Nepali inscription of the valley, see T.W. Clark, "The Rani Pokhari Inscription, Kathmandu," *Bulletin of the School of Oriental and African Studies*, Vol. 20, 167-94.

2. For a discussion of the Malla period, see Luciano Petech, *Medieval History of Nepal* (Rome: Istituto Italiano per Il Medio ed Estremo Oriente, 1958), pp. 79-171. As Petech states (pp. 81-82), the Malla period extends from 1200 A.D. to the Gorkhā conquest in 1768-9, but this is hardly "more than a useful convention" (ibid. p. 81). What is meant here by the "Malla period" is the dynasty founded by Jayasthiti Malla in 1354. It was his descendants who ruled Nepal until the Gorkhā conquest and it was under them that Newārī became a literary language. Sanskrit, however, was never replaced as the language of religion.

3. At its peak, Nepalese territory included Sikkim in the east, Kumaon and Garhwal in the west, and large sections of the Indian Tarai. Earlier, in 1793, expansion to the north into Tibet had been checked by the intervention of the Chinese.

4. Bal Krishna pokharel. *Pāc śay barṣa* (Lalitpur: Jagadamba Press, 2020 B.S.), p. 631. Particularly important was the interest of Prime Minister Bhim Sen Thapa.

5. The exact dates of Kṣemendra's life are not known, but we learn from his works that he lived under kings Ananta (1029-64 A.D.) and Kalasa (1064-82 A.D.) of Kashmir. For discussions of Kṣemendra life and works, see Georg Buhler, "On the Bṛhatkathā of Kshemendra," *Indian Antiquary*, I (1872), pp. 302-9; S. Levi, "La Bṛhatkathāmañjarī de Kshemendra," *Journal Asiatique*, 8e ser., 6 (1885), pp. 397-479; and Dr. Suryakanta, *Ksemendra Studies* (Poona: Oriental Book Agency, 1954).

6. University of Pennsylvania Collection, No. 746, folios 279 verso to 281 recto.

7. *biyoga rūpī visa-le*, literally, "by separation having the form of poison."

8. A different solution appears in M. B. Emeneau, *Jambhaladatta's Version of the Vetālapancaviṅsati* (New Haven: American Oriental Society, 1934), p. 79.

9. This is the only place in the entire cycle where the king asks the Vetāla his opinion.

REVIEW

RABINDRANATH TAGORE. *Gītānjaliḥ*. Sanskrit translation by Pullela Shri Ramachandra. Hyderabad: Osmania University, 1962 Rs. 3/-; Special Edition Rs. 4/-.

This work has come to our notice only now, but it still seems appropriate as a help to any future translators to consider the value of the attempt. One hundred and three poems of the English version of *Gītānjali* have been translated into Sanskrit in *mandākrāntā* (---,-⏑⏑,⏑⏑⏑,-;-⏑-,) a traditional meter Tagore himself never used in his compositions. The result is excellent Sanskrit but poor translation.

In the selection of a meter appropriate to the translation of a lyric, the following considerations pertain: refrains of the original should be included; different ideas, each complete within its own short line, ought not to be merged into a single line of translation; the lines must follow a lyrical rhythm; the moods evoked in different poems should be conveyed in the various tunes employed by a singer. The translator's *mandākrāntā* fails all these requirements. The stanzas in the translation have no rhyme and no refrains, no short lines can build up their themes and emphases to merge into a refrain and all ideas are condensed together. There can be no variations of rhythms and tunes to express different moods to be evoked by the poet's original work.

Until Jayadeva created *Gītagovinda*, Sanskrit poets had not experimented with the lyric. Previous to that time meters suffered from the inability to express simple distinct ideas in separate lines; the verses often have to be analyzed and broken up by a learned commentator to make them accessible to the reader's appreciative faculty. On the other hand, Sanskrit has, throughout history, enriched itself from trends in the more widely spoken languages of various periods. Many contemporary Sanskrit poets are experimenting with the meters used in the poetry of today's spoken Indian languages. No doubt, the translator's own language, Telugu, would have provided him with a number of lyrical meters. The Sanskrit texts on prosody (*vide Piṅgala-chandassūtram*, commentary by Halāyudha, sub-commentary by Jīvananda Vidyāsāgara [Calcutta: 1928] p. 408) have worked out 134, 217, 726 meters of one to twenty-six syllables to a line. This list does not include the *dandakas* which are longer. Mixed meters after the manner of *upajāti* can also be employed. An orthodox Sanskritist can thus reassure himself that contemporary meters are not alien to Sanskrit tradition; however complex and "original" a meter one may employ, it can be found somewhere in the above-mentioned list.

There are a number of *Gītāñjali* translations in Indian languages; often these translations are done without taking cognisance of the spirit of the Bengali original. Unfortunately, a Sanskrit translation from an English translation from Bengali can be a contribution only to that parochialism which keeps many in India content with reading mere translations of other languages of the country without attempting to reach for an original. This further fails the test of a good translation that calls for the cultural background, semantics, imagery, diction, alliteration and other such ornamentation to be maintained to the extent possible where, at least the *tatsama* words need no translation, which is easy between two languages as closely related as Bengali and Sanskrit, like, say German and English.

Let us look at some of the stanzas:

Song 4 in Tagore's *Pūjā*:[1]

Line I: *tumi keman kare gān karo he guṇī*
II: *āmi avāk haye suni keval suni*

It is rendered more or less literally in the English *Gītāñjali* (Song #3)

I: I know not how thou singest, my master!
II: I ever listen in silent amazement.

Pullela Shri Ramachandra translates these lines from English:

I: *śaktas te'haṃ parikalayituṃ rītim etāṃ na gīter*
II: *āścaryeṇa pratihata-vacāḥ kevalaṃ tvāṃ śṛṇomi.*

More effective, much more expressive of the original would have been a much shorter Sanskrit impression of Bengali

I: *kathaṅkṛtyāgāyasi tvaṃ guṇin he*
II: *śṛṇomi tvā sarvathā vāk śṛṇomi.*

In the same song:

Line XI: *āmār tumi pheleche kon phānde*
XII: *co dike more surer jāl buni.*

would be literally rendered into English: "In what a mesh you have caught me, my master, having woven a net of song all around me." The English *Gītāñjali* paraphrases it:

XI: Thou hast made my heart captive
XII: In the endless meshes of thy music, my master.

Shri Ramachandra has it:

hantābandhnā mama hi hṛdayaṃ gītikā-panjare te,

thus condensing two lines into one, losing the lyrical value, and having to employ *metri causa*, the often unpoetical and spurious *hi*. More lyrical and closer to the original Bengali would have been:

XI: *kāṃ tvaṃ tantiṃ vetvā vetvā*
XII: *parito māṃ svara-pāśe'badhnāḥ.*

Take Song 31 of Bengali *Gītānjali:*

I: *āmi hethāy thāki śudhu*
II: *gāite tomar gān*
III: *diyo tomār jagat-sabhāy*
IV: *ei ṭuku mor sthān*
V: *āmi tomār bhuvan-mājhe*
VI: *lāgi ni nāth, kono kāje*
VII: *śudhu keval sure bāje*
VIII: *akājer ei prāṇ.*

The English *Gītānjali* (No. 15) has it:

I-II: I am here to sing thee songs;
III-IV: In this hall of thine I have a corner seat.
V-VI: In thy world I have no work to do;
VII-VIII: My useless life can only break out
in tunes without a purpose.

This is not too far from the original, but Shri Ramachandra translates:

I: *gītiṃ te'haṃ madhura-madhurāṃ gātum evātra varte*
II: *śālā-kone tava ca bhavane prāpam atrāsanaṃ me*
III: *kāryaṃ hy asmād aparam iha me nāsti loke tvadīye*
IV: *vyarthād asmāt sapadi nipatej janmano gāna-mātram.*

Madhura-madhurāṃ had to be extrapolated, perhaps again *metri causa*. *Alā-kone tava ca bhavane* is altogether inappropriate as it might be understood to mean "in a corner of the hall *and* in your house." The biggest blunder is in failing to see that the Bengali word *prāṇa* means "life-breath," which in the English version is merely "life" and the Sanskrit translator then uses *janman*, "birth" -- a complete departure from Tagore's intent. A more lyrical translation direct from Bengali may be suggested:

aham āyāto gītīs tava tubhyaṃ gātum
jagatas saṃsadupānte me padam atra sthātum.
(or: *jagatas te susabhāyāṃ kevalam atra sthātum)*
tava tubhyaṃ gātum.
te bhuvane niṣkāryaḥ kiṃ kartuṃ yāce
(or: *kiṃ vāhaṃ yāce)*
te svara-mūrchāsu prīṇā me varteran
tava tubhyaṃ gātum.
aham āyāto gītīs tava tubhyaṃ gātum.

How an idea most intimate to a culture may be missed in translating from a foreign translation can be seen in the Bengali *Gītāñjali* Song No. 44, (English *Gītanjali* Song No. 16).

Let us compare the first few lines:

Bengali:

I: *jagate ānanda-yajñe āmār nimantraṇ.*
II: *dhanya hal dhanya hal mānab-jiban.*
III: *nayan āmār rūper pure*
IV: *sādh miṭaye berāy ghure*
V: *śraban āmār gabhīr sure*
VI: *hayeche magan.*

English *Gītānjali:*

I have had my invitation to this world's festival, and thus my life has been blessed. My eyes have seen and my ears have heard.

Literal English:

I: I have had my invitation to the world's *yajna* (sacred rite which is also a festive occasion).
II: Blessed, blessed indeed is (my) human life,
III-IV: My eyes have been satiated staring all around the city of beautiful forms; my ears have merged into the deep(est) sounds.

Shri R's rendering:

I: *āhūto'haṃ mahati mahite rūpa-nāmny utsave'smin*
II: *dhanyaṃ janma, śravaṇa-nayanaṃ labdha-sāphalyam etat.*

The original *yajna* had to be reduced to "festival" in English which the Sanskrit translator then renders into the secular *utsava*. Does he not know the word *yajña*? Furthermore, a translator often needs to use more words and sometimes less to convey the sense of the original. Here, however, he has eight words (*āhūto...janma*) for Tagore's five in line I which could have been translated:

jagata ānand-yajñe'sman-nimantraṇam.

He then translated line II (see Bengali and literal English above) in two words *dhanyaṃ janma:* "blessed (is) life." Lines III-VI have been condensed into "these eyes and ears have accomplished their purpose!" We can suggest the following translation:

I: *jagata ānanda-yajñe'sman-nimantraṇam*
(or: *jagata ānanda-yajñe sma vayaṃ nimantritāḥ)*
II: *dhanyaṃ hi dhanyaṃ mānava-jīvanam*
III: *nayane me rūpāṇāṃ pure*
IV: *darśaṃ darśaṃ sarvathā'tṛpyatām*
V: *śravaṇam me gabhīre svare ajāyatādya magnam*

Compare line I of Bengali *Gītāñjali* Song No. 2 (English *Gītāñjali* Song No. 14):

Bengali: *āmi bahu bāsanāy prāṇa-paṇe cāi.*
English: My desires are many.
Literal English: I want many *vāsanās* at the price of my *prāṇa.*

Shri R's Rendering: *āśānantā niravadhividhā.*
(My) hope is endless, boundless.

Bengali *vāsanā*, following the Indian system of psychology, has a special technical meaning of predisposition, especially towards passions and sensual seeking. It was translated into English as "desire" from which Shri R takes *āśā*, which also means hope, missing the whole point. He, like the English translation, takes no notice of "at the price of my *prāṇa* (life, vital force, breath)." More loyal to the poet might have been:

ahaṃ bahu-vāsanāḥ prāṇa-paṇair yāce
(or: *tṛpyantv etā vāsanā me prabhūtāḥ*)
yāce nityaṃ, prāṇa-mūlyena yāce.

The entire translation suffers from such faux pas. Shri Ramachandrulu's talent might have been better used if he had presented us with his work after reading Tagore's own Bengali poems.

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NOTE

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SANSKRIT COMPOSITIONS IN CARNATIC MUSIC

Some examples analyzed

Of the three inspired composers who are regarded as the holy trinity of Carnatic music, Tyāgarāja composed practically all his songs in Telugu and only a few in Sanskrit; Muthuswami Dīkṣitar was an erudite scholar, a widely travelled man for his time, and his songs are all in Sanskrit; Śyāma Śāstrī composed all his songs in Telugu.

Most of Tyāgarāja's songs are in praise of Rāma. Dīkṣitar's compositions are addressed to a wide variety of deities in the Hindu pantheon. In fact, his compositions constitute almost a Baedeker of the major Hindu pilgrimage centers of India. Śyāma Śāstrī's compositions are all addressed to Ambā, the Divine Mother.

In this article, I reproduce first two typical compositions by Dīkṣitar. The third and fourth compositions are somewhat rare examples of Tyāgarāja's compositions in Sanskrit.

As a casual reading of the first composition, beginning with the words *Śrīveṇugopāla*, will show, the text is mainly descriptive. There is no attempt to provide the emotional appeal that is common in most of the compositions of Tyāgarāja. However, one can clearly perceive Dīkṣitar's verbal dexterity in the pattern of the rhyming he uses in this composition. In practically every case, the first syllable of each second line rhymes with the first syllable of the previous line. The last two syllables of each unit of two lines also usually rhyme. Dīkṣitar also used tempo variation at the end of his compositions; here, lines seventeen to twenty are intended to be sung in double time.

It is common in Carnatic music for the composer to introduce his name or *mudrā* ("seal") in the composition itself. Dīkṣitar used the *mudrā Guru Guha*, which is in the fourteenth line. It was also Dīkṣitar's practice to introduce the name of the *rāga* itself in the course of the composition. In this case the *rāga* is *kuranji*, which is referred to in the eleventh line.

These observations about the first composition also generally apply to the second composition, which begins with the word *māye*. Here again we see the same verbal dexterity and the rhyming pattern. This song also illustrates the kind of esoteric references to "mysteries" of Hindu religion which are present in Dīkṣitar's compositions. In this particular case there is a reference to the duality of *māyā*, which is both illusion and reality. To some extent this composition combines Milton's "L'Allegro" ("Hence! loathed melancholy") and "Il Penseroso" ("Hence! vain deluding joys").

One element of the verbal dexterity used in many of Dīkṣitar's compositions is to be found in line four, where the third phrase drops its opening syllable and becomes the fourth phrase, and the fourth, in turn, drops its opening syllable to become the fifth. The extreme example of this verbal trick of Dīkṣitar's is the following:

Tyāgarāja-yoga-vaibhavam, Rāja-yoga-vaibhavam,
Yoga-vaibhavam, Vaibhavam, Bhavam, Vam!

Again, there is the *mudrā Guru Guha* in the fifth line and the name of the *rāga*, *taraṅgiṇī*, in the sixth line.

The third piece, beginning with the words *Nādatanum*, is composed by Tyāgarāja; it is somewhat exceptional in that it is in praise of Śiva and not Rāma. Here again there is a great deal of verbal dexterity: the rhyming pattern is notable in the second syllable of lines one, three, and four, and in five and seven. The first syllables of lines one and two, five and six, seven and eight also rhyme. The language flows with unusual grace. Śiva is praised as the embodiment of *nāda*, or musical sound. He is the essence of the highest of the Vedas, the *Sāmaveda*.

Lines five and six, together with the first half of line seven, probably constitute one of the longest compoundwords produced by Tyāgarāja. The first seven letters of line six are the seven solfegic syllables of Carnatic music: *Sa Ri Ga Ma Pa Dha Ni*. Tyāgarāja says that they "originate from the five faces of Śiva, beginning with *Sadyojāta*," the other four being *Aghora*, *Tatpuruṣa*, *Īśāna*, and *Vāmadeva*. The *mudrā Tyāgarāja* is in the last line.

The fourth composition, *Sujanajīvana*, in praise of Rāma, is one of the most artless of Tyāgarāja's compositions. The musical content is also very simple and the song is a favorite for teaching to beginners in Carnatic music. Again there is the *dvitīyākṣaraprāsa*, or rhyme of the second syllable. There are also rhymes elsewhere, as is apparent in the repetition of the syllable *°tra* in lines four and five. This is a simple song praising Rāma as the life-saver of good people, the ornament of the virtuous, who is worshipped by Śiva and learned people, and by Brahmā himself. Here again the *mudrā* is in the last line.

Many of the songs of Tyāgarāja have a deep emotional content and are capable of moving the listener, if he is at all receptive. There are such moments in both the third and fourth songs, but these can only be experienced and not explained.

I. *Śrīveṇugopāla* by Dīkṣitar

(1) *śrīveṇugopāla*
(2) *śrīrukmiṇīlola*
(3) *devanāthaka śriyaṁ*
(4) *dehi dehi madhumurahara* (*śrī. . . . .*)
(5) *devakīsukumāra*
(6) *dīnajanamandāra*
(7) *jīvardhanoddhāra*
(8) *gopayuvatījāra* (*śrī. . . . .*)
(9) *gokulāmbudhisoma*
(10) *govindanatabhauma*
(11) *śrīkurañjitakāma*
(12) *śritasatyabhāma*
(13) *kokanadapadasoma*
(14) *guruguhahitaśyāma*
(15) *śrīkaratapohoma*
(16) *śrījayantīnāma*
(17) *prākatyaraṇabhīma*
(18) *pālitārjunabhīma*
(19) *pākaripunutanāma*
(20) *bhaktayogakṣema* (*śri. . . . .*)

II. *Māye* by Dīkṣitar

(1) *māye tvaṁ māhi māṁ bādhituṁ kāhi* (*māye. . . . .*)
(2) *dheye deye tvamehi mudaṁ dehi māṁ pāhi* (*māye. . . . .*)
(3) *gāye geye yāhi kāhi ehi dehi pāhi* (*māye. . . . .*)
(4) *upāye peye sarasakāye rasakāye sakāye āye* (*māye. . . . .*)
(5) *samudāye guruguhaodaye*
(6) *sudhātaraṅgiṇi antaraṅgiṇi* (*māye. . . . .*)

III. *Nādatanum* by Tyāgarāja

(1) *nādatanum niśaṁ śaṅkaraṁ*
(2) *namāmi me manasā śirasā* (*nāda. . . . .*)
(3) *modakaranigamottamasāma-*
(4) *vedasāraṁ vāraṁ vāraṁ* (*nāda. . . . .*)
(5) *sadyojātādipañcavaktraja-*
(6) *sarigamapadhanīvarasaptasvara-*
(7) *vidyālolaṁ vidalitakālaṁ*
(8) *vimalahṛdayatyāgarājapālaṁ* (*nāda. . . . .*)

IV. *Sujanajīvana* by Tyāgarāja

(1) *sujanajīvana suguṇabhūṣaṇa rāma* (*sujana. . . . .*)
(2) *bhujagabhūṣaṇārcita budhajanāvanā-*
(3) *'tmajavandita śritacandana daśaturaṅga māmaka* (*sujana. . . . .*)

(4) *cārunetra śrīkalatra śrīramyagātra*
(5) *tārakanāma sucaritra daśarathaputra*
(6) *tārakādhipānana dharmapālaka*
(7) *tārana raghuvara nirmala tyāgarājasannuta rāma*
(sujana. . . . .)

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